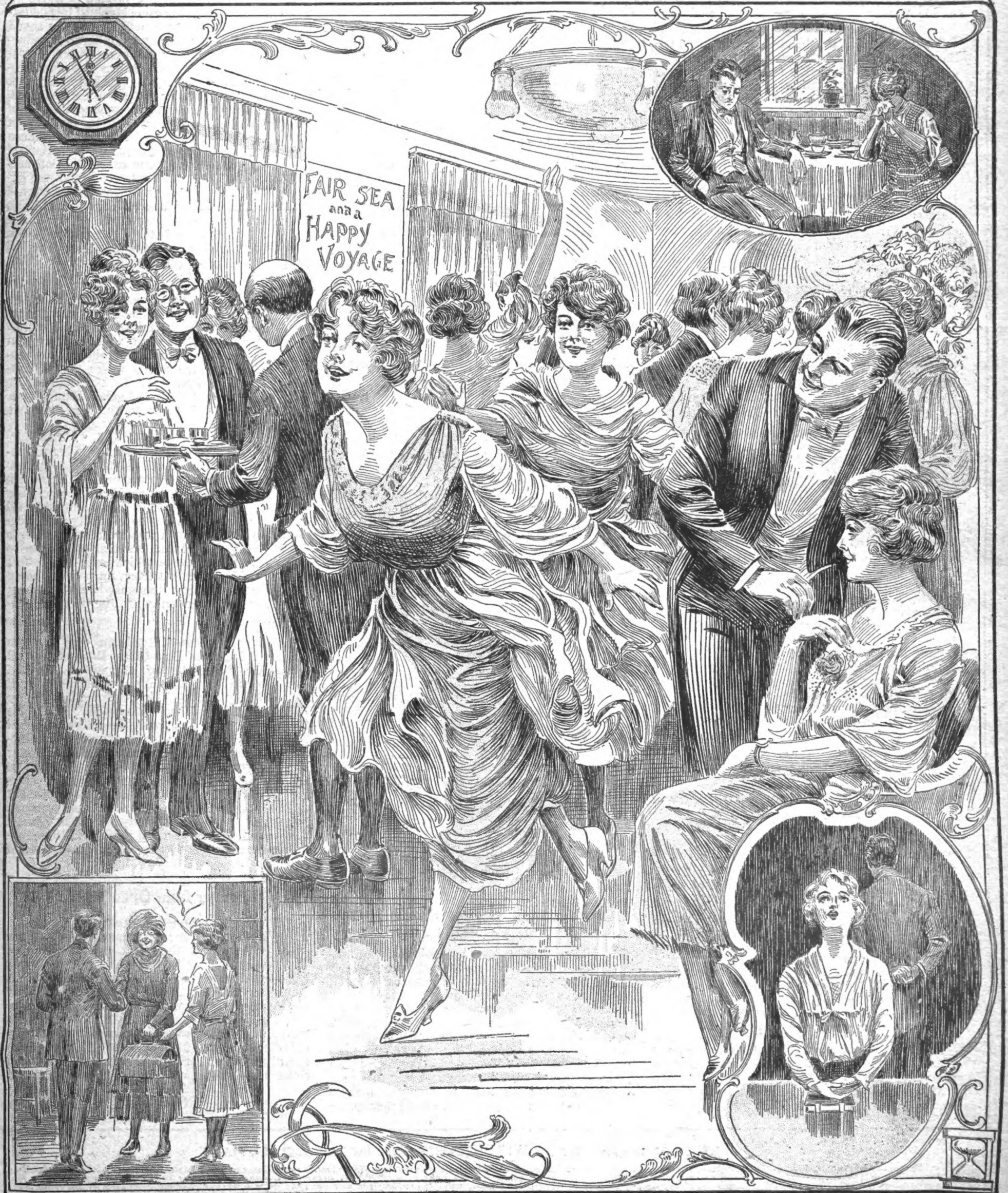


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in over a Million and a Quarter Homes
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See Story "Her New Year Resolution" on Page 4

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Nation-Wide Campaign against Cancer—Some Things Everybody Should Know about this Dread Disease

CANCER is one of the most baffling problems that medical science has to deal with. It is a disease that always tends to kill; by which is meant that the curative efforts of Nature, that often effect a cure of many other diseases, are powerless in the combat with cancer which, once started, always progresses to a fatal ending unless eradicated by proper treatment seasonably begun. It is understood, of course, that this statement is subject to the further qualification that the patient may die from some other cause before the cancer has had time to complete its deadly process. Cancer is not common in youth but at middle age is a grave menace, for about one in every twelve persons over forty years of age dies of cancer. After reaching a certain stage cancer almost invariably kills in spite of anything that the best medical and surgical skill can do; but if attended to early, while it is small and localized, the right treatment will result in speedy and complete recovery in a large majority of such cases.

Thus it appears that cancer need not and should not be allowed to reap its enormous annual harvest of human lives; and this scourge would be largely held in check but for the practical difficulty in that the general popular ignorance of the subject stands in the way and in most cases prevents early treatment by proper methods, both indispensable requisites for cure of cancer. Most persons who are afflicted with cancer do not detect the nature of the disease until too late or, if they do, are likely to let the opportunity for saving life slip by while trying patent medicines or worthless treatment by quacks.

So little is known of the cause of cancer that little if anything can be formulated with assurance as to prevention, and therefore, in the present state of medical science, the main reliance for reducing the inroads of the disease to the possible minimum must consist in teaching the people to recognize the first symptoms of cancer, and to seek without delay the most efficient remedial treatment known, which implies that they must be enlightened on the last proposition at least to the extent of being able to shun medical impostors and useless or dangerous pretended remedies. For this reason the week beginning October 29th was designated as "Cancer Week" for the purpose of launching a nation-wide campaign of popular instruction on the subject, under the auspices of the American Society for the Control of Cancer, by means of free public lectures and magazine and newspaper articles by eminent authorities in this line of medical practice and research. We invite attention of our readers to the following extracts from the address of Dr. James Ewing, Professor of Pathology at Cornell Medical School and a leading authority on cancer, delivered November first at a public mass meeting in Boston.

Dr. Ewing said that despite exhaustive research and study the medical knowledge regarding cancer was yet "gravely deficient, but the efforts to overcome this deficiency were most strenuous" and the advance made through the co-operation of the different branches of the profession, which have contributed valuable information relating to the disease, "has placed in our hands power to control cancer."

"Cancer affects all kinds of animals," he said, "but man is its chief victim. Cancer is not infectious and probably is not increasing in the same sense that an infectious disease increases, but being mainly a disease resulting from vicious habits and the wear and tear of life, there is very likely a slight tendency upward, and certainly an assurance that the disease will always be an urgent medical and economic problem."

"There is no evidence that the increase of cancer is directly related to diet, while there is abundant proof that the course of established cancer cannot be materially influenced by change of diet. The public should be warned against

unwarranted claims and speculations to the contrary. Be careful about reading the general literature on cancer that you find on the corner newsstand.

"Heredity plays a definite role in the occurrence of certain forms of cancer, especially the rare forms occurring in children. With the common forms of the disease heredity has not been shown to be of any practical importance as a causative factor. Rarely cancer appears to run in families. Members of such families may wisely take precautions to avoid the disease, but they should not be alarmed, since cancer also runs out of families.

"The only hope against cancer lies in its early recognition. Since early recognition means the saving of life, it is the plain duty of every sensible person and especially of every educated person, to learn the early symptoms of the main forms of cancer to which one is liable."

The speaker then described the symptoms of the various forms of cancer, of which the stomach cancer is the most common, causing 30 per cent. of all fatalities resulting from the disease. "Cancer may start from lumps, warts, abrasions, sores, scaly patches or pigmented spots on the skin.

"The early cancer is not usually painful; it is not ulcerated, it does not bleed. He who waits for pain, ulceration and bleeding waits for signs of the established cancer. The earliest signs of the two commonest forms of cancer are obscure. The only adequate resource in this dilemma is regular physical examination by a competent physician every six months. In some cities free clinics for the examination for cancer have been established.

"The most generally applicable, available and efficient method of dealing with early cancer is surgical excision. For many forms of superficial, localized, accessible cancers, radium has proved itself the method of choice. The scope of radium therapy is steadily widening. The public should be warned against sweeping claims both for and against radium. For all forms of advanced cancer, radium and X-rays are generally to be preferred to an extensive operation of doubtful outcome. There is a growing tendency to limit operations in advanced cancer in favor of palliative treatment by radium and X-rays. The time is past when the surgeon may undertake to treat cancer without consideration of the value of other methods besides surgery.

"If we could eliminate bad teeth, tobacco and syphilis, cancer of the tongue, tonsil and mouth would practically disappear. Dentists have a very responsible duty in this field. In general the preventable forms of cancer arise from chronic irritation of apparently trivial nature. It is therefore wise to attend to all such minor persistent disturbances and get medical advice about them.

"A very important factor for the control of cancer is the special cancer hospital devoted exclusively to the study and treatment of this disease. Such institutions exist in many large cities, as in Boston, where you have your Harvard cancer commission, and their number is fortunately increasing."

Postmaster General Hays Speeds Up the Second-Class Mail Service

DID you receive your November and December numbers of COMFORT earlier than usual? If so, it was because Postmaster General Hays has speeded up the long-distance transportation of second-class mail matter by abolishing the so-called "Blue Tag" system which has been such a nuisance to magazine publishers and to their subscribers. Prior to 1911 mail matter of all classes was dispatched in regulation mail cars attached to passenger trains; but in that year the Post Office Department, in order to make a show of reducing expenses and saving money, in-

stituted the innovation (officially designated "Blue Tag" system because of the color of the tag adopted to distinguish this service) of using ordinary freight trains for long-haul transportation of magazines to distant distributing centers, there to be resorted and thence forwarded by mail trains to their respective destinations. In view of the extra cost of the additional handling involved it is doubtful whether this slow and inefficient service saved the Government any expense, but it was productive of vexatious delay and exasperating irregularity in the delivery of magazines to distant subscribers. These deficiencies reached their peak under Government management of the railroads, during which we received numerous complaints of COMFORT having been delayed from three to six weeks in reaching our far western and southern subscribers; and other magazines experienced like troubles due to the same cause. In confirmation of these charges we cite the following excerpt from the report of the investigation started in the summer of 1920 by the National Publishers Association "to ascertain the cause of the intolerable delays in the dispatch of periodicals by the Post Office under what is known as 'Blue Tag Mail.'" The report, issued in October, 1920, states:

"The investigation showed that periodicals so dispatched were being subjected to almost unbelievable delays. The records of the Railway Mail Service Division of the Post Office Department disclosed that in some instances railroad cars containing Blue Tag Mail, which under normal conditions would go from New York to Chicago in 5 days, required 22 days; to Council Bluffs, Iowa, 35 days, normally 7 days; to St. Paul 36 days, normally 7 days."

Although during the year following the investigation the operation of the Blue Tag system showed considerable improvement it was still very unsatisfactory; and it could not be otherwise, for at best it is slow besides being subject to all the contingencies and causes of delay and irregularity to which railroad freight transportation is liable. Some idea of the beneficial results to be realized from the change, which went into effect on the first day of last October, may be gathered from the Postmaster General's announcement considered in connection with the foregoing explanation.

The announcement reads in part "that on October 1, 1921, the Post Office Department will reestablish the practice of shipping all monthly, semi-monthly, and bi-weekly periodicals by mail instead of by freight. This will speed up delivery of these periodicals to subscribers." And far from increasing the expense, Postmaster General Hays says that by this improved system the Government can save approximately \$268,000 a year in force, rent and drayage. His explanation is that the basis of railway compensation for carrying the mails has been changed from the weight to the space method, and that transportation charges by freight have largely increased. Almost a thousand publications and millions of their subscribers are affected by this more expeditious and reliable service.

Danger from Open Wells

"IN traveling through the country," writes A. L. Potter of Independence, Kansas, "I am surprised at the great number of open wells, and wells with only a trap-door or loose cover, which are a constant source of great danger to the lives of the children on these farms." He expresses the opinion that this dangerous condition is allowed to exist through thoughtlessness on the part of the owners, and asks us to print an editorial warning. This we gladly do, for we frequently read or hear of fatal accidents due to the cause he mentions.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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Her New Year Resolution

By Zelta Almeda Matthews

See front cover illustration.

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THE sun, peering through uncurtained windows, revealed discolored, splintery floors, tattered wall-paper, and a confusion of packed boxes of household goods just left by the moving men. A narrow ray of sunlight slanted in at the windows of the kitchen, where my husband and I were having our late breakfast at a small table. We were now face to face with our situation. This old, shabby house, which we had often jestingly called "the family relic," had become our refuge in an adversity of fortune. Our luxurious home in a fashionable part of town had been sold, and we had moved here simply because we had no other place to go.

I looked across the table at Robert's pale, tense face, and as we gazed into each other's eyes, we knew that we were both, for the moment, beaten in our struggle to keep up courage.

"Never mind, dear," said Robert presently, pushing aside his untouched plate. "We will soon find a buyer for this house, and with the money we will start over again, even if it is in a small way."

"Yes—but, oh, Robert, it does not seem as if there ever again could be anything in life for us. We shall have to live so plainly, and scrimp, and save, and do without almost everything! Why, it is all so shabby and dirty—and—and—"

The long restrained tears burst forth. "It will be only a little while, Eloise, and we have always said we could be happy on a desert island, if we only had each other," he said, stroking my hair gently.

"But—this—"

"With a wave of my hand at the shabbiness everywhere about us. 'It would be easier on a desert island, far easier,' I declared firmly.

"We will tell no one where we are living," proposed Robert, "and we can move from here, in a few weeks probably. Then—"

But his imagination failed to penetrate beyond that point in our future.

"I wonder," I said thoughtfully, "if anyone will care about us now that we are poor. We had hosts of friends, but how many have we now, I wonder?"

This thought, which had lurked in my mind since our financial failure, a month ago, now proved unendurable, and rising from the table, I plunged into the day's work awaiting me.

From this first day in the old house, our way of living underwent a complete change. We let almost no one know where we lived, which shut off all social life and the joy of being with sympathetic friends. And we went absolutely nowhere. We had not even the simplest forms of recreation or amusement. We put in order only two or three rooms for our temporary use.

We settled into an attitude of waiting, postponing every pleasure until we should move.

Finding ourselves outside the boundaries of our former methodical ways, we went to the other extreme. Our house on the Avenue, with its burglar-alarm devices and steel-barred basement windows, was tight and safe. But in this old house, with its rotten wooden shell, we were afraid of burglars and of fire.

"If you will sit up, Robert, then so shall I," I declared, and I did—until to or three o'clock in the morning, sometimes later, to be sure everything was safe. This brought our breakfast about noon, and dinner at any hour up to midnight.

Weeks and months dragged by, but the house did not sell.

"How much longer shall we be in this dreadful place?" I would ask.

"Probably not more than two or three weeks," Robert would answer. "I have someone in view now who I'm almost sure will buy it."

"Well, then," I would reply hopefully, "just as soon as we move, we will really 'live' again."

But our isolation, as one month succeeded another, began to have its harmful effect on us, for we were simply "ordinary" people, interested in and liking many things, but with no especially absorbing interest to keep our minds alert and eager, and prevent our getting into the rut which excessively monotonous living invariably produces. We brooded constantly over our situation, but

could see no way out. Robert was now at home all of the time. Our whole thought became engrossed with petty details of the house. We grew unhappy and irritable. Trifles assumed gigantic proportions. We had no household, and I prepared elaborate meals, that Robert might choose from the different viands what most appealed to him. The decision as to what we should have for dinner became of tremendous importance. If a vegetable turned out badly, it was a tragedy; if it was a calamity if the meat was a shade over or under-done. I developed a habit of criticism and fault-finding, although I did not realize it then. All I saw was that Robert was becoming moody and cross. I tried, more than ever, to add to his comfort—not by striving for a different mental atmosphere, but by adding still more to my burden of housework, which already was beyond my strength. Everything about our manner of living was fatal to ambitious planning for a better future. We really were poor only according to our former standard of living. We could have lived much more comfortably. There was no reason for our sinking into such a way of living; but there we were. Furthermore, each of us now had various slight physical ailments, which, all put together, amounted to real ill health.

At the end of six months we were still in this house, our furniture not yet unpacked, and were living in the same unhappy way. Nothing held any interest for either of us. Days passed; life went on as in a dream.

We openly quarreled now. It was "Eloise" and "Robert" no longer; it was "you" and "me." Our life reacted on us according to our difference in temperament. He was domineering and morose; I was "on edge," sharp of tongue, and hysterical. Discovering that attacks of hysteria made Robert more sympathetic for a time, I indulged myself in them until warned by our family physician.

At last self-restraint reached its limit of endurance. Things had gone especially bad one day; one harsh remark led to another; all the irritability that had for so long been seething within us surged forth into words. Usually I got in the last word, but tonight, as Robert flung himself out of the small kitchen, in which we practically lived, he said, in a low, strangled voice: "Eloise—I hate you—I never want to see you again. Tomorrow I shall go away—and I shall never return." And the door slammed.

"I hope you won't return!" I screamed furiously after him.

We had quarreled frequently, but never anything like this before. The next day each apologized, miserably; and each miserably accepted the other's apology.

Now, I cared for my husband, and he cared for me. What was all this about? Nothing. It was simply the result of a wrong way of living, which had, following the sure course from cause to effect, developed a morbidness of mind that saw nothing in its true proportions. I think we both realized this even while we were swept along in its irresistible current. A real point of controversy might have been threshed out and the atmosphere cleared once for all. Morbidness is a disease of the mind—a terrible one. It flays the very soul until it becomes so raw and quivering that all contact, even the kindest, is agonizing. Only the morbid or super-sensitive can understand this. Yet there are thousands of such people, who brood, and hurt, and are hurt.

The remedy for a long-continued course of morbid thinking and feeling is complete change of thought, and for this help usually must come from the outside. It would have been well for Robert and me if someone could have pried us out of our environment, and set us down in pleasant surroundings, among cheerful, active-minded people. But there was no one to do this for us. Help, however, did come now. My Aunt Patsy, a woman of rare wisdom, and beloved by both of us, came to make us a visit. What she did not already know of our unhappiness, she quickly saw—for it was open to the eyes of the world. Robert she could not fully reach with her arguments, although he was pleased to have her with us. But so unstrung were my nerves that I was relieved to have someone else think and plan for me. We refused to leave home, so she set about getting us, or me at least, outside our four walls. She said plainly that we must find a way out, for both body and mind.

She remained with us several weeks. We took our meals at the hours which custom had established. We retired before midnight, regardless of possible burglars and fire. The housework was reduced to sensible proportions. She and I attended church, went to lectures, concerts and the theater. I called on neglected friends, and invited them to the house. Not that I had the faintest desire to do these things, but Aunt Patsy's will prevailed. Changes about the house followed in her footsteps. She ordered boxes unpacked, and a cheerful home began to take form. New and fashionable clothes were purchased for me. Mildly protesting that I was no child, nor an invalid, that my affairs should be taken in charge in this high-handed way, she answered gravely: "Yes, dear, you are an invalid, just now. But you won't be for long."

She bought magazines and some of the best of the so-called inspirational books. These latter aroused me more than anything else could. Aunt Patsy was quite "up" in all the most modern theories.

"I want you to understand the tremendous power of your thought over your mind and even over your body," said she. "Your ill health, and Robert's, is simply the result of depressed spirits. Happiness and health go together."

"But, Aunt Patsy, how can I change my thoughts?" I asked. "I can control my voice or my words, but my thoughts come and go as they please."

"You are wrong, Eloise. Nothing falls more quickly into habit than thoughts. The more you entertain any class of thoughts, the more spontaneously will that kind come to you. There are methods for the control of thoughts, and you must learn to use them. You can almost make your life what you will, through control of your thinking. Others have done this, and you, too, can do it."

"What are these methods?" I asked, still incredulous.

"Those that will be of most benefit to you just now, my dear, are what I shall call 'Substitution' and 'Suggestion,'" she replied. "By 'Substitution' I mean simply substituting a desirable thought for an undesirable one. Thus, when you feel gloomy, you should in some way deliberately fill your mind with pleasant thoughts, shutting out the gloomy ones. You could read something interesting, or call on a friend, or chat with a cheerful-minded person over the phone. There is always something that a resourceful woman can think of to fit the need and occasion. There is nothing new about this method, except in this way: that it is to be regarded as a definite means to a definite, desired end, and is to be used intelligently and continually, and always instantly at the moment the need arises, before the undesired mood has established a foothold. This is not merely 'good advice' that I am giving you, but a method based on strictly scientific principles."

"By the method of 'Suggestion,'" continued she, "I mean merely the suggesting to your mind of definite thoughts or trains of thought that you know will be beneficial to you."

She advised that I start each day by suggesting to myself that:

"Our home and financial position are quite satisfactory for the present."

"Robert loves me as dearly as I love him."

"I am a strong, well-poised woman, who will hold my entire life on a high level where no friction can possibly reach me."

"Nothing whatever can really harm me except as I allow it to harm me by believing in its power over me."

Aunt Patsy made it clear how a word or circumstance causes in me just such feeling as I allow it to, by the way I receive it.

"A thing that cannot be cured," said she, "must be endured. And there are only two ways of enduring—with calmness and peace of mind, or in a spirit of futile resistance. If it must be endured, why not choose the pleasant way of non-resistance?"

Day after day I posed for the happy, poised woman that I wished to become. Before going to sleep at night, I always made a mental picture of the person I wanted to be, and of the home and life that I most desired; and trusted that

what I thus began, in my own consciousness, God would complete in form for me. This not only gave me peace of mind, but by having my goal always before me, I took advantage of every opportunity to do even the smallest thing that might expedite its attainment. I tried to maintain a constructive attitude of mind, and never give lodgment to negative thoughts—of annoyance, disapproval, criticism, discouragement or worry. Thus, when it rained, I learned to say: "This is splendid for the crops in the country." When the sun shone, I said: "And now what a lovely day to be out of doors!"

It was at a New Year Eve party, given by old friends, that the crisis in my progress toward happiness came. On receipt of the invitation, Aunt Patsy promptly said:

"You and Robert really must go."

That evening I resolved to turn over a new leaf in my book of life and cast completely off the cloud that had oppressed me for so long, and I was my old self again. Someone asked:

"Have you people been away the past year or so? No one has seen anything of you."

"Yes, we have been away," I answered deliberately, for we had indeed.

Throughout the evening Robert's gaze seldom left me. In my finery, bejeweled and resplendent, I knew I looked different to him. Excitement and pleasure brightened my dull eyes, dashed color into my pale cheeks, and gave a touch of gaiety and possibly of coquetry to my manner. It came over me with something of a shock, however, that feminine tricks and trappings could fascinate a middle-aged husband, while back-breaking scrubbing of the kitchen floor would not. I pondered it, and with some bitterness, too. Still I wished to be fair. To me it was a new Robert, quite unlike the one on whose account I had long regarded myself as a kitchen drudge. This was no complaining, cross husband; but a handsome man with charm and distinction of manner.

When Aunt Patsy was about to leave us, I suddenly felt a panic of distrust of my will power, so I got out a small Bible, and laying my two hands upon it, I took a solemn oath that I would continue this same sane course of living for at least one year. The task of dragging myself out of the pit that seemed about to swallow both Robert and me, took time, but it brought with it a degree of personal strength and poised self-reliance that I never had before.

We are living in this same house which is still somewhat shabby, but no longer cheerless. We have many guests. To our surprise, none of our former friends have been driven away by our lack of wealth, or the old house, or the unfashionable neighborhood.

"You know—we always have such a good time at your house that I actually envy you it," bubbled a dear friend the other day.

We have been really "living", just as though we had not been expecting to move any day in the last five years! But the house is now sold—actually sold, and much brighter circumstances are in view for us; and it was Robert's change of mental attitude from despondency to cheerful activity, which dated from the New Year Eve party, that was the chief factor in retrieving his fortune.

Robert and I are nearer and dearer to each other than ever before. Our experience brought us a new humility before each other; there is a tolerance and deference in our relations with each other that we never knew before. How to be happy with people we love, is a problem almost more difficult than that of how to get along with people we do not care for, and it is one that thousands of men and women are trying to solve. One thing I know, and that is: that only unhappiness can come when one excludes everything from life except the petty, sordid details of mere living. One must have new thoughts, and see other people. We are gregarious; that is the law, and so absolute is this law that it is said that were two persons shut up in a room in each other's company, isolated from sight, sound, and knowledge of the rest of the world, they soon would be at each other's throats.

Had I been a more experienced woman, or a stronger and wiser one, I could have found the way to happiness long before it became so difficult. But the hard struggle makes my victory so much the more precious to me.

Saffron Rose—A Slave Girl

By Yetta Kay Stoddard

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BEHIND the blue door near which stood the straightest larch in the poor hill village of Fochi of Kweichau was Li Lu, the rose-faced one, born.

Immediately that morning Chen O, her old father, hurried along the sun-blistered narrow Street of Many Small Houses, seeking to hide his shame from mockers; but Yue Ping, Li Lu's very young mother, lay laughing to see how that new first baby of hers, screwed up its funny hungry mouth and wrinkled its bulging flower-petal brow.

"Not like the ugly mother you have got?" giggled Yue Ping. "But she, that so ugly one, is only one who loves you. Very much. And will marry you to golden prince. And you shall never, never, never be slave girl."

Then, though the slowly passing air was hot, a strange illness settled into the tips of Yue Ping's fingers, where they rested on Li Lu's impalpable cheek; a smile of perfect contentment, as of full understanding of the everlasting peace of Zen, lifted the corners of the lips of the little dead mother. At dark time the larch leaned at the window and whispered the babe to sleep.

And between the slave market and Chen O's gold greed there was no one to stand fighting, even so helplessly as Yue Ping would have fought, in defence of the personal rights of the rose-faced.

The azaleas blossomed pink and cheerful at the edge of the bean garden. They remained Li Lu's good friends and undertook the kindly office of perfuming her mean garments. She passed them going to and from the fountain which was in the side court of the Big House on Lily Hill, where Hui K'ung lived. In among the beeches and junipers! Dim vistas there of ponds and iris-bordered avenues! And the day's one lovely joy to Li Lu was the breathing-in of bloom madness; a joy doubled when she had also a look at Hui K'ung. These were near things far off, like the mountain that had one foot in the village itself and was yet so inaccessible. Li Lu could not hope to touch the hand of the high-born boy any more than she could expect to carry forth her old mending basket and sit sewing rags beside the august lotus pools; yet, in a manner, both the youth and the beauty of the world belonged intimately to her and she took them home, in imagination, to the blue door. And in her heart all through the pitiful drudgery that made her childhood a martyrdom, she considered them her very own, her very dearest.

Li Lu's years were ten when famine touched Fochi of Kweichau: when Kow Chu, the old woman who drove her working hours, dropped dead. She had already grown tall and slender like her lullaby larch when Chen O returned to the village for the first time since Yue Ping laughed in death. On swift feet he came, having important business

thoughts in his small head. Departing, richer by one hundred cash and a measure of barley, he left Li Lu a domestic slave in the kitchens of the Big House on Lily Hill.

The child's slavery there was all bliss. Even the heavy wooden buckets, to lift which taxed her strength to the limit, became objects of her passionate affection. What then of the venerable lotus lilies? the wan tuberoses? the beautiful boy at study within the green pavilion? To Li Lu it was all like coming to her own place at last. From the window above her sleeping mat she looked down into the Street of Many Small Houses and felt immense sorrow for the free maiden she had been, coming and going by the bean garden, thanking the azaleas, getting angry so often at old Kow Chu.

One day as she struggled with a load Hui K'ung came running out and spoke god-like words to her.

"You are like a saffron rose trying to work!" He lifted the bucket. For a moment he stood, smiling, a radiant, powerful being. The fragile girl's thin arms trembled, outstretched.

"I am your father's most ignominious little slave," gasped she, as she staggered blindly under the bucket's weight.

If the diamond-pointed sun had come down from the skies to her she could not have known greater exultation than in that moment. She ran to place cakes close to the blessed feet of the kind little gods who held her world's hopes, her soul's boldest secrets.

"To be Hui K'ung's!" she whispered, praying—but so softly that her own heart scarcely became aware of her foolish demand.

The second famine reached Fochi. Hui K'ung had long before gone far across eastern waters to learn the ways of the life of strange men in a strange world known as college. It was near San-Fran, Noon-Nye-Stay, this College. And his going had been death to the trust that had dwelt in the heart of Li Lu. The hateful little old gods had promised her everything and had given nothing. She offered no cakes, no supplications, to the lars. She dared turn her face away from them. Perhaps that was how she brought to Hui K'ung's father and his household, including all the other servants who did not run away, the sickness that made them go stiff and speckled them black and hideous.

Li Lu was alone. Very frightened, very remorseful, very sad, she was, until she sought out the room where Hui K'ung had once slept, and there found the little tasseled cap that he had worn on the occasion of the bucket lifting. Seeing that there were the most ridiculous slits in the precious old thing, she ran to fetch needles and threads and then sat sewing microscopic stitches into the silk, with her hopeless young hope bringing up the silly prayer words of other days,

"To be the slave of Hui K'ung!"

"Li Lu!"

The girl started, arose, stood with eyes dutifully lowered in the presence of her parent, who, as before, had come on running feet into his native village.

"You very rose face."

The small head wagged as he presented the tainted gift of his flattery. She was his chattel again and he had long hated himself when he thought of the handful of cash and barley grains that had been his price for her, four years since. From that same San-Fran Noon-Nye-Stay that Li Lu knew of had come to him the news that there were cash in thousands for the kind of girl his daughter must have grown to be.

"Come," he commanded.

Leaving her basket, but with Hui K'ung's cap concealed within her sleeve, Li Lu followed Chen O down through the stricken village, out along dusty roads, through other towns, until they came to Siang, where the sorting iron horse dragged them down and down along the shining road that runs with the falling of Siang into Canton. Canton itself. That is where the rose-faced one first saw Hung Lung, the very ugly Dupont Street merchant prince, and his equally ugly lady, Hoey Wu; there took her initial lesson in the time-proven art of deceiving the U. S. Immigration officials at Angel Island. And there is where she stood for the last time with respectfully bowed head in the presence of her father. Between half-closed lids she saw stacks of bright yellow coins paid into his filthy hand, and guessed, most inaccurately, as to the cause of his silent mirth.

Always it had been easy for Li Lu to smile. Even when the bad gods had wronged her she could show her thin white teeth in a smile. Now she dimpled as Hoey Wu laid out such soft and silken garments as befitted the "daughter" of wealthy Hung Lung. The slave's garb Li Lu kicked into a corner and laughed to see Chen O, actuated by life-long habits of frugality, gathering up the worn rags and slipping away to add, by their sale, a few cash more to his new fortune.

On boarding the junk that was to take Hung Lung and his "family" over to the steamer awaiting at Hong Kong, a young white man brushed Li Lu's sleeve. She threw out her hand, involuntarily, and he put a card into it. There was in his eyes that which made the girl keep the strip of paper with Hui K'ung's cap, hidden close, not shown to any of her travelling companions.

All across the Pacific Li Lu rehearsed her new role to Hoey Wu and Hung Lung.

"Me Me Sang. My father Hung Lung. My mother, Hoey Wu. We come last spring from San-Fran to pay respect to my father's old father, to the ancestors. We go back now to San-Fran. Me Sang born Dupont Street, San-Fran."

And while Li Lu was replying thus, in anticipation, to the stupid questions that would be

asked by the stupid Fan Kwel, the Immigration officials, Hung Lung would show the paper from San-Fran, telling all about his respectable family's going to Canton and giving the three of them permission to return to their respectable place of business in Chinatown.

"Where the real Me Sang? Dead?" asked the slave girl one day. Luxurious environment and indulgent treatment emboldened her to put the question.

"Me Sang married in Canton Chang Fu. Me Sang never go back to San-Fran," explained Hoey Wu, with much wise nodding.

Smile, Li Lu. Be happy in silken softnesses, breathing your unanswered prayers to the good, kind little gods, once more now. Believe for a while that you are going to find Hui K'ung, to give him back his mended cap, to talk with him in San-Fran of the beeches and junipers and the lilies, at Lily Hill above Fochi. What awaits is a frightful awakening, a hideous shack in a hideous alley, where shall come Peek Noe, fat and old and hard on her slave girls always; and if out of Peek Noe's profits of the many years she shall pay Hung Lung the three thousand and five hundred dollars she has agreed to give him for an unsullied rose-faced girl, she is sure of getting back and getting back all of those many thousand dollars' worth. Better the loneliness of the Big House, Li Lu. Much better to be lying with the others, dead, there.

"Oh, yes. Me Sang. I remember her well, your daughter. Cracky, she's grown these last months, Hung! It's a wonder you didn't marry her off to a Chinese duke or something," and Hecky McDoom, Immigrant Inspector at San Francisco, grinned as the Hung Lung party gathered up its bundles and went down with the long line of returning celestials. No question about that trio, he felt sure, and he turned to balling a couple of naturalized truck gardeners, anxious to get quickly to their homes in the Sacramento Valley.

Peek Noe felt the texture of the saffron cheek. It was the place that Yue Ping had touched fourteen years before, when the cold crept into her loving fingers, and stayed their gentle caressing.

"Very thin," commented Peek Noe.

"It is the long journey. Here she will soon be fat again," promised the bargainer, Hung Lung. Have you the money now? Maybe I bring her again tomorrow?"

"There is too much danger in the streets. The missionaries watch my business too closely of late. I will pay now, here. Three thousand."

"Three thousand five hundred is the price agreed."

"Three thousand two hundred is all I can get today."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

Stella Roosevelt

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



The old gentleman bent a keen glance upon the speaker at this.



Star with a startled glance, turned and confronted them.



It is needless to say that the fascinated girl accepted his invitation.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A terrible storm at sea and from a steamer running between Liverpool and New York only five escape sea-sickness. Among them is Stella Roosevelt Gladstone, an orphan and on her way to some distant relatives in New York. She is befriended by an elderly man, Jacob Roosevelt, who is startled when he learns her mother called her "Star." Her grandmother giving her the name. A fire breaks out and she saves valuable papers. The boats are rapidly filled. Stella refuses to go unless room is made for Mr. Roosevelt, who the next day suffers from an ill turn and is carefully nursed by Stella. The sixth day they are rescued. Mr. Roosevelt is told of the care Stella gave him during his illness and while thanking her a young man approaches and Mr. Roosevelt introduces Archibald Sherbrooke, whose home is in Derbyshire where Star's father preached. Star's shawl becomes loosened and not finding the pin, Mr. Sherbrooke draws one, an exquisitely carved stone, from his necktie, and Stella pins the shawl and then tells the story of the wreck and her endeavor to save Mr. Roosevelt's life. Arriving in New York, Mr. Sherbrooke regrets the loss of her address—he would call before his return to England. He hopes they will meet again and will she always consider him her friend. He places a card in her hand with his address upon it. Stella, remembering the pin, passes it to him. He begs her to keep it as a souvenir. Wishing she had something to give, he will accept a lock of her hair. Stella is met by Mrs. Blunt, Mrs. Richards' housekeeper, who hurries her away, much to Mr. Roosevelt's disappointment. Stella receives a cool reception from her aunt who had written she would befriend and educate Stella until able to care for herself and learns she is to take the place of Maggie Flynn and to be degraded to the level of a common servant. Resenting it, she asks her aunt if her father, from whom she wrote him, had any idea she was to come into the family as a servant. Mrs. Richards does not relent, and insists she fills Maggie Flynn's place or none. Stella appeals to Mr. Richards, giving him the letter written by her father to Mrs. Richards and her reply. Stella's father is anxious to provide a home and begs Mrs. Richards to have the care and education of his daughter, since she once professed friendship for Stella's mother in saving her life from drowning. Stella has one hundred pounds. Could she not use it and then teach, relieving his wife of all responsibility? Mrs. Richards is surprised at Stella's suggestion and Mr. Richards makes arrangements for her to attend a select school, she giving a part of each day to household work. By close application Stella wins, at commencement, a part in the class exercises and surprises Mr. Richards, who is present, by her instrumental music, essay and promotion to the senior class. He tells his wife she has done the last day's work in the house. Josephine, admiring the cameo worn by Stella, suggests she give it to her, as her wardrobe does not correspond with it. Going to Stella's room and finding the cameo, Josephine takes it and discovers the initials "A. S." Stella misses the cameo and surmises who has it. In the meanwhile Mr. Richards receives a letter from Mrs. Richards' Uncle Jacob. He has lost all, is penniless and will accept the home that was offered him when rich. Mrs. Richards refuses to receive him, the house is full, and Mr. Richards is left troubled.

CHAPTER X.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

ON the very evening of the day of that spirited discussion between Mr. and Mrs. Richards regarding the coming of the latter's uncle, a railway carriage stopped before the door of their mansion, and an old man alighted.

He was dusty and travel-stained; his hair and beard were white as snow; his clothing—a common business suit—considerably the worse for the wear; while he wore a dark green vizor or shade over his eyes, and appeared both weary and feeble.

He inquired of the servant who answered his ring for Mrs. Richards, and was told in an indifferent, almost impudent manner that she was "engaged."

"Humph!" ejaculated the visitor, lifting the green shade and giving the man a keen look; "where is your master?"

"In the library," was the rather more respectful answer.

"Show me the way there," commanded the stranger, authoritatively; and the servant turned with a subdued air to obey him, recognizing at once his superior in spite of the travel-stained, shabby clothing.

Mr. Richards received his wife's relative with every appearance of cordiality, although there was a restraint in his manner which could be felt rather than explained.

"Ah, Uncle Jacob!" he said, as he shook him by the hand and took his hat from him; "we hardly thought you could arrive quite so soon. I should have looked for you tomorrow, however. Sit down—sit down; and, John," turning to the man who had shown him in, "tell Mrs. Blunt to fix up a nice little supper and send it in here on a tray."

"Don't put yourself out, George; anything will do for tonight. I am more tired than hungry," the old man said, sinking into a luxurious chair with a weary sigh, and removing the green shade entirely from his eyes.

Mr. Richards fidgeted and looked uneasy. He knew that there was not a room in the house that his wife would give up; every one had been arranged for company who were expected or had already arrived, and he was at his wits' end to know what to do with him.

"Uncle Jacob" poor and ill was an entirely dif-

ferent character from "Uncle Jacob" rich and prosperous.

But he sat chatting socially with him until Mrs. Blunt appeared with a tray and served a tempting little meal, which the old gentleman ate with evident relish.

"I was more hungry than I thought," he said, when at length he had finished his second cup of tea, eaten the leg of a chicken and a couple of rolls. "Now, if you please, I should like to be shown to my room, for I have traveled a long distance today. But—where is Ellen? I should like to exchange greetings with her before I go."

"Ahem!" began Mr. Richards, feeling extremely uncomfortable. "Ellen has a house full of company tonight; if you could excuse her, and wait until tomorrow—"

"Certainly—certainly," the old man said hastily, but in a disappointed tone; for his niece had always been the first to greet him and express her delight at his coming heretofore.

"And," continued his host, growing very red in the face, "I am very sorry, but—every room in the house is taken. Would you mind sleeping at the lodge until we can make a place for you?"

The old gentleman bent a keen glance upon the speaker at this.

He saw his embarrassed, marked his averted eye and shamefaced air, and mistrusted something of its cause.

"Sleep at the lodge?" he repeated, in a peculiar tone. "Oh, no; I've just come from Henry's, where I slept over the stable. They had a 'house full of company,' too. Is the lodge far from here? You know I've never been in this house before."

"About two minutes' walk," I will go with you and see that you are made comfortable. It is too bad that things should happen so," Mr. Richards said, with real regret, as he saw how weary the traveler was, and he had half a mind to ring and command that he be shown into one of the guest chambers in spite of his wife's objections.

"Never mind, George; I shall sleep just as well there as here, no doubt," and he arose as if anxious to get away.

"Where is your baggage? I will attend to having what you need sent down," Mr. Richards remarked, as he took up his hat to accompany him.

"I have nothing but a small valise," was the reply. "You know I wrote you that I had been very unfortunate. I was on board the ——— that was lost last fall, and everything I had on board went down."

"On board the ——— were you?" cried Mr. Richards, in surprise, and glad of any change in the subject of conversation. "Why, then, you must have known Star, as she was also on that steamer."

"Star—Star Gladstone, do you mean?" eagerly inquired Mr. Roosevelt, for it was he, as doubtless the reader has surmised before this.

"Yes, Star, or Stella Gladstone, is her name." Mr. Roosevelt sat down again, his face full of interest and animation now, and forgetting his weariness for the time in his desire to learn something of the beautiful girl to whom he was so deeply indebted.

"Where is she?" he asked. "What do you know—what can you tell me about her?" "She is here in this house," Mr. Richards answered. "She is the child of one of my wife's relatives who resided in England, and Ellen, upon learning that she was an orphan, and homeless, consented to have her come here," he concluded, trying to make the best of a very poor story.

"I never expected to hear anything of her again, but I am very glad to know that she is here," Mr. Roosevelt said, with evident emotion. "She saved my life during that awful time, almost at the sacrifice of her own. It would, perhaps, have been better had she not exerted herself in my behalf so much. It is not a pleasant feeling to know that one is regarded as an incumbrance and a burden," he continued, with some bitterness; "but I shall never forget her heroism while I live. She nearly starved herself to death to keep life in me."

"I am astonished at what you tell me," returned Mr. Richards, feeling a deeper interest in Star than ever before.

"She must be a pleasant addition to your family, George; she was a very attractive girl."

"Ahem!" that gentleman replied, avoiding the keen eye fixed upon him. "Yes; she is a smart and talented girl; she will make a fine woman, without doubt. Would you like to see her tonight?"

"No; I believe I am too tired. I will go to the lodge now, if you please. I can see her tomorrow," and the old man rose again.

Mr. Richards led the way from the room, getting his baggage from the hall, and then took him through the dining-room to lead him out by a side door.

As they passed through the hall, sounds of music and laughter came to them from the drawing-room; and had any one been watching Mr. Roosevelt closely, he might have seen his lips curl with something like scorn, and his eyes gleam indignantly, in spite of his weariness.

As Mr. Richards opened the outside door leading out upon the veranda, a slight figure sprang up from the step, and Star, with a startled glance, turned and confronted them.

A look of surprise swept over her face as she saw Mr. Richards' companion; then, with a low cry of joy, she darted forward and seized Mr. Roosevelt by the hand.

"Oh, sir," she said, tremulously, "I was afraid I should never see you again! How glad I am to meet you once more!"

Mr. Roosevelt recognized her at once, and recognized, too, the heartiness and sincerity of her welcome. There was nothing forced or constrained about either her words or manner.

"Ah, Miss Star, I am as glad to see you as you can possibly be to see me," he said, shaking her hand warmly. "I little thought," he went on, "that when you and I were faring so poorly together that we were bound for the same place. I intended then to come here before this. Why did you not tell me that you were a relative of Mrs. Richards?"

"I did not think much about it, sir, or that my destination could interest you," she said.

"Tut, tut, child!" he said gently; "anything connected with you would have been of interest to me after your kindness to me. I was deeply disappointed to find you gone when I went to seek you; but they told me that some one had come and taken you away, so I was forced to go my way also. Well," he concluded, smiling, "I have found you now, and I shall not lose sight of you again."

"But are you going away now, sir?" Star asked, glancing at the bag Mr. Richards was carrying, and which had the initials "J. R." painted upon it.

"No; only to the lodge for sleeping accommodations, as there is no room in the house for me."

"No room in the house for you?" Star repeated, in astonishment; but something in Mr. Richards' face warned her that all was not as he would wish, and she added, flushing: "I wish you would take my room, then; for I can sleep very nicely on the lounge in the sewing-room."

"No, thank you, Miss Star," Mr. Roosevelt returned; "I will go to the lodge until there is room for me in the house. You are as kind and self-sacrificing as ever, I perceive, but I will not deprive you of your room. Good night, my child; I shall see you tomorrow."

He laid his hand in a tender, caressing way on her head; then went out with Mr. Richards, whom he enlightened still further regarding that eventful voyage which he and Star had made together. She stood still in the doorway looking after them, a puzzled expression on her face, a gleam of indignation in her large blue eyes.

She had heard Mrs. Richards telling Josephine something about "Uncle Jacob" that afternoon after leaving her husband.

The name had made her think of Mr. Roosevelt, and he had been in her thoughts most of the time since; but she had not imagined that they were referring to him, or that he was a relative of the family. Now she saw that he was the "Uncle Jacob" to whom she referred, but she could not understand his being sent out of the house to sleep.

"No room in the house! What can they mean?" she murmured, with tingling cheeks, for she knew of three unoccupied beds that he might have had as well as not.

To be sure they had been made up for company that was expected, but the visitors would not arrive for a day or two, and it seemed such an inhospitable thing to send that old man away down to the lodge, with its close, small rooms, to sleep.

"I hope I shall never be rich if it would make me hard-hearted like that," she said, with indignation. "I would prefer to struggle all my life with poverty, and have a kind and generous heart—one that can feel for others in trouble and sorrow. How tired and ill he looked, too," she went on, recalling his pale face and drooping attitude, "and he is such a splendid man!"

CHAPTER XI.

FILTHY LUCRE.

The next morning word was brought from the lodge that Mr. Roosevelt was quite ill, and not able to come up to the mansion for his breakfast. "Breakfast, indeed!" muttered Mrs. Richards, with a toss of her proud head; "as if he supposed he was going to be invited to sit at the table with my fashionable guests in his shabby clothes!"

She had received a full account of his arrival and appearance from her husband the night previous, after Mr. Roosevelt's departure for the lodge. Mr. Richards went at once to see him, and to give orders to Mrs. Mellen, the wife of the gardener, to do everything for his comfort.

Later, his wife, with much inward fretting and fuming, followed his example, not because she had any desire to see him or felt in any way anxious about him, but to save unpleasant remarks and comments.

She met her uncle with anything but a cordial greeting, and which, even in the midst of his suffering, he could not fail to feel keenly.

"I am very sorry, Uncle Jacob, that you are ill, especially as I am full of company just now, and cannot personally give you the attention that you ought to receive," she said, trying to speak sympathetically, but failing utterly.

"Never mind me, Ellen. Mrs. Mellen seems very kindly disposed, and will, no doubt, do all that is necessary for me. I am sorry to be a burden to you in my misfortune, but you have always been so kind to me, urging me so cordially to come to you at any time, that I thought you would be glad to see your old uncle under any circumstances," the old man said, regarding

her closely while he was speaking.

"I hope you will soon be better," Mrs. Richards returned, evasively.

"Thank you," he returned, coldly. "Do not allow my condition to cause you any anxiety. I am very comfortable. It is very quiet here, and I shall doubtless do very well."

"Yes; you will be more quiet here than up at the house, where there are so many people and so much going on," she replied, eagerly seizing the pretext for keeping him where he was. "And," she added, "if you need anything, Mrs. Mellen can attend to all your wants."

As she went rustling out of the room and down stairs in her rich attire, her aged and dependent relative lay back in his chair, with a darkening brow and a pale, pained face.

"Money! money! money!" he muttered. "No one is of much account in this world without plenty of the filthy lucre. If I had come here as I used to, with plethoric pockets instead of an empty purse and shabby attire, no one would have been sweeter or more delighted to see 'dear Uncle Jacob' than Ellen Richards. And it was just the same with Henry and his family. When I could make them costly presents and shower favors upon them—when I was 'Jacob Roosevelt, the millionaire'—no trouble was too great, nothing too good for me. It is a cold-hearted, selfish world, no one is to be trusted."

"May I come in?" asked a gentle voice behind him, after a few minutes; and, turning, he saw two blue eyes gleaming at him from beneath soft curls of sunny hair, a pair of red lips smiling upon him, while a slight, graceful figure, daintily clad in a pretty, blue lawn gown, stood in the doorway, waiting for his permission to enter.

Jacob Roosevelt's sad face involuntarily brightened at the sight of this attractive picture, and he said, hastily:

"Well, well, child, I believe you are rightly named, for you come like a veritable star into the gloom of my life. Star Gladstone—it is but an index to your character, for you both brighten and cheer. Of course you may come in."

"Thank you," Star said, laughing, and advancing to his side. "I did not expect to be so highly complimented when I came out. I have brought you this lovely spray of oleanders, which the gardener gave me from the conservatory, and she held up her little vase containing the bright, fragrant blossoms. "And here," she continued, "is a dish of the most delicious raspberries you ever tasted, every one picked by my own fingers," and she held up her right hand, showing her slender fingers stained by the rosy fruit.

Mrs. Mellen entered at this moment, bearing a little tray with a tempting lunch spread upon it.

Star wheeled a small table to the invalid's side, spread a spotless towel, which she found upon the rack, upon it, and then deftly arranged the dishes in the most tempting way before him, putting the oleander blossoms in the center and the raspberries just under his nose, where he could not fail to get their delicious odor and long to eat them.

"There," she went on, smiling, and tossing her hat upon a chair, "I believe I am hungry myself, and if you will allow me to pour your tea, I think I could eat a slice of Mrs. Mellen's delicious bread and butter with you afterward. You don't often see such bread as that, I can assure you, and I frequently run down here and beg her to give me some."

The young girl shot a smiling glance at the woman as she spoke, and the woman's face beamed with pleasure at the tribute to her skill.

"Bless you, child," Mr. Roosevelt said, as he unfolded his napkin and drew nearer the table, "the sight of your bright face and the smell of your berries have given me an appetite already. Sit down, sit down; my tea will taste ten per cent. better to be poured by your fair hands, and while we eat you shall tell me how it has fared with you during the past year. I see it has not changed you at heart; you are the same as when we parted, and you were as ready as ever last night to sacrifice your own comfort for a poor old man."

Star blushed. She felt almost as guilty, knowing that there had been room for him in the house as if he had been the one to turn her away.

"I knew these rooms were low and close, while my room, although rather high up, was much more airy; besides, you looked too tired and ill to walk way down here," Star explained, with some embarrassment.

"Your own is rather high up, is it? How high?" he asked, giving her a keen glance. "It is in the third story," she answered, flushing again.

"Ah! one would be apt to get good air in that latitude," said Mr. Roosevelt, dryly. "Now tell me," he added, "what you have been doing since I saw you."

Star gave him an account of her life at school, omitting for several reasons to speak of the fate which had been intended for her, and said just as little as she could in connection with Mrs. Richards and her haughty daughter, or their treatment of her. She told him of her music, of the books she had read, and what her plans for the future were when she should graduate at the end of another year.

She spent more than an hour with him, and when at length she left him, he was apparently much cheered and a good deal better for her visit.

She went every morning afterward while her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

LAST January when a Sisters' Pin was suggested, it was partly promised that we might have one if enough seemed in favor of it. The letters during the past year have been so encouraging that it is being considered and will be ready for use before long. Various designs were contributed and from these composite ideas we will evolve a COMFORT Friendship Circle pin, an inexpensive affair so far as money value goes perhaps, but priceless in all that it stands for—friendship and the desire to best serve one another.

Of course there was some expense incurred in the initial cost of this pin—having design made and die cast, etc.—and I assumed the responsibility of this, to a certain extent, by saying that I felt sure that enough pins would be ordered as a premium to make it worth while. I'm hoping every one of you will back me up in this. I dislike very much to have anyone say, "I told you so." However, it isn't compulsory—you are just as much one of us whether you have a pin or not—and I'm not even expecting you to do it but I hope you will want to.

As has been said before, it makes me quite unhappy to be unable to print all the interesting letters received. For a while I tried writing little notes of explanation to those whose letters were not used, but to have kept that up would have meant doing nothing else, to say nothing of all the postage required. It doesn't seem fair for the writer of a perfectly good letter to have no recognition at all, so, beginning with this issue, and from time to time, so far as space will allow, the names of persons writing to this department will be published. None of plumes are not included.

Please regard this as my individual handshake and personal welcome. Not that I consider myself more important than anyone else but I happen to be the fortunate hostess to the largest and best Circle in the world. Let's work together for its good.—Ed.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:
It's no use for me to tell how much I enjoy our paper. Everyone knows, if we take COMFORT we enjoy every line of it. I have never visited you before but it was not because I did not want to but rather lack of courage. I haven't the greatest store of that great helper, courage, anyway.

My letter is to one and all but especially to the Old Maids. I am one, but am writing to tell you how I have made my life worth while. I will begin back twenty years ago. Father and Mother died within a month of each other and I, at sixteen, realized I was entirely alone with an unfinished education. I decided that a nurse's training was the best education I could have and I had grown to love taking care of the sick, during mother's long illness. Four years later found me a graduate nurse, and engaged, but the Great Reaper called Death needed him, and this old, dreary world, to me then, and I lost one of the finest of young doctors. I then decided to work outside of the hospital and needed a home. I bought a small house and six lots in the suburbs of a city, paying a small amount down and the balance in small, very small, payments. Then I adopted a mother from a Widow's Home. That was the best thing I ever did for myself. She was sixty years old and true gold from the crown of her white head to the tips of her toes, and such a mother! She kept my little home so that it was a pleasure for me to come home. She was happy and I found life worth while. Often for six weeks at a time I was gone but she crocheted, pieced quilts, and read COMFORT. She often said her work but I would not let her use her money in the home. What jolly times we had. One day we visited an orphanage and borrowed a little fellow of three years. He was so much company for mother that we kept him. Today he is nine years old and I have been repaid a thousand fold for the little expense of clothes, music and other things that go with the education of a child. He is a loving little fellow. Mother has gone to her reward which will surely be a rich one and again this old world is dreary but the dear and loving mother lays beside her Civil War hero and Robert and I are alone. But we are going to have a new mother some of these days and I know all the sisters join in wishing me as good a mother as the one that is gone.

Now sisters, my orphan life has known a mother and my childless life has known a child's love, which has been the greatest thing in my life. Just because you have no money left you is no sign you should not have a home of your own. Just because God sees fit to leave you an orphan is no sign you must remain so. Just because God has taken your intended life's partner away is no sign you should not have a dear little Robert like mine. God has robbed me of a lot but He has provided a substitute for nearly all. All but the fine doctor I lost sixteen years ago. None of our fine bachelor friends need apply for my address—even if you should be so inclined, for I'm really too busy to answer letters. I am beside a very sick patient now who is so nervous that the scratch of a pen would annoy her, therefore I am writing with a pencil.

If I am welcome I will come again and tell you of my work in France, which was very interesting.

Yours Old Maid Sister.

COLLINSVILLE, BOX 825, OKLA.
I have been sitting back here for twenty years, reading the fine things in COMFORT, and this is the first letter I have ever tried sending in. I read the letters from all and they are helpful and entertaining. I gain so many good thoughts from "Crumbs of Comfort," and am especially interested in "Poultry Farming for Women," as I have started raising chickens for profit. And I wish to ask some of the friends who are interested in poultry to write me. Would especially like to hear from some unencumbered middle-aged lady who is fond of such work. Will answer all letters.

Yours for success, Mrs. J. F. ROGERS.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON:

Will you give a "tiny" place in the "COMFORT'S" Sisters' Corner to a newcomer? This is my first letter to COMFORT although I have been reading it for six months.

I'm from the Empire State, 'way back north. Have lived here most of my young life. I lived ten months in the state of Rhode Island, from Jan. 15th until Nov. 7th of last year. On that day I traveled back to "Old New York". I must say I did like the country and climate there, but what I admired most was the wages I was getting. I worked at the National India Rubber Co. during that time, and my wages were anywhere, up to twenty-eight dollars a week, but that wasn't all, I loved the work I was doing. We were on piecework, and some of us girls would rush to see who would get the most out during the day. I made thirteen dollars in one day, having taken out about sixty-five thousand feet of wire. My work was always good, I never had any that came back. When any work was bad, they would look up the number on the tag, and find out which girl did it, then she would have to take a knife and strip all the thread from the wire and run it all over again, so that's the reason why most of the girls were careful. We girls had thirteen braiders to take care of, that includes putting in reels (an iron reel having anywhere from one thousand to ten thousand feet of wire on it), and taking out telephone wire and lamp cord. Some we covered with silk, of all different colors, but the white silk was the most difficult to handle as we couldn't get a little spot on it. If we did, we had to take a knife and strip the silk off and run it all over again, besides putting a patch on. We had to do the same with all other colors, but it was not so hard. I did love my work and when I left I was sorry, but we were then going to be on a schedule of three days a week, so it would not pay to stay, house work, carry water quite a distance, send two children to school, crochet, and tat, and read COMFORT. I am a widow. I read the Bible and religious books a good deal, so don't have much time to gossip. Ermina's letter reminds me of a story I heard one time.

There was a crowd of women together one evening and they did nothing but gossip and talk about their neighbors. Finally one of them said: "We ought to do like Aunt Polly, not talk about anybody." One of the others said she thought she could get Aunt Polly to say something mean about someone so next time they met and Aunt Polly was there they were discussing a man in the neighborhood who didn't look decent and who didn't work much. This woman said:

"Aunt Polly, isn't John the sorriest white man you ever saw?"

Aunt Polly thought it over for quite a while then said: "I know one thing, he's the best whistler I ever heard of."

On the way home they came across a dead dog. This same woman began to tell what a mean dog he had been.

Aunt Polly said: "Hasn't he got pretty white teeth?" She wouldn't talk about even a dog. I think it would be glorious if we would all follow Aunt Polly's method.

I would like to have letters from the sisters in different states. I'd also like the book, "The Little Marplot," but write first as I only want one copy. I have ordered it several times but always received something else.

I suppose Nelle is married and thinks so much of her husband that she has forgotten all about us. I wish she would write again.

I am five feet one inch tall and weigh 116 pounds so I haven't taken up much room. I have grey eyes, fair complexion and brown hair.

Good by and God's richest blessings upon all of you.

Your busy sister, Mrs. MAUD PETTIS.

Mrs. Pettis.—Your Aunt Polly story is one of the best I ever heard. If only there were more Aunt Pollys in this world.—Ed.

IOWA.

DEAR SISTERS AND EDITOR:

Once more I will ask admittance. I am sad and happy this evening. I just saw my darling baby girl's picture in COMFORT, which I sent in some time ago. Then I was happy and had everything to live for. Not long after writing my husband was taken very ill with the flu and pneumonia (we were living in Colorado then) and soon five weeks of suffering passed away to his Savior and the little boy we had lost a few years before, leaving a heart-broken wife and little Aileen.

Today in reading over my letter published in COMFORT, and written quite a while ago, I thought I would tell the sisters what a comfort my baby was to me during my first months of grieving. In losing my husband I lost the best that life held for me but I still have my baby to live for. Not once did the thought of giving her up enter my head and today I would part with anything but my darling adopted baby. I hope you can understand what this motherless little girl has meant to me during my grief. I think it is a crime to mother a cat or dog and neglect the human race. There are plenty of folks who need our every help. I thought the first months of my sorrow that I could never get over it but I have found great comfort in helping others which has helped to ease the ache in my heart. Our Baby knows where Daddy is. She says in her baby way, "Asleep with Jesus, some day I see him." God bless her.

HAPPY MOTHER.

Happy Mother.—The pleasure of hearing from you again is diminished by the sad news your letter contains and though our sympathy is somewhat delayed, it is sincere, nevertheless. To repeat little Aileen's words is the most comforting thought I can give you.—Ed.

FRENCH CORRAL, CALIF.

DEAR Mrs. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wish Mrs. Wilkinson would tell her Billy the Goat up so he will not get this letter for he must have been hungry last time I wrote.

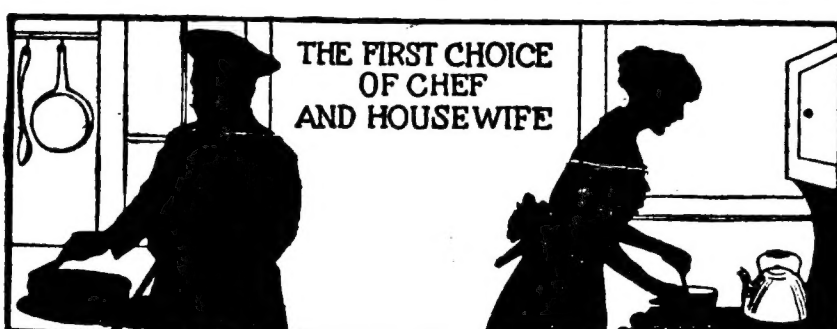
Of course I like to read the sisters' letters: the babies' pictures always interest me, so I'm sending a snapshot, too. If it is not worthy of space Mrs. W. can look at it anyway. It shows Rex Ellsworth, 3½ years old, holding Andrea Ahlson, who is five months old. They are both bottle babies but I did not order it so.

I wish Mrs. Wilkinson would tell us more about herself, and let us have that picture for which we have asked.

I put up one hundred and fifty quarts of fruit and several quarts of jelly for winter. I used to try my jelly in a sauce. Now I just watch until two drops form on the side of a wooden spoon, then it's done. So much easier and no waste.

I make serviceable aprons of 100-pound flour sacks, after the lettering is washed out and everyone says they are very pretty and they cost almost nothing. I make the front part in bib style, cut out under arms and end in sash to tie, about two inches wide. Over the shoulder to the back are the straps, two inches wide, sewed to the part that extends under the arms. The skirt part is one whole sack with selvages on the side and is fastened to the waist. It has a hem and either rickrack braid or bias binding may be used to finish the neck and armholes. The two large pockets and front have large apples of pink and blue chambray arranged in group of three or four, appliqued on, first

CRAZY, N. Y.



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Comfort Sisters' Recipes

ONE of these chilly winter mornings, try serving Queen's Toast to the family who may have gotten tired of "hard-boiled" or "three-minute" eggs. To be sure, it is only toast and egg, as illustrated, but so dainty and appetizing that it cannot fail to tempt even the most fussy member of the family. Then again, if you cannot procure fresh fruits for shortcakes, and most of us can't, use marmalade or jelly instead. A rather unusual shortcake recipe is given and illustrated below. I hope you like it.—Ed.

QUEEN'S TOAST.—Make thin slices of toast, butter generously and lay on individual plates. Allow one egg to each plate. Carefully separate the white from yolk, leaving the yolk in one-half of the shell so it



QUEEN'S TOAST.

will not get broken. Beat the white to a stiff froth and spread on toast. Slip the yolk onto the center, and set toast into moderate oven until the egg is cooked. Individual plates of hot hash topped with egg prepared in this way is very tempting.

VEAL OYSTERS.—Cut lean veal into small sized pieces and cook in boiling water to cover till tender. Season with salt and pepper. Dip in crumbs and egg slightly beaten with tablespoon of water. Fry in hot fat.

MRS. M. O. MACKINTOSH, Canton, Ill.

EASILY-MADE BROWN BREAD.—One cup molasses, two cups rye meal or graham flour, three cups Indian meal, four cups cold water, one large spoon vinegar, one heaping teaspoon soda, one heaping teaspoon salt. Mix the meal dry, then add the mixed ingredients, dissolving the soda in the vinegar mixed with a little of the water. Mix thoroughly and bake slowly four or five hours.

CINNAMON ROLLS.—One-half cup butter, one-half cup lard, one tablespoon sugar, white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, one-half teaspoon cream tartar, one-fourth teaspoon soda dissolved in two-thirds cup milk, flour enough to mix quite stiff. Roll thin and cut in pieces four inches long and two and one-half inches wide, wet with milk and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon through the center. Roll and bake in a quick oven.

LEMON CRACKERS.—One cup butter and two cups sugar beaten to a cream, two eggs, one teaspoon soda dissolved in two tablespoons of sweet milk, the grated peel of a lemon and one teaspoon of lemon juice. Knead very hard and roll very thin, and when baked the light may be seen through them.

COCONUT COOKIES.—One cup sugar, one-third cup butter, one egg, two tablespoons milk, two and one-fourth cups flour, one level teaspoon cream tartar, one-half spoon soda, salt, one cup grated coconut.

SWEETBREADS.—Soak one hour in salt and water; boil in the same till cooked. Remove skins and cut in slices one-half inch thick when cool, and season each with pepper, salt and nutmeg, dip in egg and flour and fry in very hot butter; take up and keep hot. Add a little flour to the pan, and when brown add nutmeg and one tablespoonful each of vinegar and catsup. Let this boil up and pour over the sweetbreads.

FRENCH DRESSING.—One-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons vinegar and four tablespoons olive oil. Mix ingredients and stir until well blended. This can be done by pouring into large bottle and shaking vigorously.

BROWN STEW.—For this dish the cheaper and less tender cuts of beef, such as the rump and round, can be used. Remove the meat from the bone and cut it into small pieces. Dredge with flour and cook in a small amount of fat until it is well browned. Add

hot water, about one quart to every pound of meat; season well with salt, pepper and onion, and cook slowly for an hour. The meat should be very tender and the gravy thick. Tomato and other vegetables may be added while the stew is cooking.

SOUPS MADE FROM DRIED BEANS, PEAS OR CORN-POPPERS.—There are a great variety of soups of high nutritive value that can be made from dried navy beans, black beans, lentils, cowpeas, or other legumes. The vegetables should be first soaked in water for several hours, overnight being usually the most convenient time. When they are thoroughly soaked, the water should be poured off and fresh water added. They should then be cooked until tender, with a little onion, celery, or other highly-flavored vegetable, and salt, then put through a strainer to remove the skins. The juice and pulp should then be either diluted or boiled down to the proper consistency for a soup and should be bound with a mixture of flour and butter, as milk soups are.

An ounce of dried beans is very nearly equal in protein value to a glass of milk, although the protein is not so completely digested.

MOCK GOOSE.—Parboil a leg of pork, remove skin and rub meat well with butter; sprinkle with salt, pepper, powdered sage and cover with slices of onion. Make stuffing and cook with pork. Serve with apple sauce or cranberries.

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup sugar, one cup molasses, two-thirds cup butter, three eggs, one teaspoon each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream tartar, three-fourths pound of raisins, three-fourths pound currants, one-half pound citron, one cup milk, three cups flour. Bake two hours in slow oven.

APPLE SAUCE FRUIT CAKE WITHOUT MILK.—One cup brown sugar, one and one-half cups apple sauce, two and one-half cups flour, one-half cup butter, one pound raisins, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon nutmeg, two teaspoons baking soda, one-half teaspoon salt, three tablespoons vinegar. Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, add apple sauce, flour, raisins, spices, salt and soda mixed with vinegar. Mix and pour into greased and floured cake tin, and bake in moderate oven one and one-half hours.

MRS. L. MILLINOCKET, Maine.

KUMYSS.—Heat two quarts of milk to blood heat, 100 degrees. Add half a cake yeast and two tablespoons sugar dissolved in a little warm water. Let stand for two hours, then bottle and stand for six hours in a moderately warm room; then place on ice. Kumyssa will keep four or five days if kept cold but it is better if made every day or two.—Mrs. A. BUTLER, Meadville, Me.

WHIPPED CREAM SUBSTITUTE.—Slice one banana in the whites of two eggs and whip until stiff. Flavor to suit taste. This makes an excellent substitute for whipped cream. To prevent fruit from settling to bottom in fruitcake, without rolling in flour or boiling, put fruit in before the flour is added and it will not settle.—Mrs. MARGARET MOORE, Bosler, Wyo.

COOKED FRUIT SHORTCAKES.—Sift together two cups of sifted flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, and one-half teaspoon each of soda and salt. Beat one egg, add three-fourths cup of milk and one-fourth cup of melted butter and quickly stir in the flour, adding a little more milk if necessary. Turn out onto bread board, work into shape but do not knead, and very lightly roll to three-fourths of an inch thick. Spread

with any kind of marmalade, thick jam or jelly, roll and cut into slices three-fourths of an inch thick. Bake until brown in a quick oven. Just before serving, cover each shortcake with an icing made as follows: Into the top of double boiler put one cup of granulated sugar, one unbleached egg white and four tablespoons of cold water. Set into rapidly boiling water and beat with an egg beater until the icing is thick. Take from boiling water, add one teaspoon of flavoring and continue beating until firm enough to spread.

COOKED FRUIT SHORTCAKES.

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Love Will Find The Way



"Anne Gordon"



"You are here as a decoy for gamblers."



"Father, I command you to tell him that he lies!"



by Wenona Gilman

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Junius Beckwith, a Westpointer, Anne Gordon, wealthy, Marian Reade, companion, friend and protégée of Anne Gordon, occupy a box at the Metropolitan Opera House. The curtain falls and Beckwith admits that "Lucia di Lammermore" has a depressing influence upon him and he cannot think of insanity without repulsion, no matter what the cause may be, and a marriage with either tainted, should be made a crime punishable by law. The next morning is Marian's birthday and deciding to go home, Anne Gordon, with a premonition that she ought to stay, exacts a promise, if any trouble comes, Marian will let her know first. Marian walks away and turning the corner meets June Beckwith and they go to the park. Remembering it is her birthday, he offers his love as a gift and asks her to be his wife. Happy in her love for June, Marian reaches home. Janet Reade, her grandmother, tells her that her mother is not dead but the inmate of a madhouse. What can she say to June? Hearing a voice, she answers to her father's call. He gives her a curious Venetian ring for a birthday gift, and questioning him where he got it he evades the answer and queries what Anne Gordon gives her. Showing the watch, her father berates Marian's friend. She might have given one thousand dollars, which he needs and will have. Marian, under the horror of all she hears, forgets all her grandmother told her, even forgets June Beckwith. Later in the night, recalling her promise to Anne Gordon, she goes to her home. A light flashed from a window opposite shows a rope hung from Anne Gordon's window, and in the window her father's face. Reaching home, Marian meets her father, tells him where he has been, and for no honest purpose, and demands that he return all he has stolen. He refuses, and only after her earnest pleading does he ask what she will do for him. Little dreaming the price she must pay, she asks for nothing but to serve him and she seals the promise upon her mother's Bible. Left alone, Paul Reade decides to keep one ring. Marian writes June she does not love him and that her soul is withered as much as the flower she encloses. Her father assures her he has obtained a position in the brokerage business and rented a house down town. June is stunned upon receiving Marian's letter and welcomes his friend, Fred Underwood, who tells him Paul Reade is a most unscrupulous villain and the house he has rented is a decoy for gamblers, that Marian is not as innocent as she appears. June cannot believe it, and Underwood will prove it to him if he cares to go. June calling upon Anne, she tells of Paul Reade's sudden wealth, and June, knowing where it comes from, as a friend, forbids Anne to go to Marian Reade's house. Going to the reception, Underwood requests Paul Reade to introduce Marian. In the meanwhile June appears with a message from Miss Gordon. He invites Marian for a waltz which she ends with Dick Gresham, the most notorious gambler in New York. The evening ended, Marian faces her father and asks who were those people. She receives no satisfaction from his answer—he expects her to receive them with courtesy, she has sworn to obey him. Anne begs Marian to come to her for a home, to divulge the secret that troubles her and she denies she has one. June Beckwith calls upon Anne, who defends Marian and with tears in her eyes pleads with him not to condemn her. If he never loved Anne before he thinks he does now and she is willing to be his wife. Marian speaks to her father of her mother and what has kept her from Marian all these years. She must see her. Her father refuses and Marian insists. There are those who will help. Paul Reade requests Ezra Morris, whose mother is hopelessly insane and confined in a house built especially for her, to allow Marian to visit her, believing she is her mother. Returning home she cries, "will the inheritance come to her?" Dick Gresham announces Anne's betrothal to Junius Beckwith.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRED UNDERWOOD'S PRAYER.

"I'm deucedly glad you've come, old man. Sit down and have a weed. What in the name of Heaven would ever become of a man if he did not have tobacco?"

June Beckwith pushed a silver stand of fragrant Havanas toward his friend Underwood, as the latter flung himself into a chair, and before replying the big man selected one and lighted it; then, with that universal comfort of the male sex between his lips, he said:

"Where've you been? You have not shown up at the club. Is it possible that you are letting this affair off—"

"I am going to ask you a favor, old friend," June interrupted hastily. "There is nothing so good for a folly of that kind as absolute silence. Don't let us ever speak of it again. I have made an egregious fool of myself, and I frankly confess that I am ashamed of it."

"All right. After today the subject shall be a forbidden one between us; but there was something that I had to say to you, and it was that which brought me here. Have I permission to speak this once?"

"Certainly."

"Then it is this, June. I am not so sure after all that we have not been mistaken. There is something in that girl's face that tells me she is not of the stamp that would be guilty of—"

A long, scornful laugh from June brought him to an abrupt stop.

"So she has succeeded in deceiving you at last, has she?" he cried, with a sneer. "Well, do you know, if it were not such an ungenerous thing, I should be very glad. It takes away a great deal of my self-contempt. If she could succeed in deceiving a practical fellow like you, who knew the circumstances of the case, why, then there is some excuse for me, who knew nothing."

"She has not deceived me!" exclaimed Underwood, almost sternly. "There is nothing in which she could deceive me. I am not in love with her. She is not the kind of girl that I should want to make my wife, even if she was as pure as—"

"I would have my sister. It is not that at all, June. I am not in the least in love with her, but I frankly confess that she has interested me. She is there, in that house, surrounded by gamblers, a companion of depravity, and yet, something seems to tell me, as I look at her,

as I think of her, that it is a robin in a nest of hawks. June, is it possible that we can have misjudged her? Is it possible that we can have been unjust to her?"

"No!" exclaimed Beckwith fiercely. "It is not possible! She has got the face of an angel and the heart of a fiend. She has willfully made of herself the companion of those people. She knows their character. She knows the business that her father follows, and she has deliberately offered her assistance to him."

"Are you sure of that? There was something in her manner the other night that I could not quite understand. She seemed to be frightened. She seemed to be striving to comprehend the sort of thing with which she was surrounded without the knowledge of the world to give her the power of succeeding. I watched her closely. She seemed at times helpless, half-fainting, like the wounded bird that shrinks from your hand without the power of escape."

"And so she is teaching even you to become a sentimentalist. But it is all wasted, dear boy. I have the proof!"

"What proof?"

"This: In order to prevent Miss Gordon from going to that ball, I told her of the discovery that I had made. She was shocked, horrified, and all the chivalry and purity of her great nature was aroused for the girl who had been her friend. She would have saved her at almost any cost. She sent for Miss Reade, and together they talked of Paul Reade's business. Miss Gordon offered Marian a home with her. She offered her sisterhood. She pleaded with her to accept, and Miss Reade refused because she would not desert her father. If she clung to him, hoping for his reformation, I might still respect her; but she does not do that. She entertains his associates, she deceives his victims, she dances with his friends. And she does it all with the smiling countenance of the woman who is pleased with the adulation she receives."

"You are sure that she understood Miss Gordon?"

"There was no chance for a mistake. The conversation was definite, and strictly to the point. Of her own will she has given Miss Gordon up, who was one of the best and stanchest friends a girl ever had. And, now, if you have no objection, we will drop the subject forever, old man. I want to forget that I ever knew Marian Reade!"

"And you can do that?"

Underwood was looking over the head of his friend, his eyes slightly contracted, a dreamy, curious expression darkening them; but they were brought upon a level with June's face suddenly when the answer came, so singular was the tone:

"I must forget!"

"Why?"

The question was asked swiftly, sharply, and June rose and walked to the window before replying. His back was toward Underwood. He leaned against the casing and looked downward into the street, while his fingers fumbled nervously with the keys and small change in the pockets of his trousers.

"Because," he answered slowly, "I am the betrothed husband of another woman!"

Underwood's fingers opened and his cigar dropped into the cuspidor. He was sitting bolt upright in his chair, with his arm upon the table, and his eyes fixed on the back of June's head. The almost boyish coloring that characterized him had vanished, leaving him pale as death.

"Who is the woman?"

"June was too much absorbed to hear the strained tone. He did not even look around, lest his old friend should see the despair in his own countenance as he replied:

"Anne Gordon."

Underwood did not move. His pallor deepened. The silence upon them seemed almost tangible. Suddenly he heard the ticking of his watch in his vest-pocket, and a curious grin passed over his face. It was stiff and unreal, almost distorted. He pulled out his watch and looked at it, then put it back without knowing the hour. He rose, his legs feeling stiff as if numb with cold. For a moment he actually forgot what June had said, and then it came over him again with a sudden rush that seemed to send every drop of blood in his body into his head. He laughed heavily.

"You have not lost any time, have you?" he asked curtly. "Do you remember that old verse that we learned in our boyhood?"

"It is well to be honest and wise,
It is good to be loyal and true,
It is best to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

June turned around quickly, and, advancing a few steps, faced his friend.

"I don't wonder you say that," he exclaimed. "I never felt so much like a scoundrel in my life; and I value your good opinion too highly not to explain to you. I know you will understand me, and I know that what I say to you will be as safe as if buried in a grave of silence. When the wheel of destiny begins to turn, Fred, it is impossible to tell in what groove it will stop. I don't want you to think that I am a conceited fool. I am talking to you now of something more serious than either life or death. I discovered—no matter how—that Anne Gordon loves me. Can you understand what occurred, Fred? She does not know I ever cared for Marian Reade, and I pray God that she never may!"

"And you think you can make her happy?"

"I am going to try; I am going to do everything that lays in the power of mortal man; I am going to use my best efforts. If I fail, the fault will not be mine. The hope of my life is to make her happy."

Underwood took the hand that was extended to him, and looked deeply into June's eyes. His voice was not quite steady as he said slowly:

"I believe that you mean what you say. God bless you, June!"

There was something in the tone, something in the expression, that told June all the truth. A gleam of dismay shot into his countenance.

"Fred!" he cried hoarsely, "for the love of—"

"Hush!" exclaimed Underwood, with a little wan smile. Not now. I could not quite bear it, even from you. I love you, old fellow, more than I love my own brother. Perhaps I never understood myself quite so well in my whole life as I do now. The experience has shocked me."

"But I never thought—"

"Never mind. I never thought—of myself, either, and it may be that that has occasioned most of my undoing. Let it go. I don't want you to think I envy you, June, but—I wish you loved her, old man, as I do!"

He smiled again, and as June did not reply, he turned and went quietly out of the room. He took his hat from the rack in the hall and let himself out the front door. He stood there for a moment in the gloaming, looking into the street; then:

"How curious it is," he said, half-aloud, musingly, "that he should have dealt me this blow standing in almost the same spot that he did when I told him about Marian Reade's unworthiness. Retribution is a singular thing. Well, I love him and I love her, and I pray they may be happy!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MARIAN'S ELDERLY ADMIRER.

For several days after her visit to Judson's asylum, Marian remained closely within her own room, seeing no one except her grandmother.

It was exceedingly irritating to Paul Reade, but he realized that he must not make too much of a demand upon her, and that she must have time to recover from the shock that she had received. He strove to be as gentle with her as his irritation would allow, and did not force his presence on her.

And Marian appreciated the respite that he was giving her. She realized at last, when she could think of anything at all, that she was allowing herself too much time for grief, that she was indulging her sorrow at the expense of others; and summoning all her fortitude, she went one day to the luncheon-room.

Paul Reade rose with genuine welcome and kissed her.

"It has not seemed like home at all without you, pretty one. It is good to have you back. The rest has done you good. You are as dainty and fair as a child," he said impressively.

She tried to return the caress without repulsion.

"I am afraid I have been very selfish, very neglectful of you," she said unsteadily, "while you have been most thoughtful of me. But—"

"Don't make any explanation to me, my darling. Do you think I do not understand?" he interrupted, putting a little tremor into his voice that sounded very natural indeed. "I would have been so glad to have spared you, if only it had been in my power; but you must realize how useless it is to allow a misfortune to spoil all your life. Association with the outer world contains the only hope of forgetfulness, Marian."

She was trying to conceal from him how she shrank from his words, and there was really some warmth in her tone as she replied:

"Forgetfulness never can come to me, father. There is no hope of that, nor ever can be; neither do I forget the duty that I owe to you. I have not the right to burden your life further than it has been burdened. I am not going to be the death's-head at your festival."

"Then you are ready to come back into my life again?"

He could not quite conceal the eagerness of his tone, and she shivered a little as she replied:

"I am ready."

"Then you will join us tonight?"

She hesitated a moment. The effort she was making was a terrible one. It was to her as if she were turning from an open grave to join the revelers in a dance-hall; but she saw that the sacrifice must be made, and with bowed head she answered:

"Yes."

He turned away lest his countenance should betray the almost cruel satisfaction he felt; but before he left her he leaned across the back of her chair and kissed her.

"We are to put the past behind us as far as ever we can, dearest," he said, in a low voice; "and in order to do that we must be gay and try to forget. There is no time like the present to begin. There is a man whom I expect tonight, who may be of the greatest possible advantage to me in a business way. I could scarcely estimate to you his wealth; but it goes so far into the millions that it sounds like some of the old 'Arabian Nights' stories when one tells of his extravagances. I am very anxious to obtain his good will, Marian. He has seen you, dear. I think he even met you on one occasion when you attended a ball with one of your old friends. Will you try to look as well as you can, pretty one?"

She shrank back, paling slightly. She thought she saw his object. She thought his desire to be for her to fascinate his wealthy friend and marry him if possible, and aside from the vulgarity of a plan to marry her off, the thought of matrimony was a distinct pain to her. But she could not tell him that. She could not let this man, with whom she had so little in common, know how she suffered.

She struggled with herself for a moment, then answered:

"Yes, father, I will look the best I can."

And she kept her word.

The absolute sadness in Marian's face did not

detract from her beauty. On the contrary, it seemed to add a strong element of the picturesque, and the alluring, fascinating, seductive personelle had never been more appealing than as she descended to the small reception-room, when a message had been sent by her father.

He nodded his approval to her as she entered, and she smiled in return as he presented a rather elderly man whom she had met in some drawing-room during the winter before, she scarcely remembered where.

She heard the name Dwight mentioned, and then she remembered that he must be Elliott Dwight, the multi-millionaire, though there was nothing else connected with him that she could recall.

"You will excuse me for a few minutes, I am sure," her father had said, after a few platitudes had been exchanged. "There are others who require my attention. Mr. Dwight, when you have grown weary of my daughter, perhaps you will join us in the billiard-room."

"Thank you, Reade; I shall do so," the millionaire drawled condescendingly. "But one does not get an opportunity like this every day. You may only expect to see me when Miss Reade has dismissed me. I should never have the courage to leave of my own accord."

He looked sentimentally at Marian, and with a little wave of the hand, and a laugh that grated horribly on Marian, her father left them there alone.

"And you like this new life of yours better than the old?" Elliott Dwight asked, seating himself beside Marian, and looking into the exquisite face with an expression that was not good to see.

She forced a smile to her lips that she was far from feeling. There was repulsion in the very thought of allowing that man to read one emotion of her heart. Why should she allow him to think that she was not happy? What business was it of his? She was only entertaining him for her father's sake.

"Ah!" she answered, with forced animation, "what girl is there who does not enjoy life—a life that is filled with music, with flowers, with dancing? What girl does not like beautiful dresses—to be admired—to be loved? Do you think that surroundings like these awaken no emotions in the feminine breast, after years in a cottage on the banks of the Harlem River? There is nothing poetic in the Harlem River. It is not Lake Como nor Lucerne. The lights are much brighter here than the stars were there, the music is better than the sounds of the small craft on the water, and diamonds are prettier than the little flowers that grew on the banks. Oh! yes; the new life is full, the old life was empty."

How was he to know that the laugh which followed her words was the result of hysteria? How was he to know that there were the wildest tears struggling just behind it? He was not a man of any powerful discernment, and he saw nothing but lightness and frivolity in her manner and speech.

It was the correct thing, to him, for a beautiful girl to be light and frivolous. The haughty dame was the one to be neglected at home for the companionship of a dainty bit of Dresden such as he believed Marian to be. He laughed with her.

"And you like diamonds?" he asked.

"Am I a woman?" she asked archly, by way of reply.

"And horses?"

"They are a passion I have never had the opportunity to indulge."

"And theaters, and balls, and operas?"

"That is a glimpse of paradise!"

"And foreign travel?"

"That is a dream of the future."

"What place on earth would you most prefer to see?"

"You have asked a question now that would require a thousand answers. I want to see the Nile."

"Cleopatra's memory would sink into insignificance!"

"And the ruins of Troy."

"The charms of Helen would be no longer remembered!"

"I want to see India, and Austria, and Japan, and China. Oh, I want to see the world!"

"And you shall!" cried Dwight, carried away by his enthusiasm and her beauty—"you shall! All those things which you have mentioned you shall have and shall see. You shall have jewels that England's queen shall envy; you shall have such gowns as Eugenie's imagination could never have pictured; you shall have horses, and music, and laughter, and flowers, and there is not a spot on the known globe that you shall not see. Give your fancy reign, and every desire shall be gratified as if your palm held the lamp of Aladdin. Ah! there is nothing that shall be wanting—nothing in all this world, from laughter to love, my beautiful one—for I love you, and, with all this wealth of mine, the world is at your feet!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRUTH REVEALED.

The laughter died from the beautiful face instantly, and, drawing herself up, Marian looked curiously upon her elderly admirer.

He was bending slightly toward her, with a light in his blue eyes that was not good to see. His cheeks were flushed and his hands trembled a little. While the thought of love—his love—aroused every element of disgust in the girl's nature, there was something in his earnestness that called forth her pity.

Her countenance clouded, and her animation died a natural death. She sank back into her chair, and a little shiver passed over her.

"You are very kind, Mr. Dwight," she said, gently but coldly. "I appreciate what you have said, and the honor that you have done me, but

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



FOOD FROM FARM CELLAR AND STOREROOM

By Violet Marsh

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MANY of the foods we should eat during the winter months are found right in the farm cellars and storerooms, including potatoes, cabbage, beets, carrots, turnips, squash, onions, celery and apples, beside the green canned vegetables and fruits. Added to the supply of stored vegetables and canned foods, dairy products, eggs, poultry and pork are usually a part of the farm production. Mutton and lamb, readily obtainable in most farming sections, is classed with beef so far as nutritive value is concerned, and scientific investigation seems to bear out the belief that they readily digest without causing disturbance. To this may be ascribed the common use of mutton and lamb in invalid dietetics, as well as in the daily fare.

Now that we have these valuable food materials right at hand, are we making the best use of them by serving well-balanced meals therefrom? Using canned foods daily, so long as they last, is a common mistake, and, I might add, a sad one, for if this is done, before the winter is half spent the appetite lags and the health of the family seems threatened. Canned berries and other fruits, be they ever so palatable, will soon become unsatisfying if served too frequently. Occasionally someone will say: "I dip each slice of pork into dry flour and place in stew-pan."

care little about it." In most such cases, if we could "look within," it would be found that this indifference to canned fruit was due to monotony, and that it never would have occurred had the fruit been sometimes made into puddings with tapioca, gelatine or corn-starch, or into short-cakes, or into pudding sauces to be served on warm simple cakes, or rice.

To keep well, the body must be supplied with a variety of foods, in which whole grains, fruits, vegetables and milk, which are rich in minerals and the vitamins which are absolutely essential to health, and even to life itself. Use sugar and meat in moderation, and with especial care if the body is acid. Use a variety of cereals including oats and cracked whole wheat. Save and utilize the water in which vegetables are cooked, otherwise their effectiveness is greatly reduced through the loss of mineral content. For this reason, vegetable stews should be served several times a week, and if well made and varied the family will never tire of them.

Raw cabbage soaked in cold water until crisp, then finely shredded and served with a boiled or French dressing, is a very valuable food during the winter season when fresh salad materials are scarce. Properly prepared it is delicious, besides having a high mineral content.

In the carrot we have another valuable food which contains the power of blood-purifying, and ranks next to spinach in content of iron. The onion is another important vegetable and should be freely used plain, in cream and in stews. The potato is a good food, yet alone it will not induce physical vigor, and should daily be accompanied with another vegetable.

Use milk and eggs daily. For children who have little appetite for breakfast, you cannot do better than to give them a beaten egg in a glass of milk just before starting off for school. Use each child's favorite flavoring, whether it is a dash of cinnamon, a little vanilla or cooked cocoa. Children cannot concentrate their minds if the stomach is empty.

Fried Pork as a Relish

There is nothing new about fried salt pork, for its use is traceable some generations back, but how many know the secret of frying salt pork so that it may be classed as a tempting relish to be served in cold weather with potatoes and other vegetables? The process is very simple, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

Cut the pork in thin slices, pour hot water over them, let stand half a minute, and drain. Take each slice separately, dip into flour, and place in a frying-pan over a moderate heat at first. When the pork begins to fry, turn each slice. The heat may be somewhat increased but never to a point where the flour will burn. Cook until crisp and a golden brown, and remove from the fat. Pour off all but three tablespoons of the fat, smooth into this three tablespoons of dry flour, and when it begins to cook, add gradually one and one-half cup of hot milk, stirring constantly. Cook until it thickens, season with pepper, and a little salt if necessary. Serve separately, or pour it over the pork. The illustrated heading of this article shows a very attractive arrangement of fried pork in the center of a plat-

ter, and surrounded on either side by steam-cooked potatoes and carrots. At the right is a dish of baked tart apples, the proper accompaniment to pork.

Seasonable Dishes for the Home Table

STUFFED ROAST PORK.—Lay piece of sparerib in baking tin rib-side up. Cover with a dressing made as follows: Two cups of stale bread-crumbs, one-half cup of chopped celery, one-half cup of chopped tart apple, one-half pound of raw sausage meat, one well-beaten egg, a little pepper and salt. Add no water to the pan unless the oven becomes too hot, which should be avoided. Pork to be tender and of the right flavor must cook slowly; twenty-five minutes to the pound. Baste frequently with the drippings.

CORNEB MUTTON.—Rub one and one-half cup of salt into a ten-pound piece of mutton, covering every portion, and let it stand 24 hours. Mix together three-fourths cup of brown sugar, one tablespoon of saltpeter, one-half

tablespoon of baking soda, and a little lukewarm water. Lay the meat in a stone crock and slowly pour over it this mixture, wetting every part. Cover the meat with cold water and let it stand three or four days. **SCOTCH HOT POT.**—Cut three pounds of mutton in small pieces and brown in a little fat, then remove to the kettle in which the stew is to be made, adding the bones. In the same frying-pan put a little more fat and cook for five minutes two sliced onions, four sliced carrots, and one medium-sized turnip cut into dice; add to meat. Put one quart of boiling water into the frying-pan with one-third cup of pearl barley and simmer until the barley has begun to cook, then pour over the meat and vegetables. Lastly add one bunch of celery cut fine and two grated potatoes, season with pepper and salt and cover closely. Add more water if necessary. Cook very slowly four hours in the oven.

POTATOES BAKED IN MILK.—Peel and slice raw potatoes very thin. Place a layer in the bottom of a deep baking dish, dot with small pieces of butter and a light sprinkling of salt and pepper. Repeat these layers until the dish is three-fourths full, or until the potato is used, and just cover with whole milk. Bake about one hour after the milk begins to simmer, but do not allow the dish to boil. When done, the top will be a golden brown.

If a potato scallop is desired, cover each layer of potato with a sprinkling of flour, and follow directions as given above.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Slowly fry one thinly-sliced onion in two tablespoons of pork fat until soft and a little colored, then add about one pint of freshly-boiled potatoes cut into cubes; season with pepper and salt, a little lemon juice and chopped parsley, and stir gently with a fork until the mixture is hot.

FRIED ONIONS AND POTATOES.—Fry sliced salt pork until crisp and remove from the fat, which should be about one-eighth of an inch deep in the frying-pan. Put a generous layer of thinly-sliced onion in the pan and slowly cook about fifteen minutes, then add the raw sliced potato, salt and pepper. Stir well, add boiling water until it comes about half way to the top of potato, cover tightly and set on the back of stove where it will cook slowly. When done, the water will be entirely evaporated. Stir frequently from the bottom of pan while the potatoes are cooking. More pork fat may be used if desired.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Select fine large potatoes and bake until tender but not overdone. Cut off the ends, scoop out the contents and mash with butter, cream, salt and pepper, and a little grated cheese if desired. Return the prepared potato to the skins, piling it high at the open end. Set potatoes into a baking tin with open ends uppermost and place in a hot oven until the potato begins to puff. Eat from the skins.

POTATO SOUFFLE.—Three cups of freshly-boiled potatoes put through the masher, two tablespoons of butter, one scant teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon of white pepper, two well-beaten eggs, and one-fourth cup of cream. Beat hard until light and creamy, spread on a well-buttered pie tin and bake until a golden brown. Serve at once.

ONIONS COOKED IN CREAM.—Boil onions twenty minutes, drain and use the water in a vegetable stew. Place onions in a double boiler with one cup of medium cream to about one quart of onions. Add salt and pepper and cook until soft. If a cream sauce is desired, when the onions are nearly soft, add hot milk, and about two level tablespoons each of butter and flour mixed together. Stir carefully, so not to break the onions and finish cooking.

CARROTS AND PEAS.—Scrape carrots, cut into dice, cover with boiling water and cook until tender and the water is nearly boiled away. Add an equal amount of drained canned peas, pepper, salt and butter to flavor, and serve as soon as boiling hot. The canned peas will harden if given much cooking. If a cream sauce is desired, prepare same as in previous recipe.

BEAN AND HOMINY CAKES.—Combine equal parts of boiled hominy and cooked beans, either baked or stewed, and put through the potato masher. Season with salt and pepper, add one beaten egg to every two cupsful, and enough cream to shape into cakes. Roll in flour and fry brown. Delicious with cold meats.

VEGETABLE SAUSAGE CAKES.—One cup of cold mixed vegetables, one-half cup of cold cooked meat, and one slice of onion chopped together very fine. Add a pinch of poultry seasoning, pepper and salt, and enough gravy or cream to shape into cakes. Leftovers stuffing can be utilized in these cakes. Roll in fine crumbs and fry in hot fat.

USING LEFTOVER BAKED BEANS.—Put equal amounts of fresh-boiled potatoes and baked beans through the food chopper, season with a little melted butter, salt and pepper, and add two well-beaten eggs to a rounding quart of the mixture. Put into a deep, well-greased baking dish, sprinkle with bread-crumbs and dot with butter. Bake forty minutes in a hot oven. Serve with a sauce made as follows: One cup of tomato juice, one cup of water, one tablespoon of scraped onion brought to a boil and thickened with two tablespoons of flour mixed with two of butter. Season with salt and pepper and simmer ten minutes.

CORN OYSTERS.—Grind one can of corn very fine, add two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoon of sugar, one-third teaspoon of salt, and one tablespoon of melted butter. Mix well together and add enough flour alternately with the liquid from the corn to make a soft batter. If the corn is dry, use a little milk. Drop into hot fat by the teaspoonful and fry until a golden brown.

VEGETABLE STEW.—Soak one pint of lima beans overnight. In the morning slip the skins from them, add a piece of bacon or salt pork about two inches square, one pint of diced potatoes, two sliced onions, one-half cup each of sliced carrot, turnip and celery. Cover well with boiling water, and as soon as the stew begins to boil, cover closely and cook slowly for two hours. Have one-third cup of rice cooking in a separate dish, adding it to the stew when half done. Season with salt and pepper. Bacon gives the stew a delicious flavor, or a ham bone may be used instead.

Desserts and Other Dainties

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—While one pint of milk is coming to a boil, beat three egg yolks until creamy and then beat in three tablespoons of sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Pour the hot milk over the egg mixture, beat and return to fire and while continually stirring, cook until the custard will coat the spoon. If cooked a minute too long the custard will curdle. Remove from fire and stir in one tablespoon of gelatine which has been soaked twenty minutes in three tablespoons of cold milk. When the custard begins to stiffen, beat in one teaspoon of vanilla and one-third teaspoon of almond extract, then beat in the whites of three eggs which have been beaten stiff and dry. Arrange around the sides of a deep glass dish thin slices of plain white or sponge cake, and pour in the mixture. Serve with a cold sauce made as follows: One cup of canned berries, with juice, two tablespoons of lemon juice, one-half cup of cold water, and sugar to taste. Bring to a boil, and stir in one round teaspoon of corn-starch wet with a little cold water. Cook three minutes.

HOT PUDDING SAUCE.—One-half cup of fruit jam or marmalade and one and a half cup of boiling water simmered together until well mixed.

Add a little lemon juice to give character if the fruit is too sweet, or a little sugar if too acid. Slowly pour this hot mixture over the white of one egg which has been beaten to a stiff froth, beating constantly.

INDIAN AND SQUASH PUDDING.—Bring one pint of milk to a scald and stir in four tablespoons of fine corn-meal previously wet with cold water. Cook five minutes and take from fire. Beat in two cups of cooked and sifted squash, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoon of salt, grated rind of half a lemon, one fourth teaspoon each of cinnamon and ginger, two tablespoons of butter, or three of finely-chopped suet, one-half cup of seedless raisins, two well-beaten eggs, and three and one-half cups of cold milk. Stir well and bake from three to four hours in a very slow oven.

CARROT AND APPLE BUTTER.—Measure one quart of tart apples after they are cut into small pieces without peel or cores being removed. Add water enough for them to cook in, and when soft put through a wire strainer. Add to the strained apple, one pint of grated raw carrot, three cups of sugar and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. Slowly cook until thick and clear.

MOUSSES.—This is a dish that can be made in winter without ice and salt, provided the temperature is freezing. Mousse is frozen without stirring, and about six hours should be allowed for freezing. The cream must be whipped and after standing a short time spooned into another dish from the top, as any liquid that may settle out will make the mousse imperfect.

Maple Mousse is one of the best. Heat one-half cup of maple syrup and slowly pour it over the well-beaten yolk of one egg. Beat one cup of heavy cream, and if there is any chance of liquid settling out, skim off as above described; also beat stiff and dry the white of one egg, then combine cream and egg and add to the maple mixture. When blended, pack in salt and ice, or set in the snow outside to freeze. Strong coffee may be substituted for the syrup, and should be sweetened while hot.

Saffron Rose

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

"Three thousand five hundred awaits me in the hand of Hop Keen."

"Wait here. I will find the money. But it is too much. The girl is younger than I expected." The fluttering heart of Li Lu. The hungry look of Hung Lung, as if he would take, if he dared, the first tastes of the wares he was on the point of delivering to Peek Noe. In the old Street of Many Small Houses, at Lily Hill kitchen also, Li Lu had heard dark whisperings of the older gossips concerning the fate that sometimes came to Chinese girls like her. So she knew without knowing. She dreaded, trembled; but stood with downcast eyes, awaiting, outwardly untroubled. Inwardly she was white hot with angry rebellion against her father, against Hung Lung, against this terrifying Peek Noe, whose pinching burned her cheek, and most particularly against the lying gods.

The prospective buyer's fat figure came sideways through the shack door. In her hands were two bags and a small flat package. Li Lu saw. By the dim light of the shut-out late afternoon sun dirty yellowbacks and greenbacks, bright gold worn silver pieces were counted and recounted and counted again. Hung Lung left, grinning, and with a covetous backward glance at the newly-acquired property of Peek Noe. And now, with accurate intuition, the slave girl guessed at the meaning of this last business transaction over her youthful body.

TO BE CONTINUED IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.



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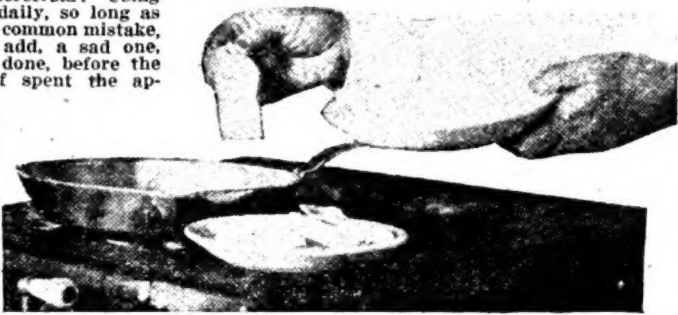
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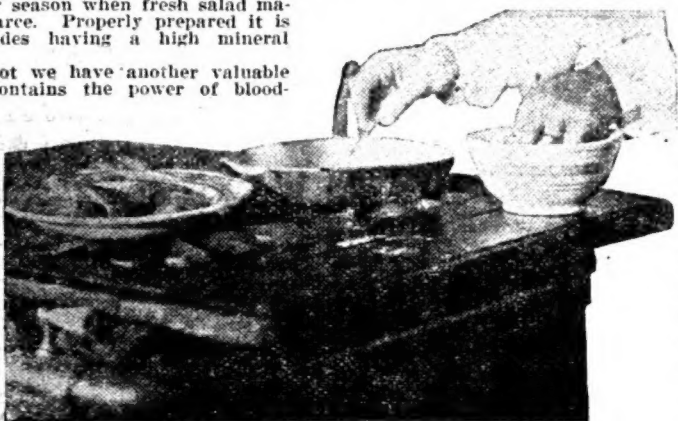
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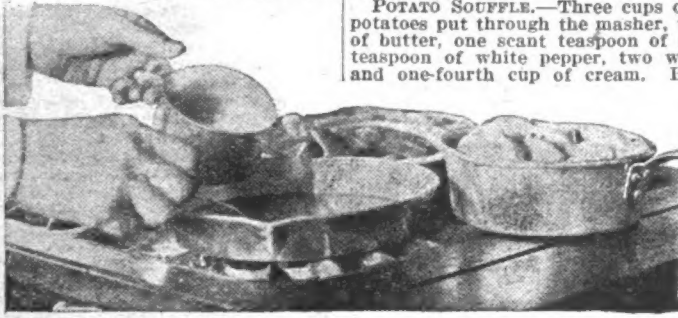
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Cubby Bear's Birthday

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"O H, what is this pretty thing, here in your work-basket, Grandma Bear?" asked Cubby, his eyes wide with interest. "It looks like a necktie for a little bear."

"Yes, Cubby Bear," sighed Grandma, but she smiled, too. "Yes, it is a necktie I made for you. I meant to keep it a secret for your birthday, but since you have found it, you may as well have it now. Let me tie it on you, and see how it looks."

"Oh, thank you, Grandma Bear. It is beautiful!" cried Cubby, and stood smiling proudly while it was tied around his neck. A beautiful necktie it was indeed, of a bright green color, with yellow stripes and black dots.

"Keep it on until dinner-time, so your mother can see how fine you are," Grandma Bear told him, for Mamma Bruin was out looking for elecampane, a plant which she needed for medicine, and would not be home before noon.

When she came, she praised the new tie as much as Cubby could wish, and they all sat down to eat dinner.

"Oh, look!" said Grandma Bear, when they had finished, "there is a spot of grease on your tie."

"Oh, oh!" mourned Cubby. "Have I spoiled it, Grandma Bear?"

"No, it is not spoiled," Mamma Bruin told him. "I can wash it, and it will be as good as ever."

The tie was washed and hung out on the line to dry, but when Cubby went to bring it in, at night, it had disappeared.

He looked all around, on the ground and among the bushes near by, but no trace of it could he find.

"It is lost, lost!" he cried, running into the house, and threw himself on the floor and wept. Mamma Bruin went out and searched, too, but not a single yellow stripe or black dot of that birthday necktie was to be seen.

In vain they tried to comfort him. He lay on the floor, sobbing. It was not until Mamma Bruin promised that he might have a party on his birthday that his tears were dried.

"That will be three days from now," said Cubby. "I shall be glad to have a party, but I shall have to wear my old red necktie!"

Next day he was out walking, planning, all by himself, about the party, and to whom he would send invitations. A little way off, in the woods, he saw Wollie Woodchuck, Racky Coon and Minnie Mink, standing close together. Wollie seemed to be showing something to the others. Cubby started toward them, when Wollie Woodchuck looked up, saw him, and turned to run away.

As Wollie turned, Cubby saw, with a gasp of horror, that Wollie was wearing a new necktie; a green necktie, with stripes of yellow, and dots of black!

"My own birthday necktie!" thought Cubby Bear. "Oh, yes, it must be. Surely no other tie was ever like that one, so bright and beautiful!"

He had no heart to talk with Racky Coon and Minnie Mink, though they called to him. He walked sadly on by himself, thinking.

"Oh, oh, I never thought that Wollie would do a thing like that. My necktie was out on the line—Wollie must have seen it, and liked it; liked it so much he—no, no, Wollie would not steal!"

But why did he run away? As he thought about the matter, Cubby grew angry.

"Yes!" he said to himself. "Wollie ran off because he did not want me to see him wearing my necktie! I know what I will do. I will leave him out of my birthday party. How can I ever be friendly with him again?"

He said nothing to anyone about it, but worried over the matter until next day. Then, meeting Racky Coon, he asked,

"Why did Wollie Woodchuck run off so quickly yesterday when he saw me coming? And what was he showing you?"

"Why, why," stammered Racky, looking down at the ground instead of at Cubby, "I—I am afraid I cannot tell you, Cubby Bear."

Cubby went home, and began making out his list for the party guests. Wollie's name was not on the list, and Cubby hesitated before deciding to ask Racky Coon and Minnie Mink.

The birthday morning dawned, and Cubby rose early from his little bed.

"The sun is shining, and it will be a fine day," said Mamma Bruin.

Strange to say, Cubby Bear did not feel happy. He had invited everyone he could think of to his birthday party, even Foxy Reynard and Wollie Weasel, everyone but Wollie Woodchuck, who had been his friend so long!

With paws in his pockets, he strolled along the forest path.

He began to think of possible excuses for Wollie.

"Perhaps the wind blew the necktie off the line. If Wollie found it lying somewhere on the ground, how could he know whose it was? But then, I remember there was no wind that night. Dear, dear, dear! how I wish I could know all about it!"

Shinyblack Crow came hopping along the path, the sun bringing out shining purple shades on his black wings.

"Good morning, and a happy birthday to you,"

"You told me yesterday you had invited everyone," said Shinyblack Crow. "How did you happen to leave Wollie Woodchuck out?"

"I will tell you," said Cubby. "But—but—I don't know," he added dismally. "If Wollie should come to my party wearing my necktie, then Mamma Bruin and Grandma Bear would think he stole it, and I don't want them to think so badly of him. I have always liked Wollie, though some

"You see, it was like this." And he told the whole story of the necktie Grandma Bear had made, how Mamma Bruin washed it to get out a spot of grease, how it had disappeared from the line, and how Wollie Woodchuck had worn the tie and run away when he saw Cubby Bear. He ended by asking, "Now, what do you think about it?"

Shinyblack Crow rubbed his sharp beak thoughtfully with his claw before answering.

"I think," he said, "that it looks bad for Wollie, but I did not think he would steal. I will find him and tell him you want him to come to the party. Then, if he is guilty, I think he will want to stay away. At any rate, you will feel better to ask him."

So saying, he flew away. Cubby Bear did feel better, as his wise friend had said, and went home to help Mamma Bruin get ready for the afternoon.

When he dressed for the party, he got out his old red necktie, and looked at it sadly.

"I hate to wear it," he sighed. "It is old and worn, and does not look like party clothes a bit."

Grandma Bear tied it round his neck, being careful to fold it so the worst worn places were out of sight.

"It will do very well," she said, patting his head kindly. "Forget all about it, and have a good time this afternoon."

Wollie Woodchuck came to the party, smiling and happy, with the other woods people. Foxy Reynard was the only one invited who did not come. There were so many, Mamma Bruin's house could not hold them all, but, as it was a fine day, they were quite as happy out of doors.

"I have a birthday present for you, Cubby Bear," said Wollie, who had been carefully holding something behind him. "Here it is." And he held it out, in both paws, smiling.

Wollie's present was a lovely little basket, oval in shape, and with a long handle, woven of rushes which grew in Blue Bittern's swamp, and ornamented with red rose-haws from the wild-briar rose.

Cubby took the basket, and examined it with delight.

"Oh, thank you," he said. "How could you ever make it so beautifully?"

"I could not have done it alone," answered Wollie. "My paws are too awkward, but Racky Coon helped me with it."

"And what is this inside it, wrapped in a grape leaf?" was Cubby's next question.

"I unwrapped it and see," Wollie told him. "Cubby unfolded the grape leaf, and there, inside it, was his birthday necktie, every yellow stripe shining against the green, every black dot round and clear."

"Oh!" he faltered, quite at a loss for words. "Oh, I—"

and he really blushed, under his fur, for Wollie—poor, bad Wollie, who must feel so ashamed, returning what he had stolen. Cubby would forgive him, oh, yes, indeed, since he was sorry, and of course he must be sorry, or he would not have brought the necktie back.

However, Wollie did not look guilty.

"I must tell you all about the necktie," said Wollie. "I did not know until Shinyblack Crow told me this morning, that the tie belonged to you, Cubby Bear. Foxy Reynard gave it to me."

"Foxy Reynard? Then he was the one who took it from the line! I never thought of him! But why did he give it to you, I wonder? Why did he not wear it himself?"

"He would not dare," said Wollie. "He was up to his old, bad tricks, of course, giving me the tie so you would think I stole it. He wanted to make trouble between us. He told me a friend of his, whose life he once saved, gave it to him a long time ago, and he put it away in his den, because the bright colors did not look well with his red fur. But he told me I was foolish enough to believe he meant what he said."

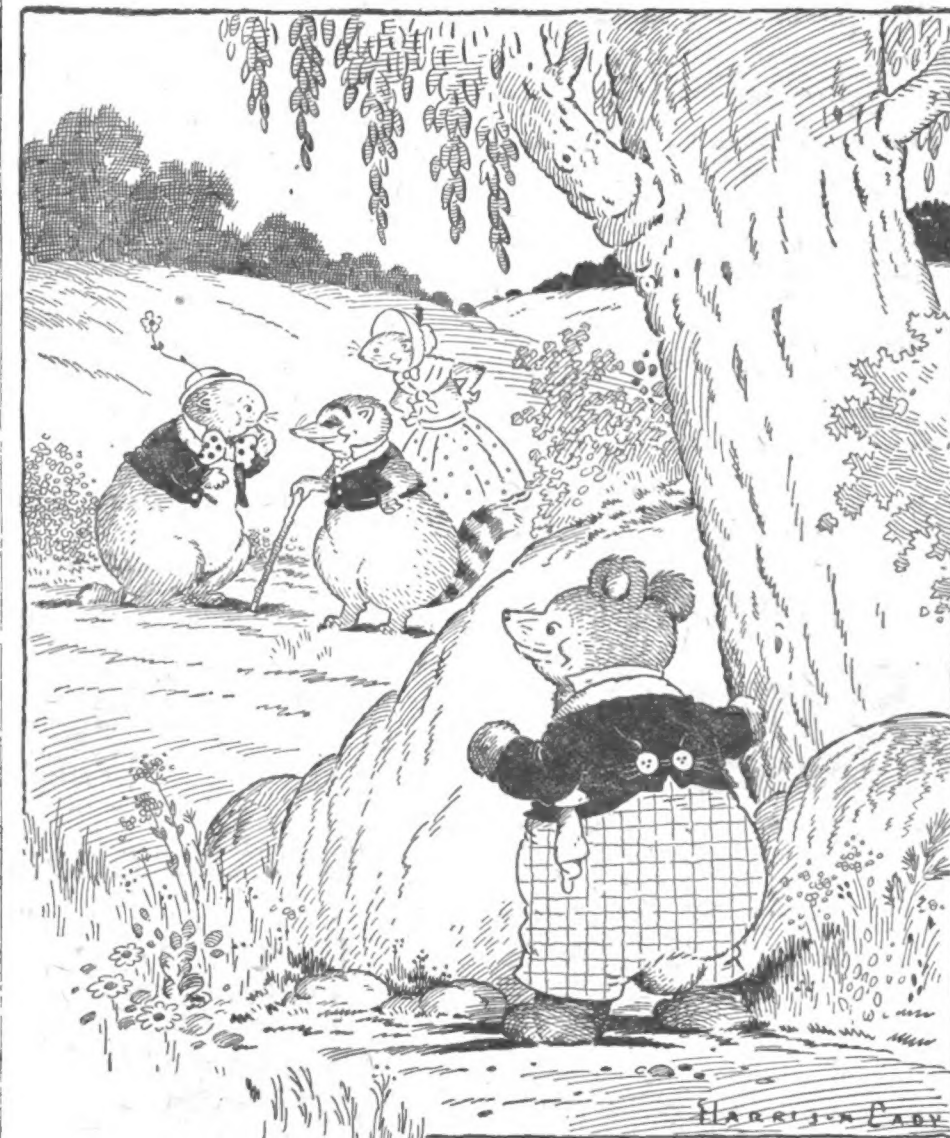
"Oh, that bad, bad Foxy!" sighed Cubby. "I wish he would be good. Now I see why he did not come to my party today. But," he added, his face clouding over, "why did you run away that day when you were talking with Racky and Minnie, and saw me coming?"

"Why," explained Wollie, "Racky and I were showing Minnie your birthday basket, which we had just finished, and of course I did not want you to see it."

"Yes," said Racky, who, with Shinyblack Crow, was listening, "we were all planning to give you a surprise party, Cubby Bear, before you invited us to come, and we were talking about it then."

"Now put the necktie on, and let us see how fine you look in it."

"Oh, I am so glad, so glad," cried Cubby, "that I invited you to my party, Wollie Woodchuck, before I knew that Foxy was the one to blame!"



"MY OWN BIRTHDAY NECKTIE!" THOUGHT CUBBY BEAR.

Cubby Bear," he cawed. "Why do you look so sober? One would think you would be all smiles today."

"Oh, Shinyblack Crow," begged Cubby, "will you please try to find Wollie Woodchuck for me, and tell him I want him to come to my party?"

of the animals and birds laugh at him and call him slow and stupid."

"Whatever can you mean?" asked Shinyblack Crow. "Why in the world should Wollie Woodchuck wear your necktie?"

"Oh, I forgot I had not told you," said Cubby.

FEBRUARY COMFORT

Our big mid-winter Peace Number will be packed full of interesting, entertaining and instructive matter, including an account of what is being done in the interest of world peace and prosperity by the greatest history-making conference ever assembled. The following are some of the

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"St. Valentine's Afterglow" A cute valentine romance in which a pert little flapper handles the situation in a masterful fashion.

"The Spellbinders" An amusing and inspiring account of how Abraham Lincoln, as a young lawyer, protected the great actor, Joe Jefferson, from persecution by a ranting clergyman.

"The Boy Who Had Never Seen an Indian" Thrilling story of youthful George Washington's first encounter with hostile Indians.

"A Cobweb Party for St. Valentine's Day" Full details of a pretty and unique entertainment.

"Fish as a Winter Food" How to prepare, cook and serve various kinds of fish—their food values.

"St. Valentine's Day" Strange facts and fiction concerning St. Valentine and the celebration of his birthday.

"Cubby Bear's Pride" Cubby Bear finds some wonderful treasures that make him foolishly proud and "stuck up."

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January, 1922.

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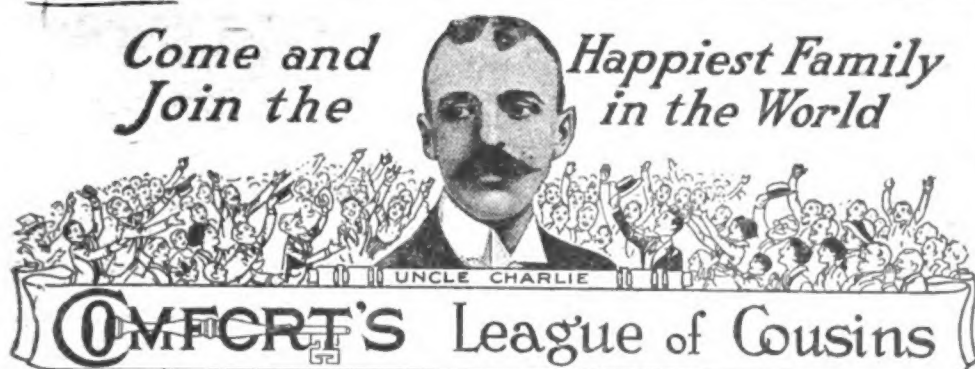
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Crumbs of Comfort

Time is the greatest asset.
Haste is a confession of neglect.
Gratitude is the heart's memory.
A good leader is a good follower.
Every evening we are poorer by a day.
Good deeds erect a lasting monument.
Our heart has the age of what it loves.
Mistakes are opportunities for learning.
Courtesy costs little, but is worth much.
The man that makes character makes foes as well.
Success is only the climax of intelligent effort.
A pessimist is the critic of everybody save himself.
The remedy for failure or despair is always within us.
The great empires of the past were founded on force and perished.
Be generous in feeding your mind; nourish it and care for it well.
Place a high value on yourself, and then prove that you are worth it.
The only genuine superiority is that of the mind or character.
Men who believe that they have found God feel little need of culture.
The block of granite which is an obstacle to the weak may become a stepping-stone in the progress of the strong.
The difference between rising at five and seven in the morning for forty years is equivalent to adding ten years to life.
There will always be crooked paths for us to follow if we are content to walk in the footprints of others and do not make our own trail.
Genuine happiness and enduring prosperity can come to the world only as men and women learn to love and labor and sacrifice together.
Advice should be gently given, for hearts are like flowers, which open to the soft falling dew, but are closed to a violent downpour of rain.
Youth is not like a new garment which we can keep fresh by wearing sparingly. While we have youth we must wear it daily and so it cannot last long.
Every man has a little ability of some kind. The difference between success and failure in life is just the way in which varying abilities are put to work.
The books from which we draw culture are not alone the product of the scholar and the thinker, but of rude unlettered men in forest and at forge who have helped to make the pages by their toil.
We can lay up in our minds a store of thoughts which can be a living treasure of knowledge always with us, and from which, amid the shifting of time and circumstances we can be sure of drawing comfort, guidance and sympathy.

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I WILL have to say "Happy New Year" very loud if all of you are to hear me—from cousin Fred Goetz in Cornelius, Oregon, for instance, down to cousin Gladys Kellenes at Fort Pierce, Florida. It will be a long way between greetings, but with the strong est of shouts I wish you all the happiest possible 1922. Now all listen! Well, I hope my wishes will find your hearts even if they have to fail to reach your far-off ears.

There seem to be always plenty of years in stock, and they come marching on so regularly that we are apt to take their entrances and exits as a matter of course—simply throwing away our old calendar and hanging up another. Yet the coming of a new year should mean a great deal to all of us. I like to think of it as a big volume of 365 shining blank pages laid before me. No matter what blots and erasures we have had to make in the solid volume of 1921 finished and ready to put on the shelf, here we have plenty of room and a new chance given us to do better and to write again—I hope with a steadier hand and a cleaner heart. In practicing with the capital letters, you might try writing Love, Truth and Humility on the first white page of 1922's Album of Days. It is a pretty safe conclusion that if you learn to write these words correctly spelled, without flourishes, and at least twenty-four times in each day, you will have a much more perfect volume to file away when the time comes to put this new 1922 up alongside of the old 1921 in Time's Public Library. We must be careful to remember that the New Year Book is a blank

ing left unreproduced and unrepresented. Perhaps his expression may grow more gentle and "photographable" as the years go by. I certainly hope so.

Many of the cousins have written kind letters suggesting that my picture appear at the head of the League's department in COMFORT. To these I want to say that just as Uncle Charlie's life and spirit can never be separated from the League he founded, so I believe that his picture should not disappear from the place it has filled so long. It is enough that our hearts should be empty. I am sure that all the cousins will appreciate exactly how I feel regarding this, especially now that I have satisfied what was a part of their wish—that they might have a chance to see a picture of their new Uncle. At my dead friend's last request, I became the head of the work he began many years ago and cherished for so long, but to me, despite my new honors, it still remains (as I used to think of it during his lifetime) "Uncle Charlie's big and happy family." I want his likeness still to remain with us as founder of our League. But in not making this change, I want you to know that you have made Uncle Lisha very happy by your loyal acceptance of his new leadership during the past year. When you look at my picture this month, imagine me as thinking of this and wishing you all love and happiness as we begin 1922 together.

And now for the letters:

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Although I have for years been a reader of COMFORT, this is the first time I venture to write to your department. Before I go any further, let me describe myself: I have gray eyes and auburn hair, a healthy complexion and weigh 80 pounds. I was twelve years old in June. Say, Unky, why don't you describe yourself? You needn't be afraid; I should like you, no matter what you look like. Yes, Unky, I would like to see you, even if your hair hung to your shoulders, and you had a beard and eyebrows like bottles of blackest ink. If you ever come out this way, won't you come and spend a few hours with me? There would be for lunch a big plate of doughnuts, a big brown square of uncut gingerbread, and a pitcher of ice-cold buttermilk. When you had been refreshed we would go for a walk in the woods and stop at the Birch Pool and throw stones at the frogs just to see them splash. Then when we got back to "the place called home" we would get us a cool fresh glass of clear water. Uncle, won't you come and see me? I'm not like most girls; I'd rather take a dip in the Birch Pool or the Glimmerglass (both are brooks) than go to a movie that's all the "rage," whatever that may mean. I'm not ashamed to acquire a coat of tan, to go barefoot, or to walk the piggish fence or—anything that most girls would scorn. And, Unky, let me tell you this I do NOT use the powder puff. Well, I've written long enough. Love to you and all the cousins.

Your niece, JUDY.

I am a deeply disappointed Uncle, Judy, and you are the cause. As soon as I read your letter and heard about the gingerbread, the buttermilk, and the chance to walk with you to such charmingly named spots as the Birch Pool and Glimmerglass, I hustled at once to accept your invitation for a visit. I hastily told Billy to get out my suitcase and while I was packing he might go down and get our tickets at the Consolidated Ticket Office. "Where to, Uncle?" said Billy calmly and, as I remember now, with a bit of a malicious grin.

"Why, to get the gingerbread—I mean to see Judy, of course. Her letter will tell you where she lives."

"Well, if it does, Uncle, it hasn't revealed anything of the sort yet," replied Billy cheerfully—for he doesn't like gingerbread, anyway.

And there, Judy, was the sad fact! I looked all over, up and down and inside and out of your letter. I could not find a thing to tell me where between Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, you might be dwelling, nibbling doughnuts, dipping your ten pink barefoot toes in rippling Glimmerglass, and in between times walking on the piggish fence. You'll never know what a disappointment this was to me, Judy. I tried to conceal it from Billy and pretend I didn't much care; but all the afternoon I kept hitting two keys instead of one on my typewriter—for I was seeing in between me and the machine dark sugary hunks of gingerbread, and the gleam of Glimmerglass, and the shadows of green trees in the Birch Pool. Even now I feel so badly about it that I cannot write you the description of myself you want. And of course having no address I cannot even send you my large 12 by 14 photograph showing my inkbottle beard and eyebrows which you seem to somehow have found out about. How could you disappoint me so, Judy? How could you? To dangle all the joys which you did before my eyes—and stomach—and then leave me lonely and gingerbreadless in a city whose nearest Glimmerglass is the Gowanus Canal!

BAKER, MONTANA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

Here comes a letter from the wild and woolly West. We have taken COMFORT for some time and like it very much. I live on a ranch of 1,640 acres, seven miles from Baker, the Golden Gate to the Treasure State. My chief sports are breaking bronchos and hunting.

Say, Uncle, you ought to be out here in the summer and I'm sure we could have a grand time. I killed twelve rattlesnakes this summer. I would like to send you one of the rattles, Uncle, but I am afraid Billy would see it and it would spoil his appetite for Western letters. So I will send it sometime when I write again and then he will be a little more prepared for it.

There is an oil boom in this part of the state and several companies are getting ready to start in the spring.

I suppose you would like to know what I look like: I am five feet, four inches tall, weigh 130 pounds, have auburn hair and blue eyes, and am twenty-two years old. I am very lonesome and would like to hear from some of the cousins—so do not let Billy get this letter.

Your nephew, JOHN FLO.

I'm sorry for you, John, out there all alone on a ranch two or three miles square with nothing but rattlers for neighbors. No wonder you get sore and go out and bust a few bronchos once in a while, or take your gun and shoot a new oil well. There wasn't a bit of need for you to worry about any set of number twelve rattles scaring Billy. He went rattlesnake hunting with me this summer to an old deserted stone quarry on a mountain top. We didn't find any snakes lying around loose in the sun, but Bill told me that it was his intention of capturing them by

catching their tails in his mouth and snapping their heads against a handy rock. I was much annoyed that the snakes kept out of sight, for I was very anxious to see Bill perform this trick.

John, you have a most advantageous position—being only seven miles from the golden gate. I know lots of folks who seem to me to be about seven thousand miles from this happy entrance. I suppose being so near by, if you get too lonesome, you can watch your chance and just slip in when the Gate is opened extra wide to let some portly Montana copper capitalist through.

I have given you a special registry number, John, which makes you Number 16789 in the Red-Haired Division of our League. Yes, I know you called it auburn, but the distinction is a difficult one. In our Red-Haired Division, John, 16746 were originally described as having auburn head covering. Auburn-red hair is a dangerous thing to own and I must warn you to be careful. Cousin Augustus Trick had auburn-red hair—and see what happened to him!

I'm pretty certain there will be a lot of letters coming your way, John, and having to be toted the seven miles from Baker out to your Rattlesnake Ranch. It's a sure thing your lonesome days are over, and that you will have to take a little rest from slamming bronchos and rattlers, and start in licking stamps for a change.

ROCKY FORD, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I live on a ranch of eighty acres near Rocky Ford where all the big watermelons grow. Each year there is a fair and one day is called "Watermelon Day." On that day over forty or fifty thousand big melons are given away. People come for the occasion from all the Western States. This is sure a fine country; none like it, in my opinion.

Now I suppose some of the cousins are wondering what I look like. I am eighteen years old; five feet, four inches tall, and weigh 125 pounds. I have dark brown hair, brown eyes, rosy cheeks and lots of tan. You have plenty of this last if you stay here long. I keep house for my father, grandfather, two brothers and one sister. I am the oldest. I have kept house for them since I was fourteen. I can bake fine bread, cakes and pies, and can cook anything. I do all our sewing and canning in addition to the other housework, and I can help out in the field also if necessary. I crated honey-dews all this fall. I do lots of crocheting when I have time. I wish you could drop in

for a chat, Uncle, and I would give you all the melons you wanted to eat, also some of my baking. I will promise Billy a melon if he will let this letter go by. I would like to hear from some of the cousins, boys and girls both. As I am only eighteen, I haven't been engaged yet, but neither have I been broken-hearted—so you see I'm lucky for a girl nowadays! Well, Uncle Lisha, I must quit for this time, and perhaps I will write more of Western life another time, if Billy lets this go past his nose.

So by by, with love to all.

Your niece, BESSIE HATTON.

Great Scott, Bessie, write again quick and tell me what date "Watermelon Day" comes out in Rocky Ford! I suppose it will be just my luck to find out it took place six months ago. You say "people come from all the Western States," but I imagine a hungry Easterner (leading a refined-appearing Goat) could get mixed in with the crowd and not be ruled out by the judges when the fifty thousand melons started to roll. Bessie, you say, in your opinion, you have a fine country; well, my opinion joins with yours perfectly. Why, I never heard of quite so fine a place to live. About how big are the biggest watermelons they give away, Bessie? And can you eat 'em right off on the grounds, or do you have to lug 'em home to do the carving?

You certainly get through a lot of work in your home, Bessie, which shows how strengthening is a watermelon diet. You are an example, too, of the old rule which says that "responsibility ages." I am almost sure you are the only girl I ever heard of who was older than her father and grandfather. Billy says that this is a "manifest impossibility"—I quote his exact statement!—but I told him you said right out plain in your letter: "I am the oldest," and that if it wasn't true you would not dare invite us both out where we would be able to find out for ourselves about the outstanding fact. Of course, you didn't say *how much* older you were than your father and grandfather, but even if you were only half a day older it seems to me that your case would be a remarkable one. You must not keep on working so hard, Bessie, or the first thing you know you will be older than your great-grandfather. This would not be right nor respectful in a girl of eighteen.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



UNCLE LISHA.

one. It is not a volume coming to us already filled with happy pages or sorry ones waiting to be read; with songs of prosperity or grievous tales of want. The book of 1922 is going to be just what we ourselves make it. It is for us to take the pen of our life in hand and write as best we may. And because God is a kind teacher and honest tears the best of erasers, we need not fear if we find we are making more blots and errors than we bravely planned when we started the first clean page. I'll think of each of you on New Year's Day as taking up your pen and writing the first word with a smile.

It is certain that if you keep your 1922 Day Book with as much care as Billy assumes toward his photograph album of the cousins, there will be few mistakes for which you will have to reproach yourself at the end of the year. I thought of this as I just saw Bill neatly and methodically pasting into place a charming photograph of Cousin Lorena Thrush of Olivia, Minnesota. Lorena sent in this picture begging me to give the message that she had been almost buried by letters and must ask the cousins to forgive her for not being able to answer all those who wrote to her after her letter appeared in the August number of COMFORT.

As Bill carefully closed his album and licked a drop of photo paste from the end of his nose, he said: "How about your picture being in COMFORT, Uncle Lisha? The cousins are all asking about it, you know. I think you ought to satisfy their curiosity,"—and he added with a sly grin—"even though they may be disappointed."

I did not think this dig of Bill's deserved a reply and kept my back turned as I banged away at my typewriter. But Bill has been talking a lot of late about having my picture come out in COMFORT. In fact, he has not hesitated to hint rather broadly that he himself would not object to making a public appearance before the cousins. I know for certain that he has asked the price of "sittings" at several downtown studios. It is because I knew of his secret hankering to exhibit his intelligent profile that I have kept it a deep secret that I had been "shot" by a friendly photographer and was to make my bow to the family with the New Year. I knew that Billy would have put in a plea for a group portrait if he had learned of any definite plans on my part. Now the real truth is that I would not dare print Bill's picture at present. Living in the same household with him, it has taken me the whole of twelve months to realize how true a heart lies back of his gray whiskers, and how kindly a light really shines in his eyes under his shaggy brows. But these redeeming qualities would not show in a photograph, particularly one with the sort of pose Bill would be sure to adopt for the occasion. And to speak mildly, his everyday "toot-er-scramble" (as the French call it) is rather ferociously forbidding. It is certain that he does not look like "Happy New Year." So I'm leaving him out and will have to endure some sarcastic reproaches arising from his disappointment at be-

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

luck. We went until we found a spring of water where the bees water all the time, then watched closely until a bee got enough water. He then rose, circling two or three times, and we watched closely to see which way he would go. Usually they go in a "bee line" straight to the home, which is usually in a hollow oak tree in this country. Then we went in that direction, looking carefully at the likely looking trees, but with no success. Sometimes you can see the bees coming and going out of the tree. One doesn't always find the tree quickly. Sometimes it is necessary to go back to the spring again to see if you have the right direction. After the tree is found another day has to be taken to cut it and get the store of honey, as one must be prepared. Even then most likely the one who robs the tree gets stung once or twice but the good pure honey in the comb is the reward for that. I enjoyed my trip bee hunting in spite of sore feet and no luck, for the walk was for something. I found several places to gather holly berries for Christmas and gathered some bear weed. We have lots of wild holly berries here to be had for the trouble of gathering. In November and December they are beautiful with their bright scarlet berries. Old and young gather them for Christmas decorations and to send to city friends who are not so fortunate. We have lots of spruce and cut our own Christmas trees. I gathered some bear weed to chew, bringing home both apron pockets full. It grows wild here and when chewed gives one an appetite and acts as a tonic. It is said to make one fat but I couldn't vouch for the truth of that. However, it leaves a pleasant taste in the mouth. I do not know the botanical name for it.

I don't think the wild flowers are appreciated half enough. We have beautiful flowers here, including the tiger lily, mariposa lily and pink. My favorite, the California poppy, is plentiful and considered a sort of pest too, as it usually grows where it isn't wanted—and that from a Native Daughter, too!

I like to do fancy work. Have crocheted thirty-five yokes in the past two or three years, besides doing all my housework and other crocheting. I would like to have letters from the sisters who do fancy work. I always write long letters myself so like to receive those of equal length. There is not much to go to here so we stay home unless we take a trip to the hills. Maybe that's why I love it so.

I am tall, have black hair, black eyes and everyone says I'm still a girl, though twenty-five.

MRS. EDNA J. DAHLBERG.

Mrs. Dahlberg.—Your children are worthy of space in COMFORT, without a doubt, but the cut that would be made from the snapshot you sent would not be worthy of them. If I could I would describe the look of pleased responsibility on brother's face as he holds baby sister, and her smile—but I can't do it. She has even kicked her little socks down at the heels just like a regular baby.

Goodness, woman, why should I waste good space telling about myself when there are dozens and dozens of letters that I want to find room for?—Ed.

MILACA, R. R. 1, Box 110, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I am a new subscriber, have received two copies of COMFORT and like it very much. Sorry I didn't subscribe long ago. I'm sure I would have liked Uncle Charlie's ideas for they were mine and what he preached I've felt I'd like to go out and preach over all the land.

Dear "Discouraged Mother," I feel for you and I'd give a good deal if I could help you. I've been there myself and know so well how you feel. I have not gained perfection, yet so far as results go I feel satisfied I am on the right road.

No one, no matter how wise, can give you a panacea for making over your children. It can't be done. But what you can do—though let me warn you, you have a big job on your hands—is to change yourself. And I can assure you that in time you will see wonderful results in your girls as well.

In the first place, you have taken their quarreling too much to heart; you dwell on it continuously till it is magnified out of proportions. No one is suffering from it only in the mind. Learn to let go, say to yourself every time you are feeling worked up, that's "It's going to be well. I will not let this ruin my life."

You see by your mixing in it you are building up a quarreling nature in yourself and you have no right to expect them to free themselves from that which you cannot free yourself from. All true education must commence with self, and no one should try to control others who cannot control themselves. One thing we mothers must remember is not to let our children think that we consider ourselves perfect. Were I in your place I would talk it over with my girls, and tell them that I had made a mistake in taking this trouble to heart, almost ruining my life by so doing and that this meant to think of more pleasant things than their quarreling.

What you think of you build into your heart and mind so you become gradually what you think. And I want to tell you too, not to get discouraged if it goes slowly. All progress is slow. Be cheerful about it even if you fall many times a day and know that for every step gained the next will be so much easier. Perhaps you'll know then how hard it is for your girls to make themselves over and you'll learn how to sympathize more with them. My oldest daughter has a little girl that cried so much it almost drove her mother to distraction. She was visiting with me some time ago and when we saw she was getting one of her crying spells I picked her up, laid her head close to mine and said, "Dear, here at Nanny's house you can cry all you want to. We love children that cry."

Up went the little head, the greatest surprise was pictured on her face and bless you, she forgot to cry nor did she during the three weeks they stayed with me cry any more than an ordinary baby of her age.

I hope you derive some benefit from this and shall be very glad to hear from you.

Yours truly, MRS. MARY NORLANDER.

MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: If I could write like Nelle Fischer or Pearl Vesey I would have no fears as to my letter being printed. I am a farmer's wife and we haven't any too much of this world's goods but we manage to get along. We belong to the great army of share croppers. That is, the landlord furnishes land, seed, store and implements as well as money to make a crop. We do all the work of making and gathering and give him half and pay back the money. To my thinking it is a poor way of living but we are going to buy our own stock and rent our land and maybe after a few years we can buy a home. I have been the mother of eight children, only four are living. Their ages range from fourteen years to twenty months so I have all I can do to care for them properly and do my housework. I love them and no sacrifice is too great to make for them. I have been told that I make a slave of myself for my children. I never go anywhere and never buy anything but what I'm actually obliged to have. I want the children to have a good time and to be dressed so that others cannot make fun of them. I never knew what it was to have pretty, dainty clothes when I was a child, although my clothes were good enough. My stepmother was a good, old-fashioned woman and my clothes were always out of style; therefore I was always laughed at. She used to tell me not to mind for I was as good as they even if my clothes were not made like theirs but what child doesn't mind being laughed at by her schoolmates? The fear of it made me keep to myself and I missed all the pleasures of mixing with children of my own age. It was the same. I grew older so I married at fourteen, the first chance I had, and went into married life entirely ignorant of everything I should have known. Do you wonder that at sixteen my husband and I separated and I was left with a little six-weeks-old son to care for? My father died soon after that and I had to live with step-relatives with whom I could not get along and did not feel welcome. I could not work out for I had no place to leave my baby. I had several offers of marriage and accepted one. I cannot say I regret for I have a home where I can feel welcome and there is no one to criticize my every word and action. My husband loves me and is good to me, although he has no education and cannot write his name even. I respect and honor him for he is clean, upright and honorable and he does the best he can. I try to be all that a wife should be although I get out of patience with him sometimes for he is more like a child than any child he has. I don't mean that he isn't all right mentally or anything like that, only he loves to romp and play with the children. They are always getting off some joke on each other. Of course the children think Daddy is all right, and they love me too and hardly ever fail to obey. I want them to have all the fun and pleasure that I missed and I never refuse to let them go whenever possible

and I always see that they look neat and clean and are dressed properly for the occasion.

I have never yet found a way to get rid of the neighbors' children without sending them home and of tending their mothers.

I can't give any hints or helps for nearly everything I know I learned from COMFORT. I read a great deal as reading is about the only recreation I have. I, too, leave my supper dishes so I can read and talk with my husband and children. We read COMFORT from cover to cover, advertisements and all, and enjoy it more than any magazine we take.

I'd like to get the books "East Lynne" and the sequel "Lady Isabel's Daughter." Mrs. Wilkinson has my address. I hope you will let me be

ONE OF YOU, No. 2.

One of You, No. 2.—If you could visit some of the Hush-here-comes-father homes I know you'd be forever grateful for that husband of yours and glad to join in the fun instead of regarding it as childish of him. Such comradeship seems rather a beautiful thing to me and it would be even more beautiful if you would join in their pranks. (Children remember a good time longer than they do clothes, and you surely want them to think of you in the years to come as being as good a sport as father.—Ed.)

ROCK SPRING, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I am and have been a reader of COMFORT some thirty years and we all think we could not do without it. I live in the country where we own a small farm and like farm life the best. We lived in town for a while but did not like so came back to the farm.



ROLAM C. AND ROY C. WHALEY.

I am the mother of ten children, seven living. I am forty-five years old and my husband is forty-nine. My maiden name was Emma Bird.

Am sending a picture of my twins, Rolam C. and Roy C., taken when they were twenty-six months old. They are six now.

With best wishes to all the sisters.

MRS. W. L. WHALEY.

Mrs. Whaley.—If Rolam and Roy had known how glad we were going to be to see them they'd never have clung to each other for protection or looked so uncertain about meeting us. It makes them look little and lovable, doesn't it?—Ed.

OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Squak goes the hinges on the door. I knew they would for this is the fifth time I have tried to open it and it always squeaks. This time it seems as though it opened a wee bit further. I was never peeved at dear Mrs. Wilkinson for I knew she found better and more interesting letters than mine, especially Pearl V's. Pearl, where have you been keeping your dear self?

And Nelle Fischer, have you come across Bachelor Bill and has he kept you out of our interesting corner?

I want to tell the sisters of something I thought out which helped me and am sure will help others like myself that can't afford any better. I had some peach basket covers around the house. I knocked off the thin boards from the hoop part, leaving the hoop which I saved in four parts, all same length, and covered them with some old satin I had. I drove a small staple into the center of each and made a hanger for little daughter's coats and dresses when before they were hung up by the neck or arm which spoiled the looks of them. The hoops can be cut larger for grown-up clothes.

Mrs. Jessie Heffer asked to hear from someone living where the wild red hair grew. We have two red hair trees across the road from our house and they were lovely this season. I made several glasses of jelly from some of the berries. It is delicious as is the butter of the haw.

Another request was how to have blooming geraniums in winter. I had beautiful ones last winter that were the envy of all who saw them. I always slip my flowers around the first of July, that is, put the slips in a glass jar filled with rain water and let them get well rooted before putting them in the soil. By the first of August I take my flower pots into the field along some sodded fence, fill my cans with the loose soil under the sods, then I put my well-rooted slips in the pots and keep them in the shade for a while, watering them as they need it.

Mrs. George B. Jackson, I have thought of writing you a personal letter. Yours is a life worth living, helping by the light of the great tower to save so many lives.

I enjoy our wonderful COMFORT, especially the Sisters' Corner, but the greatest of my books is the Holy Bible. It is the best and most loved of all.

YOUR OLD PAL.

EVERETTE, R. R. 1, Box 63, WASH.

DEAR COMFORT FOLKS: I saw a letter in the Sisters' Corner from Sooky telling of her troubles in getting into the Magic Circle so I think I'll follow suit and not get discouraged. I notice pictures and descriptions of the sisters' children but I think my Raymond could take a prize anywhere. At birth he weighed 10 pounds, at one month 13 pounds, at two months 16 pounds, at three months 18 pounds, at six months 20 pounds, and at eight months 25 pounds. Some boy, isn't he? and I give all the praise to our little Jersey helper.

Do you know, mothers, that a drink of milk, after giving castor oil to the little ones, will keep the oil down? My little two-year-old boy Tommy is a delicate boy and when I gave him castor oil he would throw it up. I gave him a drink of milk after a dose one time and it stayed down. The water and oil will not mix but separates so the result is that the child throws castor oil and water up. On the other hand, the fat in milk and the oil mix and stay down.

I have described myself so many times to Mrs. Wilkinson that I think she can imagine how I look. I am 22 years old and am five feet two inches tall. I weigh 110 pounds and have dark brown hair and blue eyes. I am part French and part Italian but was born in this state. I am as busy as I can be every day but sometimes I get time to make rag dolls for my two children. A neighbor made a rag doll for my children and she gave me a pattern for the doll. I laid the pattern on a double piece of white flannel and cut it out and sewed it up, leaving a place to turn the doll inside out. Then I stuffed it with cotton and sewed the rest up by hand. I made eyes and nose and mouth with a needle and some black thread. Then I made rompers of gingham or percale and dresses, underskirt and bloomers for a girl. I made a girl doll dressed in pink for Tommy and he takes it everywhere he goes. He calls it a "Kewpie." I would like to hear from the sisters if any of them care to write.

Best wishes to all of you.

MRS. LILLIE NELSEN.

FALMOUTH, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have kept still just as long as I can. Happy Mother, I have been married five years, have

two babies, one three and one a year old. I have always had a system in doing my work and I have never wavered one way or the other. My work simply has to be done. If hubby said, "Come, go with me today," it was always, "I must wash today," or iron or whatever came in order. I was so afraid a neighbor would come in and see a little dust or a dirty dish. In just five years I was a thin, rundown, anemic woman, at twenty-six.

If I had that time to live over again I would do as you are doing and if any neighbor came in and criticized my system I would tell her to mind her own business. I hope you will keep right on making baby and baby happy.

Best wishes to all.

SUNNY TENNESSEE.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Every time I receive a copy of COMFORT I think that I will write but keep putting it off. I enjoy the letters so much.

How many of the COMFORT mothers make candy for their children? It is much cheaper and better for them than that they buy, for we know just what is put in it and that everything is clean. I make fondant by mixing a small quantity of sweet milk to a pound of powdered sugar. First sift the sugar until light, then add milk, a little at a time, until creamy. Work this with a spoon until well mixed, form into any desired shape and put onto a plate to harden. Dip into bitter chocolate that has been melted over hot water. A few shavings of paraffin added to the chocolate will give it a gloss. Add nut meats, coconut, candied cherries, pineapple and you will have the best candy imaginable.

I have been married four years and have two babies, a girl almost three years, and a boy fifteen months old. A home is not complete without children. We lived in town until last spring when we moved to the country. I like country life better, especially for the children. I play with them out under the big shade trees and not afterwards we go to the creek close by and there, with nothing on but their little overalls, they wade, throw rocks and have a good time. I think we mothers should take time to play with the children for soon they will be grown men and women and they will remember their childhood as a happy one.

For pin money I make and sell hats in town. I belong to the Woman's Exchange. Membership cost \$1.00 a year. They sell all kinds of home-made things, also home-cooked foods. I found a sale there for some of my candy, etc.

ROCKERS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: As I like the letters wherein the writers describe themselves I will do that also for there may be others like me.

I am twenty-three years old, married to one of the best of Johns, only isn't his name, and have three children, two girls and a boy, all under five years. I have brown hair and eyes.

One sister asked how we arranged our work. I would like to hear that subject discussed. For my part, I clean my house all over only twice a week. Of course the kitchen and bedrooms must have care every day. I haven't very good health and the babies take up so much of my time that I can't clean the rooms often. But I try to keep my kitchen shining for if I were a man I would not live a minute with a woman whose kitchen was in disorder. I do not believe in keeping the front of the house spotless for callers to see and the place where the family food is prepared almost filthy. I had a neighbor once whom I regarded

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Adding and Subtracting Eyebrows

I KNOW a lovely lady, to whose arched brows a poet might have indited a sonnet or two. Yet, what do you suppose? The other day I met her and her lovely brows were things of the past. Instead, one observed merely a faint line like the trail of an indelible pencil above her eyes. It was impossible to keep politely silent, so I quite boldly inquired the fate of those brows I had erstwhile admired. And what do you suppose had happened to them? They had passed away via the tweezer route! In other words, she had deliberately shut herself up in her room and proceeded to pluck her eyebrows to what she intended to be fashionable daintiness. And she plucked and she plucked and she plucked, always deciding to take out just a hair or two more, before laying down her tweezers. The result was before me! I was charitable and said naught of what was passing through my mind, but before any of my girls can go and do likewise I want to utter a loud word of warning.

My dears, a delicate brow is a thing of beauty, but most of the brows manufactured by tweezers are nothing of the kind. There is no objection at all to shaping the brow by the aid of tweezers. Indeed, I recommend the method. But this means to use the tweezers only to pluck out hairs that have straggled over the line of a well-shaped brow, or hairs that persist in growing across the bridge of the nose, or too far over on the temple. But not at all to pluck out the hairs wholesale until all there is by way of a brow is a thin pencil-line of hair. This is really unbecoming to most people, giving them a sort of "baldheaded" appearance. If you understand what I mean. Besides, remember that the brows have a function. They catch the dust and flying particles which might otherwise fall upon the eyelids. Removed, the eyes are much more likely to gather cinders, to become irritated by flying dust.

So, use your tweezers with care and discretion. Use them, to be sure, for I do not want any uneven brows or straggling hairs among my girls, but use them merely as a corrective not as a creator of perfectly new and startling brows.

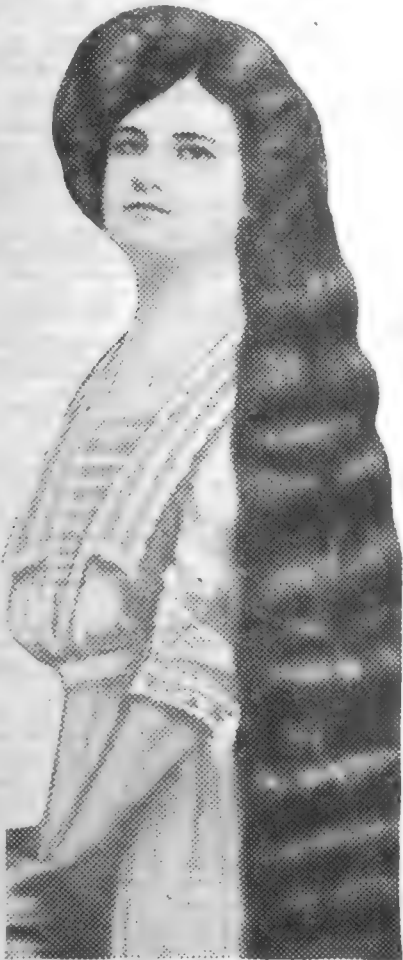
Girls who complain of having little if any eyebrows should consider how the rest of the world is painstakingly removing all that they have. However, if like me and many other people who have some regard for old-fashioned canons of beauty, they think their brows are too light in color, they can, if they choose, without being too very worldly, use a tiny brush and a box of mascara to add to their definiteness. Don't use too much mascara, for nothing is more unlovely than smudged eyebrows or lashes. Be sparing, and when you think you have been almost stingy in the application of mascara then next time be even a little more stingy. Put it on very carefully, in front of a mirror, in a good strong light.

By the way, be sure to keep your eyebrows clean. So many girls powder their eyebrows along with the rest of their faces, daily, then wipe them off, and consider that all the attention they need. Use a small brush like a baby's toothbrush—not your mascara brush, however—and brush the eyebrows against the grain—that is, toward the nose, until all dust, powder, etc., is removed. Then brush them back again the way they should lie, following the arch to its very end, and do not be stingy of your applications of the brush, for this will make the brows satiny and lovely to look upon. Only use a brush on the eyelashes most gently to remove any specks of dust or eye secretions.

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And, girls, don't forget to steer clear of the absurdities of pencil-line plucked eyebrows!

Answers to Questions

DOROTHY.—The milk diet again? Well, my dear, once more I will tell you just how to take it, for if you want to add pounds to your weight, we will have to help you out, won't we? The first thing to do is to go without food, except for a glass or two of orange juice, for one entire day, drinking plenty of water. Plenty means eight or ten glasses a day. At night put to soak six prunes in a tumbler of warm water. In the morning on rising drink two glasses of warm water. Wait a little, then eat your prunes, chewing



SHAPING THE EYEBROWS WITH TWEEZERS.

them until almost liquid, and drink the juice. Fifteen minutes later, take a glass and a half of milk, "chewing" each mouthful, and being sure the milk is not too cold. It should not be lukewarm, for that is not a pleasant temperature at which to take milk, but should have the chill off. In an hour drink another glass and a half, and keep this up until about three or three-thirty, assuming that you have begun your milk at eight o'clock. Eat a light supper and drink two glasses of water between that meal and going to bed. Continue this plan for a week, taking your prunes and hot water every morning. At the end of the week drop your evening meal, and take only milk, two glasses every hour from seven-thirty in the morning until and including six-thirty at night. Keep up prunes and water in the morning, and water between your last glass of milk and bedtime. Weigh on starting the treatment and again on the afternoon of the last day of each week. You should gain from one to six pounds a week, depending upon how faithful you are and on what your activities demand of you. See that the bowels move daily. The prunes will aid in caring for this. Good luck to you!

L. M.—You would not find the electric needle so tremendously expensive, though five dollars an hour sounds so, for a great many hairs can be removed in even fifteen minutes. Peroxide, as you say, bleaches the hair, and is useful in rendering it inconspicuous. It also aids in drying the hair, but that is the function of the ammonia. Use any kind of ammonia, but be careful not to get it near your eyes. Use the peroxide one day to dampen the hairy spots, letting it dry on; then next day use the ammonia in the same way. If the skin becomes irritated from the ammonia, use a little cold cream and discontinue for a couple of days, then resume. The length of time required varies with the strength of the hair, etc. It requires a lot of patience to remove hair this way, as it is a slow process, but it is not injurious.

CHESTER, S. C.—You can't get rid of blackheads by taking anything internally. There must be an outward application. Be careful of your diet, and see that your bowels move daily, and that you drink quantities of water. Then take a body bath every day, and rub the skin briskly with a soft towel afterward. Blackheads are nothing but body secretions which the pores have been too lax to throw off, and on which has lodged flying dust. Give your face a careful washing every night before retiring. Press out the blackheads very gently, after such a bathing, with a soft towel around the forefinger of each hand. Use one towel, and put one end around one finger, and the other around the forefinger of the other hand. After removing a blackhead, touch the spot with peroxide or boric acid, as an antiseptic. Bathe the face again after removing the blackheads, then rinse in cool water, and finally dash on cold water to close the pores. Use only tepid water on the face in the morning. A good cold cream is all right to use on the face. Any of the brands which you find largely advertised in all the magazines is sure to be all right. But never use cold cream on the face unless it is perfectly clean, and always wash off any remaining cold cream at night when you take your retiring face-bath. There is no objection to your applying another coating of cold cream immediately after, if you desire, though I believe you will find it better to use your cold cream just before applying face powder in the daytime, rubbing it well into the skin. Massaging the face twice daily will help to stimulate the little pores to do their work.

JENNY.—See my reply to "Chester." Take your hot face bath at night, but rinse very thoroughly and be sure to use cold water to close the pores. It sounds as if you had been enlarging the pores by hot applications, without taking the trouble to close them as soon as clean. Then you have been using the hot water in the morning, opening the pores just when they will have to meet flying dust and soil. Use the hot water at night, and only tepid water in the morning or daytime. You may use liniment of benzoin in the water in which you bathe your face in the morning. It will help both to cleanse and contract the pores.

MARY LOU S.—Your skin chaps because you use too much soap and hot water on it, I imagine, and perhaps are not careful about drying it thoroughly. Use a soft wash-cloth and no soap in the water except at night. Notice I say "in the water." You must never rub soap on the face or the cloth. Rinse thoroughly in many waters. Before you apply powder rub cold cream liberally into the skin. Wipe off any surplus with a soft cloth. Then powder, using a soft pad or cloth. Certainly, powder is injurious to the eyes. Any foreign substance is. You must apply both powder and cold cream more carefully. There is no occasion for getting anything in the eyes. I am sorry it is against the rules of the magazine to recommend any one specific article. You can see this would not be fair to other perfectly good advertised articles. Try to get a good rice powder, no matter who puts it up. Always rub cold cream into your skin before going outdoors, washing the face first, and drying carefully. And you would better rub cold cream in at night before retiring, if you are having trouble with chapped skin. Swollen veins in the hands mean defective circulation. You

may be wearing too tight sleeves, corsets, collars, waistbands, shoes. If not, you need, I should say, some outdoor exercise daily to stimulate the circulation. Or you can practice any simple physical exercise in your own room, including deep breathing exercises. For the wrinkles between the eyes, use cold cream on the finger tips and massage across the wrinkle—not the same way as the wrinkle but the opposite way in order to "iron out" the crease. These wrinkles may be caused from some defect in your eyes, causing you to draw them together in an effort to see properly. Have you had your eyes examined to see if you need glasses?

EMMA.—Use a little borax in the water in which you shampoo your hair—a teaspoonful. Do not rub soap on the hair or scalp but dissolve it in the water in which you are to wash your hair. Pour this liquid on the hair and rub until a lather is produced. Be sure your hair is thoroughly rinsed, as soap left on the scalp irritates the little oil cells and makes them function unduly. Air the hair daily and never sleep with it "done up," but let it hang loose. Try not brushing your hair at night for a time and not massaging the scalp, and see if the little oil glands will calm down. For the dark complexion, probably you are the type for a dark complexion, in which case it is more becoming to leave it as it is. Eat plenty of fruit, and drink quantities of water and see if you cannot clear up the skin in this way. If it is not natural, it will lighten up if you are careful of your diet, eating fruits, green vegetables and simple foods. Don't eat between meals, and see that the bowels are kept open. There is nothing to do for the large knuckles, except to get more flesh on the rest of the hands. You can, however, form a habit of gently massaging the knuckles, one at a time, with the thumb and first two fingers of the other hand. This will prevent them from increasing in size.

MOTHER OF TWO BOYS.—I know just how you feel. The matter with your hands is that they are in hot water so much that the natural oil is taken away and they dry up and wrinkle and chap. You must wear rubber gloves for your dishes and the scrubbing of tables, etc. It sounds like a nuisance, and the temptation is not to do it, as I know from personal experience, but believe me, dear, there is no way to avoid the devastating effect of too much hot and soapy water on the hands except by way of rubber gloves and a dishpan. You really need two dishpans—a string one for dishes, and a wry string one for kettles, etc. Put your rubber gloves on every time your hands must go into the water, and have also a pair of canvas gloves for sweeping and dusting, handling wood for the kitchen stove, etc., etc. You can keep your hands soft and white if you will learn to use these aids, and you can't possibly achieve this result any other way. Keep a good hand cream on your dresser and when you can rub it into your hands. Almond creams are good for this purpose. Dry your hands thoroughly every time it is necessary to wet them. Remember, gloves will save the day and nothing else will. You will soon get used to them and will thank your stars you have made them part of your kitchen equipment. Don't do anything about your house without gloves—even if you use old cotton or silk gloves in place of the regular household gloves. But for dishwashing, nothing but the rubber glove will do.

DANDRUFF.—Yes, dandruff will cause the hair to fall out. Perhaps your whole bodily condition is at fault, for you must keep the body up to high health standards if the hair is to be healthy. Do you air the hair, and let it hang at night? Here is a formula for a hair tonic. Always be careful in using a tonic not to get it into the eyes, and not to let hair with tonic on it hang over the eyes.

For Falling Hair

Tincture of cantharides, one ounce; olive oil, one ounce; bay rum, six ounces; oil of rosemary, one ounce. To this add an ounce of rock sulphur broken up (it need not be powdered). This lotion should be rubbed into the scalp nightly, and the scalp massaged with a circular motion.

M. G.—The first remedy for the creases in the throat is to hold the chin up a little more. It is possible you have



DARKENING THE BROWS WITH MASCARRA.

formed the habit of unconsciously dropping the head as you walk or sit. Then the next thing to do is to massage it nightly with plenty of cold cream on the fingers. Raise the chin slightly, then alternating the hands rub down from the chin toward the breast, first one hand then the next immediately following; after this massage from the point of the chin back toward the ears, the thumb of each hand under the chin, palm up, and the fingers extending backward. The thumbs should be pressed down, as the fingers go back toward the ears, and thus massage downward along the throat where the creases are.

BROWN-EYED BETTY.—I agree with you that a loss of some pounds would be a good thing for you. You will have to lose them through diet, my dear. You say you "eat vegetables" but do not tell me which ones. Cut out potatoes and rice, and don't eat much butter or sugar or milk or cream, or any cake, candy, pie, etc. I don't think you eat enough for breakfast or lunch, my dear. It isn't how much you eat but what you eat that gives you flesh. I suggest you eat fruit for breakfast and a couple of soft-boiled eggs. For lunch, an apple, or even two, and some fruit salad, such as you could put in a little jar, or a slice of lean meat, but no white bread. For dinner, lean meats, green vegetables, fruit. Drink between meals but not at meals. Cut out milk and cream.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Advertisement.

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The best thing for steady use is Multifised coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls of Multifised will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

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Dept. 22 A 22 200 N. Jefferson St., CHICAGO

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE Church Fair



By Mary A. Roberts

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SEVERAL qualities go to make up the successful plan for earning money for the church. The scheme should involve as little preliminary preparation as need be, it should include the cooperation of as many people as possible and there should be offered for sale articles which are sensible and to be desired.

The following fairs and socials have that spice of novelty which will make them desirable from a financial standpoint, and they are also adaptable to local requirements, talents and financial resources.

An Alphabetical Donation Party

Send out invitations to all interested in this way:

"TO MISS MARY BLAKE:

"You are cordially invited to attend and contribute toward an Alphabetical Donation Fair to be held in the Parish House, on the afternoon and evening of October fourth. Please send, the day before, four articles beginning with the four letters of your Christian name."

At a similar party Mary brought a table mat, an apron, some raisins and some yarn. It was very ingenious to see the manner in which those who contributed contrived to have at least one article of value, while their other donations were small, causing, therefore, no undue tax on any one individual's purse. A man named "James" brought a jar of jam, an apple, money, a china egg for darning stockings and a cake of fancy soap. Bob, his brother, brought a Japanese bowl, orris root and bulbs. One girl named Elizabeth declared the plan a conspiracy on the part of the committee to ruin her financially but she solved the problem by bringing little pin cushions in animal, fruit and vegetable shapes. They included an elephant, lizard, zebra, apple, banana, egg, turnip and horse. As she was on the refreshment committee she contributed icing for small cakes for the omitted letter "H".

The variety of articles made the fair of exceptional interest and as great care was exercised on the part of the donors there were few articles which were not salable.

The rooms were decorated with autumn flowers and branches of effective leaves, and wire netting stretched over the ceiling held artificial blossoms and quantities of Japanese lanterns, each of which held a small electric light bulb lighted in the evening.

Twenty-six booths were arranged around the room, each bearing over its entrance a large red letter. Here were the twenty-six letters of the alphabet and the articles donated were all arranged under the letter with which they began. Certain exceptions were made for convenience; for instance, all fruit was grouped under the letter F and all cakes and candies under C. The inconvenient letters X, Y and Z hung over the dining-room door because supper came "at the end".

The girls who waited on the booths wore red or yellow dresses with dainty wreaths of artificial autumn leaves upon their heads. They also wore little white aprons on which were embroidered the letter of the booth each served. When it was necessary to have more than one person waiting on a booth there were duplicate letters as, of course, in the dining-room with X, Y, Z. Donations not easily classified were grouped under the letter M on a small table marked Miscellaneous. The refreshment committee had, of course, made their plans independent of the letter scheme to have arrangements complete.

A Shirt-Waist Sale

Invitations for a shirt-waist party for the benefit of a church were sent out on little shirt-waists cut from thin writing paper, the neck and the sleeves being trimmed with paper lace.

Everything that could be used with a shirt-waist was for sale, as well as pretty shirt-waists of all sorts of material and patterns and material for the making of the garments for those who wished to make them themselves. There were also belts, collar and cuff sets, etc. The walls were decorated with poster pictures of "Shirt-waist" girls and men, copies of pictures by the most popular American artists.

The hostesses wore shirt-waists, as did most of the guests.

The informality of this sale was its chief charm, for it really partook more of the old-time "social" than most sales.

The guests were asked to bring their work-bags and one hour of the afternoon was spent over the needles while one of the hostesses read a few pretty old-time stories and some of those present sang and played.

During the afternoon a Traveling Minstrel wandered in. She read fortunes, played her guitar

and sang and asked ten cents each for small cards which she sold. These were also cut in shirt-waist form and were headed with the following verse:

I ask you maids and matrons
Who all know how to sew,
What to make the garments of
For folk like these below?

The artist?
The dairymaid?
The bird lover?
The fisherman?
The writer?
The photographer?
The nun?
The widow?
The man on a vacation?
The butcher?

The hunter?
The prisoner?
The miser?
The jilted lover?
The jeweler?
The bankrupt?
The mountain climber?
The banker?
The editor?
The musician?

The answers are as follows:

The artist should dress in canvas.
The dairymaid in cheese-cloth.
The bird lover in albatross.
The fisherman in fish-net.
The writer in paper muslin.
The photographer in blue print.
The nun in nuns'-veiling.
The widow in crepe.
The vacationist in outing cloth.
The butcher in butcher's linen.
The hunter in duck.
The prisoner in crossbar muslin.
The miser in cashmere.
The jilted lover in plique.
The jeweler in cotton.
The bankrupt in crash.
The mountain climber in Swiss.
The banker in checks.
The editor in print.
The musician in organady.

The ones who were fortunate enough to guess them all were allowed to choose a pattern for a shirt-waist dress or costume and the men were each given a cuff-link set.

A picnic supper was served which was also unique. The refreshment room was lined with small refrigerators loaned for the purpose. Each person entering the room dropped a quarter into a box at the door and went "foraging". Bread and butter, hot coffee and cocoa were on a side table with plates, cups and saucers, and necessary utensils. The refrigerator held salads, cold meats, pies, cakes, fruit, jams and all sorts of odds and ends that would tempt the forager. Everyone carried their spoils to some good-sized tables where kindred appetites naturally grouped together. Everyone enjoyed the fun and novelty of such informality and all voted the "Shirt-waist Sale" a grand success.

A Date Party

A Date Party makes a novel change for a church fair. In anticipation of the New Year the numeral "twelve" to represent the twelve months of the year, can be the "theme" of the "scheme". Twelve cents can be charged for admission, there can be twelve taking part in a concert, twelve waitresses dressed to represent the twelve months in the year can wait on tables, etc.

The twelve booths can also be suggestive of the twelve months of the year in decorations and supplies, though there can be modifications of the idea if desired. It is perhaps more in keeping with originality to keep as closely to the suggestive idea of "dates" as possible, which, of course, is another way of saying calendars. Everything pertaining to engagements can also be for sale, diaries, calendars of all sorts for home and office use, and other desk appointments. At the refreshment table there can be a few substantial and the sweets should be a variety of "stuffed dates," puddings and goodies of like nature.

A small boy dressed as the "New Year" can act as page and guide throughout the evening and in one of the booths "Father Time" can hold court and tell fortunes to advantage. The idea can be developed into a variety of ways according to local talent or the needs of the community and is sure to make a pleasant event on Entertainment's Calendar!

A Brown Study Sale

This makes a pleasant little church entertainment for literary-minded folk of a community. Magazines and books can be for sale but this can make more of a fair than would be at first supposed. The room in which the fair is held can be suggestive of a library. At one of the booths packages can be sold for a certain price, made to represent books with brown-paper covers—the only clue to the contents being a description or punning title. For instance, a looking-glass could be termed "Vanity Fair," a box of paper dolls could bear the title, "Little Women," etc.

The furnishings of the room should be in brown and the decorations can be of golden rod and cat-tails. In the dining-room adjoining, strings of pinecones will add to the effect, candlesticks in small logs left in the rough will provide for pretty illumination and golden rod can touch to beauty a table cover of brown lining material of cheap texture. The refreshments can consist of brown-bread, beans and turkey or beef with browned gravy, potatoes browned in the pan, brown Betty, chocolate ice cream and plum pudding. Cocoa and coffee both have the desired hue and many other dainties can be added if desired to the menu.

Out of a brown bag the children can draw "grabs" in brown paper bags; at another booth called "The Chocolate Pot" candies and chocolate cakes can be sold.

The flea, louse, mosquito and fly have all been convicted of transmitting disease; and the bed-bug has been accused. The U. S. Public Health Service, however, finds that he is probably innocent. If he ever does transmit disease he does so by carrying the germs on his mouth and not in his blood; and he can do this effectively only under especially filthy conditions, which would call for drastic methods to exterminate all vermin.

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AYMES CO. 44 East 23rd St. New York

A New Year Eve Interlude

By Joseph F. Novak

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RICHARD Naughton had opened his country house for the Christmas holidays. A bachelor of many years' standing, this was his custom of squaring his social debts, and as he was a host without peer, an invitation to his Christmas house-party meant a week of unalloyed pleasure. Then, too he always thoughtfully terminated the affair the day before New Year's Eve, and this was nice since his guests could then return to the city and usher in the New Year as they saw fit.

Naughton, however, always remained a day longer to see that the house was closed up and properly left in charge of the caretaker.

His house-party this year had gone off in the customarily satisfactory way, and now Naughton was alone, debating as to whether he should have his caretaker drive him to the railroad depot, or whether he should motor to the city.

Personally, he preferred the machine, for it was well equipped to withstand the most freezing weather, but the lowering sky portended snow and even his staunch "Jane" (thus he spoke of his automobile) could not always conquer snow drifts.

For some moments he sat, dressed in his heavy overcoat with its great fur collar, in the midst of the ghost-like furniture swathed in its dust-coverings, undecided. He had a handsome figure to look at, a man of clean health, a clear eye and a reputation without a blemish.

At length he decided in favor of the automobile, and with the decision, he arose, went to the garage and was soon spinning down the clean concrete road, for though the landscape was snow-bound, still there had been some sunny days after Christmas and the sun had eaten the snow from the concrete road and left it clear.

For many miles all went well, though the wind howled through the naked trees of the woods through which he passed, as if defying the machine and seeming to say: "You may be fleet, good sir, but I'll beat you in the race, yet."

The storm made good its threat, and announced its victory with little flurries of snow, dry as dust and stinging as needles, and after a few of these, it settled down into an old-fashioned blizzard. But even though it fell fast, it scurried across the concrete road, and the great brooms of the wind kept the road clear, as if it enjoyed the race with human-made speed, and was bound to take no unfair advantage.

Naughton, too, enjoyed the race. His sporting blood was up and he scudded along, and tens of miles he tore from the sum total he had to cover. But after a time the storm gained, and Naughton felt his hands growing numb. This would not do, so he determined to stop at the first farmhouse he came to and ask permission to warm himself.

A cup of hot coffee, too, would not come amiss. To stop would delay him, of course, but his program was to spend the New Year Eve at his club and as there would be something doing until well into the morning, it made little difference how late it would be before he arrived.

Accordingly, when the next farmhouse loomed up, he turned off the main road and up the little lane that led to the house, then parking his car, he sprang from the machine, hurried to the door and knocked.

The door was opened, after a short wait, by a woman, clad in an expensive storm coat. Over her head she had a wrap of some light material and her hair showed signs of much dressing.

Her eyes fastened themselves upon Naughton with something like annoyance in them.

"You are going out?" he queried after a courteous bow. "I wondered if I could get something to eat and whether I could warm my hands. They are almost numb from driving."

"Poke up the fire, if you wish, it is dying down. As for the eating, that is up to you. There are eggs in the pantry, likewise fresh bread. If you want coffee, make it. I'm going."

"It is storming dreadfully outside. Are you going to walk?"

"Yes, a little way. Through the field and down to the river. I cross the ice and get the inter-urban car on the other side."

"What will the rest of the family say when they come and find me here—alone?" he questioned.

"There's no family, except my husband, and he won't be home until late. I know that," she responded bitterly. "No one will bother you—unless a tramp might, or another motorist in distress."

"If you are going, I'd better be going, too—"

Naughton began, but she suddenly interrupted him with:

"Never mind! A few minutes more or less will make no difference to me. Take off your wraps and sit up to the fire and I'll prepare some food for you," and with the words she threw the lacy wrap from her head and divested herself of her coat.

Magical change!

She was gowned in a dress of wondrous beauty, a thing of chiffon and sparkling beaded stuff that, to Naughton, was beyond description.

Then she kicked off the heavy storm boots she wore, exhibiting shik-slipped feet.

He stared at her in amazement, but said nothing for a while. He sat up to the stove and warmed his hands, watching her silently as she prepared a light meal for him, bitterness in her eyes.

At length he spoke.

"Going to celebrate the New Year's advent?"

"Yes," she snapped.

"Without your husband?"

"A lot he cares," she returned. Then evidently brimming with her wrongs, she burst out:

"This is the last time he will disappoint me. We were to go to a New Year dance in town. But tonight he got a call from Chester, a town about ten miles from here, with reference to some business, and of course it was more important than pleasing me. I had planned so much on this affair and even made my dress so that it wouldn't cost too much, and here I am. I wanted to please him, but when he got around me in such a nice way and showed me that the affair meant quite a profit to us, I couldn't insist that he let the opportunity go. Yet not once has he ever gone out of his way to please me, and I'm sick and tired of it, do you hear? Sick and tired!" Her voice rose to an almost hysterical shriek. "Now I've determined to go to the city tonight and enjoy myself."

"It's almost eight o'clock now," he reminded.

"I don't care!" she flared. "I'm tired of sticking on this stupid farm without a bit of pleasure to lighten the monotony. I like the farm, but I'm only a girl, after all, and I want some recreation. It would do Frank good, too, to dress up occasionally and let me see in him the handsome young fellow that I loved and married. He's not a bad sort, but so thoughtless, and thoughtlessness hurts sometimes as much as downright beatings do. Oh, God, couldn't he have taken me this once, and made me happy? But no, he thinks our getting ahead is more important and when we're rich and can enjoy ourselves, we'll be so old that we won't care about life. I'm sick of it all—and—and—I'm through!"

"You are leaving your husband? Or are you simply going to the city and return again?"

"I said I'm through," she returned in a voice that left no doubt as to her intention.

"You are going to friends, I presume?"

"No, I don't know where I'm going except that I'm going to get away from here, happen what will. I'm ready to take the consequences!"

Naughton's eyes widened.

"So?" he leered just a trifle. "Well, I'm bound for the city, so why not come with me? I have a table engaged at the Le Vanitie Restaurant. They have a swell cabaret there and splendid food. If you feel like enjoying yourself, come with me. There won't be any harm in it, and I think you need not be ashamed of me," and he drew himself up, knowing that the girl was comparing his fine lines with the often uncouth figure of her husband. "I'd certainly be proud to escort you. Will you come?"

She looked at him a moment or two, without speaking, and he urged:

"I don't blame you in the least. It must be pretty tough for a pretty girl like you to stick around this dull place all by yourself. Your husband doesn't appreciate you, so why waste your good looks on him? What do you say? Do you want to see the Old Year out and the New Year in? Come on, be a sport! Tomorrow make a resolution to be a butterfly—leave your chrysalis! You can always get a job, and there is always room on the stage for a beauty like you! And I could help you get there!"

For some time she said not a word, but silently went on with the little meal. She brought the steaming things from the stove, then, as she slammed down the coffee pot, she said crisply:

"All right!"

"Good!" he returned. "As soon as I'm finished, we'll go."

He hardly ate of the food she had prepared, however, as he held forth on the glimmers of the city's night life. Did she dance? He did and greatly enjoyed a good dancing partner. Did she enjoy the theater? He had two tickets for one of the big venues that was current at one of the show-houses and though they would be late, that made no difference as those things were really great vaudeville shows and one could come in at most any time.

He saw that all his glowing pictures did not make any special impression upon the girl, yet at the same time she showed no indication of retreating from the position she had taken, and when he had finished, and had picked up his hat, coat and gauntlets, she did likewise and said:

"I am ready."

Silently he took her by the arm and opened the door and they passed out into the night, while the wind let out a sudden shriek as if it wailed over a lost soul.

They went to the automobile and he helped her in; then, after kicking away the snow that had piled up about the wheels, he got in and they were off. Over the rough road of the little lane they crunched and on to the concrete, stretching like a long black thread through a world of spotless white to perdition.

"Some night, but a regular old-fashioned New Year's Eve," Naughton commented as they spun along. "I enjoy a night like this and as my 'Jane' here isn't afraid of anything, I feel quite at ease. Comfortable riding machine, isn't it?"

"Yes," the girl answered lifelessly, but she seemed anything but comfortable.

He smiled at her, indulgently.

"I suppose it seems a bit queer to be out of your husband's protection, doesn't it? But after all, what's a husband? Merely a meal ticket. And yours apparently was one who provided the roast beef and potatoes—and no dessert, and pleasure is the dessert of the banquet of life. Rather neat that, don't you think?" and as she nodded, he laughed: "There, there, old girl, chirk up, and enjoy this fine ride. We're actually making forty-five miles an hour in spite of the storm."

The more he spoke, however, the more uncomfortable the girl appeared, until at last terror, unadulterated terror showed in her eyes.

He noted this.

"Look!" and he shut off the little trouble light on the dash-board and they were in darkness. "Doesn't it look as if we were at the end of the world—just we two?"

How horribly desolate it looked! It chilled Naughton. How, then, did it affect his shrinking companion?

"Too depressing," he commented, switching on the trouble light again. "There," that makes it more cozy. Why," and he peered into her face, "surely you are not afraid? By the way, what's your name? Never mind, I'll call you 'Cotie', may I?"

"You may—call—me—anything—oh, my God! I want to go home!"

"What?" He put on the brakes suddenly.

"What? Go back to that thoughtless boob to whom fifty cents is more than his wife's happiness? Go back to a lout who leaves you at home alone on New Year's Eve when other men are taking their wives to dances and watch-night parties and the like? Oh, pshaw, girl, don't weaken."

They came to a cross road, he swung into it and into trackless snow.

"Don't call him names, please," she begged piteously. "I always loved Frank, and perhaps if I had told him how lonely I sometimes got, he might have been less thoughtless. He's always been generous and never cruel. Only I got so tired of never going anywhere and tonight I was so disappointed and angry and desperate, that it seemed as if I had no reason left. Oh, please please, take me back to him!"

Naughton's tone changed from bantering to sneering.

"Oh, you want to go back to him, do you? You'd like to go back to his protection now that you've left it, wouldn't you? Well, you won't, my fine girl, I'll tell you. You're coming with me! When a woman says she's going out for a good time and doesn't care about the consequences, she usually gets what's coming to her. You haven't got into the hands of a tender fool like your husband. You're in the hands of a man of the world!"

"Oh—oh—Mister! (and her lack of his name made her appeal the more pitiful) take me back! Oh, please, take me back!"

"I will—in due time," he mocked.

"Help!" she screamed.

For answer, he threw open the car door. A whirl of snow blew in upon them. Outside, nothing but white, chilling, unbounded trackless white.

"Scream if you like! What good will it do you? Who will hear you? When you get tired, you'll shut up," he returned, as he slammed the door.

And again the machine turned into an unbroken road.

The girl did not make any further outcry.

"Have you no mercy?" she cried. "Have you no pity?"

"You had no pity on your husband, did you?"

"I bore it a long time," she said weakly, "but after all his neglect was meant for my good. I see it now and see that had I showed him just

how I felt about it, he would have listened to me. Please take me back."

"You'd better come with me," he said grimly, and his voice held out no hope.

"I'll cry out when we get to town," she threatened weakly.

"Lot of good that will do you. Anyone who hears you will think you've had too much Scotch. Quit that sniveling and shut up. It makes me sore. I'm master now."

For a third time the machine turned into an unbroken road but valiantly chugged on.

"I thought you were a man of honor and decency."

"Bah! A man of honor! He'd invite a married woman to celebrate the incoming New Year with him, wouldn't he?"

She wilted, and for some time not a word passed between them.

For a fourth time the machine careened wildly around a corner. But the girl gave no thought to the outside. There was but one thought in her mind. Each turn of the wheels was bringing nearer and nearer to the brink and now the machine seemed to dash on with the rapidity of thought.

Then came a rough bit, the machine skidded, hurtled and bumped and came to a sudden stop.

Naughton jumped out of the machine, and went to her side of the machine. For the first time he placed a hand upon her.

"We'll stop here," he said.

She looked up, dazed, but made no move.

"Come," he said, and almost dragged her from the machine.

And now she looked—wildly, unbelievably.

For before her, snowbound but distinguishable, rose her own doorway!

The yellow light streamed from the kitchen and fell in a yellow bar upon the snow, in which the fleecy snow danced. It fell, too, upon Naughton.

The girl searched his face. A rather sad smile rested there.

"What—what does it mean?" she gasped.

"It was a rather tough lesson, wasn't it, little girl?" he said. "We only had a little joy-ride, that's all."

"Lesson? Joy-ride?" she repeated, bewildered.

"I knew you didn't want to leave your husband, and I knew there wasn't a streak of yellow in you. I saw that you were only disappointed and I knew that you would regret the step you contemplated. And I thought that if I would let you do just what you wanted to do, you would the more quickly find out that it was just what you didn't want to do. So I pretended to be a man of the caliber you undoubtedly would have picked up on the city streets or in a New Year cabaret. I know your roads hereabouts and if you hadn't been so frightened and had counted the turns you would have noted that we had made a complete square. Now, forgive my little preachment and make a New Year resolution to straighten out the little misunderstanding that might have wrecked two otherwise happy lives. Will you do that?"

"Yes, oh, yes," she replied, and catching his hands in hers, she kissed them.

"Don't," he remonstrated, "that isn't necessary."

"I am so thankful to you," she murmured.

"That's all right," he said, a bit diffidently.

"I think I had better go now, it is getting late."

"Stop in a bit until Frank comes. I want him to meet you. Perhaps you will now enjoy a ride to eat more than you did a short while back."

The bitter cold of the night, and the prospect of his drive decided Naughton.

"All right, I will," he agreed, and they went in.

She put her heavy wrap out of sight, and while she did this, he poked up the fire, and then she went to preparing the meal.

In a little while there came a faint halloo from outside.

"It's Frank!" the girl exclaimed, and she ran to the door to meet him, and when he entered she threw herself into his arms, stroked his cheeks and then let her hands wander over his big broad shoulders to rest upon his heart.

"Whose machine is that—?" he began, but stopped when he caught sight of Naughton.

"A motorist stopped in and asked to warm himself and get a cup of coffee. I let him in. You are not angry?"

"No. I should say not, only don't make it a practice when I'm not around, dear heart," he said.

Then he engaged Naughton in conversation until the girl prepared the little meal.

"You make our home so pleasant, Alice, that I hate to leave it. But I'll never play you such a trick again. The money in the deal tonight didn't compensate me for the shame I felt when I came to town and found everybody going to the New Year dance. Would you like to go? There is still time," he said, "and you are all dressed."

"I know, but somehow now I don't want to, although I was so anxious, I dressed up. Let us spend the New Year watches together, Frank."

"All right, but tomorrow I make a resolution that we go somewhere as often as possible, and if I'm tempted to break it, you break my head, Alice. I heard some of the folks saying how I was neglecting you—and I guess I was. I don't deserve such a girl as Alice, do I, sir?" and he smiled at Naughton.

"Well, make yourself worthy of her, brother. Naughton laughed, and then as the meal finished he rose. "I must be on my way," he said.

They invited him to remain, but he said he couldn't and off he went. But not before Alice had a chance to whisper to him:

"God bless you, and if there is any unsatisfied desire in your heart, may the New Year bring it to you."

"Amen to that," he said.

He got into the machine and hurtled through the drifts and out upon the highway, to finish his interrupted journey.

He reached the city and his club just as the bells were chiming in the New Year.

"Where in Sam Hill have you been?" one of his club-fellows asked.

He smiled mysteriously.

"I don't tell tales out of school, dear William," he said. "I may have been in church, for all you know."

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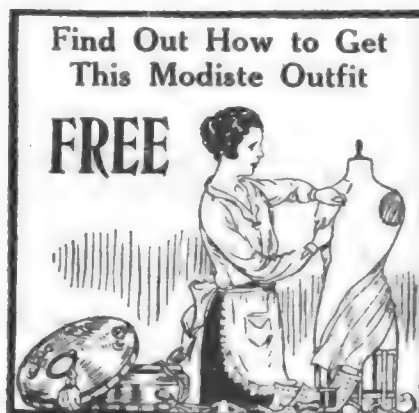
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Coughs and Colds of Children

THIS seems an appropriate subject for this month's talk, for it is during the cold winter months we see the largest number of people—adults and babies—suffering with colds and coughs. We do not intend this talk to enable a mother to get along without medical attention if the child needs it, but do hope by a few simple suggestions to aid her in treating simple colds and also to call her attention to a few danger signals which she ought to know.

I know of nothing more distressing for the parents to bear than the helpless, silent suffering of a sick baby, but this seems doubly worse when the organs of breathing are affected and they cannot help but note the extreme effort and distress for the baby to get its breath. One of the hardest tasks a mother, or even a physician, has to do is to be able to tell just when a simple cold becomes bronchitis or pneumonia. A baby is taken with what seems to be a simple cold, and within a few hours this may prove to be a serious case of pneumonia, and only the most expert medical men can tell just when this apparent cold becomes pneumonia; but the watchful mother can be guided by this rule: if the baby's apparent cold seems to be growing worse all the time instead of growing better, get a physician and have him make a thorough examination. Another condition that is sometimes confusing is to decide whether the baby has simple croup, a disease not dangerous to life, or the much-dreaded membranous croup or diphtheria, which is dangerous to life. The same rules apply here, bearing in mind this: the simple cold or simple croup should and always does respond to simple home treatment; and in your baby's case, if you do not get the expected relief, do not take a chance but call in the doctor and find out positively the cause of the child's illness. In some countries over one-third of the children who die before they are five years old, die of some disease of the organs of respiration, pneumonia or bronchitis, but in the United States a larger proportion die of digestive disturbances.

We shall first take up coryza or cold in the head, snuffles. This is an inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the nose or nasal passages, and may be mild or severe, acute or chronic. The cause is not always clearly evident, but is usually caused by chilling the body, exposure of neck and head to cold air or feet and ankles to cold and dampness, also irritating gases or vapors, tobacco smoke.

Children whose circulation is not normal seem most susceptible to colds. The symptoms of coryza or snuffles are sneezing, first dryness of nose and throat, then a slight discharge, which becomes profuse. In very young children this is often a distressing condition as it makes nursing difficult, the breathing while sleeping may be nasal or snoring. Treatment: castor oil in teaspoonful doses to be sure the bowels are properly regulated, and lubricating the nasal passages every few hours with a few drops of sweet oil, or hen's oil. You might rub a little outside of nose, also put on flannel nightcap for a few days. If the cold seems severe, in addition to these things would suggest that you give baby two drops each of syrup of ipecac and sweet spirits of niter every two, three or four hours, frequency of dosage depending on severity of the case. If the baby seems to have some involvement of the lungs or bronchi, would suggest that you apply hot camphorated oil on upper chest. To do this in the proper way you should heat some camphorated oil in a saucer, then soak in this a thin piece of gauze or cheese-cloth, apply on upper chest, and cover with a larger piece of flannel.

CROUP is a congestion of mucous membrane of larynx, slight swelling, slight dryness with spasmodic contraction of the glottis, coughing, or crowing, difficult breathing, attacks of threatened suffocation. One never forgets the symptoms of croup, and if it is a member of your own family, this croupy cough or crowing will never be mistaken. I think I can safely say that the symptoms in simple croup really seem worse than they are for in simple croup the child always gets well. The symptoms usually occur at night, the child going to bed as well as usual, or with a cold so slight that it is not noticed. After a few hours the child awakens with a feeling of suffocation and a dry, harsh cough or crow, tries to cry out, and in most every case is very badly frightened. In an hour or so the breathing becomes easier, the skin becomes moist and the child falls asleep. The next day the child may get up and be perfectly well with the exception of a slight cough, then that night go through the same experience of the night before with a slight change in symptoms; in fact, untreated, the child may go through this procedure several nights in succession. The treatment, if the symptoms are severe, is to put the child into a hot bath at once, hot or cold compresses on and around throat and upper chest. You may put on hot compresses of camphorated oil.

Subject for next month is Coughs and Colds Continued.

Questions and Answers

BABY'S STOOLS.—What causes my 14-months-old baby to have such an odor to his stools, ever since he was three months old? What can I do for it?

Mrs. J. F., Hanover, Ill.

A.—The cause is probably indigestion, the food not being properly digested. Keep bowels regular and give baby only simple foods.

MORNING SICKNESS.—I am two months pregnant and am sick at my stomach continually, also have bad taste in my mouth. What can I do for it?

Mrs. J. B., South Norfolk, Va.

A.—Keep bowels regular, avoid all excitement, sexual and otherwise. A blinder giving slight upward and inward pressure relieves. Cautiously take simple, easily-digested foods.

LEUCORRHEA AND SORE NIPPLES.—I am an expectant mother and am badly troubled with leucorrhoea, also sore nipples that discharge a watery substance. Will these things affect child?

Mrs. M. T., Minn.

A.—Bathing frequently is about all you can do for leucorrhoea, as douches are not safe in your condition. (b) For breasts, should wash them every day with saturated solution of boracic acid, then apply cocoa butter.

MAINTENANCE.—I have a little girl three years old, who weighs but 25 pounds, no appetite, and cries a great deal. Her body is rough and scales come off.

Mrs. E. M. C., Wellington, Kans.

A.—I should say that your little girl had malnutrition.

tion and I should try and build up her general health with milk, eggs, meat juices and broths. Should give cod liver oil and iron. Tincture of chloride of iron, eight drops in simple syrup, three times a day, after meals.

SALIVATION.—I have a baby boy two years old who slobbers so badly his clothing is wet most of the time. He has all his teeth, but has lumps on side of neck. Please give me cause and remedy.

Mrs. J. B. W., Bessemer, Ala.

A.—This dribbling of saliva is a sympathetic affection, caused by some condition—this symptom, considered with enlarged glands of neck, would suggest roundworm condition. Should keep him out of doors as much as possible, give cod liver oil, also tincture of chloride of iron in five-drop doses, three times a day, after meals.

ECZEMA.—My baby is twenty months old and has had eczema since she was three months old. We have tried so much, but it does not heal. We have her on a diet and she seems very healthy otherwise. Does teething have anything to do with it?

Mrs. A. G., Newald, Wisc.

A.—There are so many different kinds of eczema it would not be advisable to give any suggestions about treatment without examination, but the diet is excellent. For a local treatment, should bathe with Dakin's solution, then apply a little 20 per cent. sulphur ointment.

FEEDING BABY.—(a) My eight-months-old baby is nursing and seems to be doing well, but seems to crave other food, cries when she sees others eating. Would you feed her, and are soda crackers harmful? (b) My boy, nearly three years old, is troubled with his front teeth decaying. What is the cause, and what can be done?

Mrs. L. P., Andover, Mo.

A.—(a) If baby seems to be doing well, should not advise feeding her, considering her age; later you may give her gruels, custards and other easily-digested food. Soda crackers are hard to digest, unless toasted, and they are not an ideal food. (b) Cleaning the teeth often will prevent decay, also give your boy three table-spoonfuls of lime-water a day in his milk or water.

WREAK HEART.—Can you tell me what is the trouble with my five-months-old girl who, for three months, has had spells of turning blue, gasping for breath, then goes to sleep? Have noticed that when she vomits she does not have an attack.

Mrs. L. S. T., Mena, Ark.

A.—I think from your letter that your baby girl has a weak heart, either congenital or an acquired muscular weakness, and when she has any indigestion with gas, this causes the spells. Should keep her digestion in good condition, bowels regular, and not allow her to eat or nurse too fast, and think these attacks will not occur.

CHEWING TONGUE.—What causes my two and one-half months old baby to chew her tongue?

Mrs. F. E. L., Little Rock, Ark.

A.—I do not know unless it is tongue-tied. Have her tongue examined and relieved if this condition exists, as it is a very simple operation.

MATERNITY CORSETS.—I am an expectant mother and have a severe abdominal pain if I get up suddenly. Would maternity corsets help this, and what can I do for large veins of leg?

Mrs. P. O., Pa.

A.—The maternity corset will be helpful and I should advise slow movements when getting up. (b) Bandage limbs from foot up above enlarged veins with flannel bandages.

HOLDING BREATH.—I have a baby 10 months old that holds her breath if she falls or cannot have everything she wishes. The physicians here think she will outgrow it, but she does not seem to improve and I am afraid she will die in every attack. What can I do for her?

Mrs. G. E. B., Hailes, N. Y.

A.—This is a spasmodic affection of the muscles of respiration, breathing, and is never fatal. During the attack, raise to sitting position, fan her, and, if not too cold, take her to open window or door; dash cold water in her face. We believe this condition has a cause in each case and is not temper, as some seem to believe. The cause may be teething, improper diet, some stomach or intestinal disease, or may be connected with rickets. In your baby's case, find out the cause and remove it, lance gums freely if teething, get digestion normal, and if she seems pale give her iron in some form.

LIVER OR BROWN SPOTS.—Would it be safe to use the lotion suggested for brown spots if they are not caused by pregnancy, and will the lotion cause skin to peel?

Mrs. A. S., Deadwood, Colo.

A.—Yes, this is a safe treatment, and will get results if you persist in the use of it, and I never knew it to cause skin to peel.

BABY'S SCALY HEAD.—My two-months-old baby has a lot of hair, and his head is covered with scales. Have tried washing it and putting on vasoline, but get no relief.

Mrs. R. S., Cobden, Ill.

A.—Apply sweet oil freely, then gently comb out scales, then wash with Castile soap and water. Do this several times and I am certain you will get relief.

WEANING BABY.—At what age should I wean baby from the bottle and how often should I feed him?

Mrs. C. M. S.

A.—A baby nursing breast should be weaned at the 18th month; if nursing bottle, should give it to him for two years, with the idea in mind to get him to take the bottle way. (b) A baby nine to 12 months old should be fed every three and one-half hours during day.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

as a model housekeeper, her front rooms were always shining, but one day I had cause to enter her kitchen and then I changed my mind. Such a kitchen, everything dirty, dirty dishes even under the kitchen table, and she—was she sick? Oh no, playing the piano in the front room!

I have lived in the city and in the country village and next year we expect to be in our own home in the country. I like country life so much better.

I use four sacks for the children's underwear, sheets for baby's bed, clothes pin aprons, laundry bags, and with a stenciled design make short curtains for my kitchen.

Next time I will send some of my choice recipes for I flatter myself on being a good cook. We all take pride in some special thing and I cannot in my good looks or good letters.

Sincerely, **HUBBY'S PAL.**

ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, WASHINGTON.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

May I come in for a little while? I like to read the letters from the different sisters. Wouldn't it be a grand and jolly meeting if we could all meet and have a family reunion?

Helen, I had a good laugh when I read about the lady and her note. I never heard of putting them on their legs before. You see, I used to live in Alaska a good many years ago, but not so far north as Circle City. We were at Fort Wrangell. Long before a steamer was hardly visible, someone would call out "S-t-e-a-m-e-r.," and then it would be repeated and in less than five minutes the echo of "Steamer" would be sounding all over the bay and people would be running down to the dock. I lived near the edge of the water and looking south I could see a white spot and a long black streak of smoke—the steamer coming around Elephant's Nose. And the tourists! I've heard people speak of "country greenhorns," well, they'd have to go some to beat those tourists, for greenness. It didn't seem possible that people knew so little of Alaska. My baby was very fair with long yellow curls and blue eyes. A crowd was passing by and a girl, about twelve years old, said, "Mamma, isn't that an awful white half breed?" Her mother gasped out in a most horrified tone, "Merciful Heavens, yes. I wonder if her mother is a white woman or a squaw."

Helen, I'd like to visit you and Circle City, although my daughter is nearer your age.

Mrs. George Bacher. I wonder if you would answer one more letter? I know what you received in the line of mail. Once we didn't have a mail boat for about six weeks and I received 190 postcards and thirty letters.

Mrs. Lillian Austin. I think that your suggestion is really the best for a COMFORT pin. We are all familiar with the COMFORT emblem, so why not have it in enamel colors?

I think it is all right for anyone to write of their troubles as well as their joys. Then we who think we are so badly abused and have so many misfortunes can see that we are not the only ones for there are others worse off than we are. Then, too, we can see that we are not the only ones to have the best husband, children or the most perfect of homes. I haven't the best husband living but I am convinced that he is a long ways from being the worst. Another thing, I don't think that one needs sign their name.

Mrs. George B. Jackson. I surely would like to see you in your lighthouse home. I gain much help from the letters and as soon as COMFORT comes I drop everything and read it.

Wishing Mrs. Wilkinson and every one of you the best of luck,

WHITE CANYON, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow a Southern girl to enter your circle? I live in a pretty place near the Arkansas River in eastern Oklahoma, on a farm of 120 acres. I am still in high school and occasionally act as a substitute teacher. I like that very much. I have a plan that works very well against whispering in school. Take the names of the children who whisper and make them in a row before the school, or alone might be better, and make them talk on some given subject for a certain length of time. This will prevent the others from studying for a while but it will do a lot towards making the offenders think twice before they whisper again.

With love to all,

CHICK, OK.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have long been a reader of COMFORT and now the photos of COMFORT babies are published I am sending a picture of our boy, sixteen months old, in only seven months when the picture was taken. His name is Elwood and he is the joy and pride of our home. I don't think a home is complete without children.



ELWOOD RAMSEY.

I have one of the best of husbands and I always read the sisters' letters to him and he enjoys them as well as I do. We have been married four years and are still sweethearts. He always uses me kind and I try to treat him the same way. We live on a farm of one hundred and seventy acres and are just as happy as can be and the desire of our hearts is to bring up our little boy in the fear of the Lord.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,

Mrs. VERA RAMSEY.

Mrs. Ramsey.—We like your son, even if he will persist in sticking his tongue out at us—**EL.**

HARRISVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

After reading Roy Smith's letter I felt like saying that it is not altogether the movies that have such a demoralizing effect on the minds of young people. My opinion is that if the mothers of today were as strict in the dressing of their daughters as they were in my day—about 35 years ago—we would not see so many young girls going about nearly nude. We do not have to go to the motion-picture houses to see girls (and married women as well) immodest in dress. Nothing seems to be improper to them. To look at the present style of dress answers the questions of why there is so much vice today. Why do they wear rolled stockings, knee length skirts, very low necks and thin waists? And then and they will say that it is the style but what are such styles for? To attract attention, of course, and they certainly do. To the everlasting discredit of the wearers. I believe in reasonably short skirts but rolled stockings make me feel I would like to throw the wearer. One girl replied that "legs were legs," but I think modesty is more to the credit of a girl than showing her knees. Low necks are all right but there ought to be a limit. We are not living in the garden of Eden and men are not blind. Eve, when she saw her nakedness, made a covering of fig leaves. Another girl admitted that boys liked girls better if they didn't wear corsets to dances. Some of the dances are all right but others should be prohibited. We do not have to go to the movies to see these things. I am a believer in movies and have never been to one that I considered unfit for young people of either sex to see. I don't think there is any excuse for the average girl traveling the downward path. I mean the girl who is in good surroundings. Neither do I mean to shield the young men for they should have more respect for womanhood. All through the ages woman has stood for purity and she ought to set a good example for others to follow. If man suggests that which is wrong she has the right to protect her honor. The language heard among young people is appalling. I know for a certainty that the ordinary young man soon finds out who the good girls are and acts the part of a gentleman when with them but is not so careful when with immodest girls.

It is not high time for parents and guardians of our children to take a firmer stand and endeavor to pure before the younger generation a purer, cleaner mode of living? I do not mean that all girls and boys are bad but an alarming percentage are. Marriage will soon be but a mockery.

Mothers, fathers, guardians, let us try to wipe out this shadow that is hovering over the flowers of the world, reaching out to engulf them in its awful embrace from which there is no escape but a merciful death. But after death there will be a reckoning and will we be able to show a good record of what we have done to better the world?

Very sincerely, **Mrs. MILO MULLER.**

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To bake sweet potatoes, wash thoroughly, grease well and bake in covered pan.

To clean frying pan, rub with a hard crust of bread and wash with hot water and washing soda.

Put a pail of cold water in a newly painted room, change every two hours. This absorbs the paint odor.

Soak a new broom in boiling salt water before using. It toughens the bristles and makes the broom last longer.

A low stand such as used for irons or for placing tea and coffee pots on, kept near the oven will be found useful to place under a cake or pudding that is baking too quickly on bottom.

A root of horseradish, washed and scraped and put in the vinegar jar will add a pleasant flavor to vinegar as well as helping to keep its strength.—**Mrs. MRS. GUERITE P. SCHLEGEL, Lehartsville, Pa.**

A teaspoon of gelatine added to boiled frosting makes it as nice as the marshmallow cream which is so expensive.

I use fine wool yarn for darning toes and heels of everyday hose. It fills in faster and does not barbs with frequent washing as cotton does.

In making buttonholes, first machine stitch around the place buttonhole is to be made, cut and work with No. 50 or 60 crochet thread. This makes a buttonhole that will outlast the material.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

Sears, Roebuck and Co's New Lowest Prices!

Just Out! Write!

This new January Sale Catalog is being sent to our 8,000,000 customers. If you haven't it, borrow your neighbors' copy or write at once! Don't miss these wonderful bargains—every one at our new low prices. You can make amazing savings by ordering now! Write!

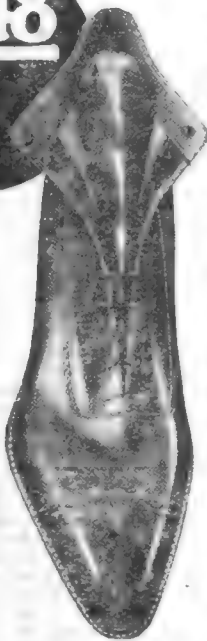
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Thousands of Bargains Like These!

\$3.48

The Pair

Brown Russia Leather and Black Gunmetal Leather



Less than today's wholesale cost. Compare them with any \$5 shoes and decide for yourself. Men's 15A014186—Dark Brown Russia Leather.

Men's 15A014187—Black Gunmetal Leather. Sale price, per pair **\$3.48**

GENUINE GOODYEAR WELT SHOE—Latest English last. Live rubber heels; medium weight sole. Sizes 5 to 11, wide widths only. Shp. wt. 2½ lbs.

Women's 15A011234—Dark Brown Russia Leather. Women's 15A011235—Black Genuine Kid Leather.

Sale price, per pair **\$3.69**

GENUINE GOODYEAR WELT SHOE—Made same high quality as men's shoes described above. Sizes 2½ to 8. Wide widths only. Be sure to state size. Shipping weight, 1½ lbs.



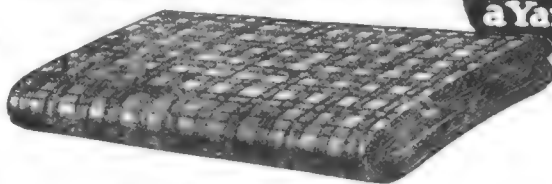
\$3.69

The Pair

Percale

Think of being able to buy select standard quality percale at only 14c a yard.

14c a Yard



Width about 36 inches. 69A08306—Sold only in 10-yard bolts. Shipping weight about 2 lbs. Price **\$1.40**

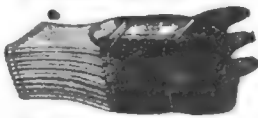
Middy Blouse 89c



"Regatta" Middy

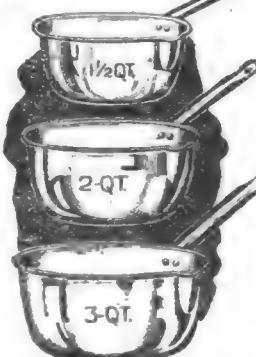
Made of Lonsdale jean cloth. Braid trimmed sailor collar and two-button, non-rip placket cuff. Colors: White with blue collar and cuffs; white with red collar and cuffs; or all white. Sizes 34 to 46 inches bust measure. State size and color preferred. Shipping weight 12 ounces. 27A05082—Sale price, each **89c**

Rockford Socks



Six pairs for **57c**

One Full Size Only Medium weight, coarse knit cotton. Elastic ribbed tops. Fully seamless. Shipping weight 6 pairs, 14 oz. 86A01958—Blue mixed 86A01959—Brown mixed



Three For **95c** Aluminum Sauce Pans

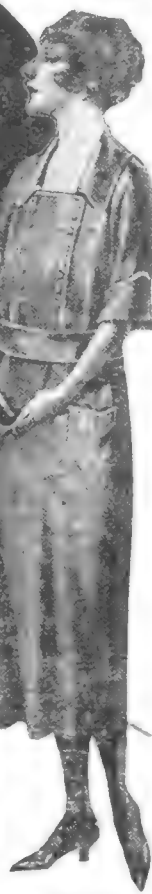
Three cooking utensils used every day. Worth double. 1½, 2 and 3 qts. Shpg. weight 3 lbs.

Order Now! 99A0337—Sale price, set of three **95c**

Standard Quality Gingham only 98c Each



31A0395



31A0397

Made of standard quality gingham; full roomy patterns. In women's regular sizes, 34 to 46 inches bust measure. State bust measure wanted. Shipping weight 1½ lbs.

31A0395—Blue plaid. 31A0396—Pink plaid. 31A0397—Medium Blue } Each, **98c**

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Old and New Designs for Patchwork

Revival of Patchwork

PATCHWORK is an old, old art and one that played such an important part in the life of the early colonists in this country, that it is not quite fair to consider it simply the mere cutting up of material into bits for the sake of sewing them together; but rather an ingenious way of using odds and ends at hand, to meet a need.

The wonderful development of patchwork quilts in this new country was due largely to the climate and the native thrift of the pioneer women.

The early settlements were made along or near the coast, and the bleak winters in the northern states, together with the rude poorly heated log cabins, made more bedding necessary, than had been brought over the seas. This need, as well as all other household supplies, was met by the ability and untiring energy of the mothers of this nation.

Practically every article of clothing or household comfort in those early days was the work of their busy hands. The hum of the spinning wheel, clack of the loom or click of the knitting needles was always to be heard.

Their busy useful lives made them practical and economical, hence every scrap of material left from the family wardrobe was treasured and pieced into quilts in their hard-won leisure moments.

Fortunately the English and Dutch who settled in these northern and New England states were already skilled needle women as well as excellent housekeepers. From the piecing of coverlets they progressed to quilting, then followed heavy quilted curtains for the drafty windows, and later quilted skirts of silk and satin, and quaint quilted bonnets were the style and were most treasured possessions.

Little girls were taught to sew as soon as they could hold a needle, because every girl when she was ready to marry prided herself upon the number of fine quilts she had ready. Thus the useful art of patchwork quilting grew very rapidly in those early days, because of the need of quilts and because it brought into the lives of these busy pioneer women an interesting occupation which gave them a channel or vent for their imagination.

It also unconsciously, perhaps, taught beauty of form and color combination and lead to social intercourse which was enjoyable.

Whenever women met, patchwork blocks were used as pick-up work. Patterns were exchanged and friendly rivalry created much pleasant excitement. Women's quilts became their joy and they took great pride in their skill as needleworkers and also in working out intricate and difficult patterns.

So this art grew in importance, as Eliza Calvert Hall clearly shows when she makes "Aunt Jane of Kentucky" say: "But when it comes to culling out, why, you're free to choose your own pattern. You can give the same kind o' pieces to two persons, and one'll make a 'nine-patch' and one'll make a 'wild goose chase' and there'll be two quilts made out of the same kind o' pieces and just as different as they can be. And that is jest the way with livin'. The Lord sends us the pieces, but we can cut 'em out and put 'em together pretty much to suit ourselves, and there's a heap more in the cuttin' out and the sewin' than there is in the caliker." How true this is!

So, as 'tis said that necessity is the mother of invention, I have tried to show how it was that these busy women who helped so courageously to build up the first homes in this big new country, left behind them the beginnings of what developed into a distinctly American branch of needlecraft.

The first simple patterns, planned solely that no bit of material might be wasted, began to be more complicated and attractive as soon as resources for obtaining cotton increased.

Then rivalry and the making of exhibition quilts, quilting bees and the exchange and collection of patterns, brought much pleasurable excitement into many lives which were otherwise filled with much care and drudgery.

All women enjoyed and found recreation in this work, and as the years passed elderly women loved their patchwork still more for the memories which each bright bit recalled. Each had her box of sample patterns which had gradually been collected and treasured, and one can imagine that many a pleasant evening was spent before the great fireplaces, looking them over and recalling the names of friendly givers.

Thus patchwork, due to the need which it filled, and the intense interest and keen competition which it awakened, rapidly advanced, as living conditions

became easier, from simply a conglomerate mass of pieces of every hue into carefully planned designs of striking beauty.

To further follow the interesting history and growth of this branch of needlecraft we shall have to trace its journey westward with the descendants of those who first came to these shores.

As time passed, shortly after the Revolution, adventurous souls in the northern states began to follow the Ohio toward the great central West, and from the southern states the movement was also westward into the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Each and all of these families took with them their most cherished and valued possessions although the journeys were long and anything but easy.

As quilts had come to fill such an important place

have fostered this thoroughly American needlecraft and here and throughout much of the great middle West are found the best examples, which show the same substantial and serviceable qualities that were characteristic of the budding art.

An Applique Scarf

The scarf submitted by Lucile Briston is a lovely example of applique and has the embroidery stitches needed to emphasize the motifs used. On a background of unbleached cotton is placed a delicate blue basket above a three-inch border. The roses, which are of two shades of a soft pink, are finished with coarse yellow French knots of a mercerized cotton.

There are many beautiful threads now on the market which are so lustrous they add greatly to similar designs worked in this way.

The leaves are of a quiet green, and butterflies of a pale yellow, deeper shades of the same color and black being used for French knots on the wings, the bodies and for the edges in satin-stitch.

Centerpiece in Applique

The design which was submitted by Mrs. Beardon is a thoughtful combination of form and color, which results in a most pleasing effect.

The illustration, which has a twenty-inch center, gives one a very good idea of how a little outlining may be used to connect bits of applique and form a design covering considerable space but involving little work.

In this particular instance a Blue Bell, an American Beauty and a simple wild rose are the motifs, combined with a few green leaves and the outlining. A neatly bound scallop forms

which is of black. most suitable edge.

Quilts and Their Making

Old times can be recalled but they belong to the past as do the real calico quilts. In comparatively recent times the spinning, weaving, baking and brewing have been taken out of the home, leaving the housewife to occupy herself with tasks of her own choice and liking in her spare time.

Each of the different sorts of hand work which have survived as spare time occupations, tatting, crocheting and knitting seem to have enjoyed waves of popularity and now patchwork of a certain form, known as modern applique, is becoming the fad. This work

is simply a new version of the old hemmed-on patchwork. It is interesting and is naturally leading women to turn their attention back to its source of inspiration, the hand-made quilts of earlier generations.

With so many serviceable substitutes it is not now ready necessary for women to make quilts, but the strange fascination which the work has for those who do become interested has appealed so strongly that at the present time more quilts and spreads are being made, and over a wider area of country than ever before.

A hand-made quilt consists of two or more thicknesses of material held together with many stitches. So every quilt has at least a top and a bottom, and it may or may not have an interlining.

As any old experienced quilt-maker knows, patchwork, meaning quilt making, is divided into two general classes, known as pieced quilts and patched quilts.

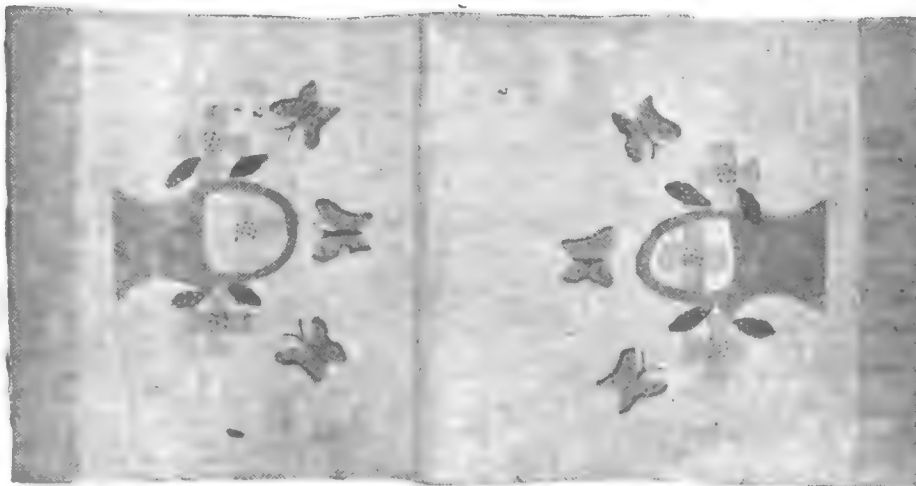
Pieced Quilts

The pieced quilts are made by joining together separate pieces of material into blocks of like design, which in turn are set together to form the top. The patched quilts are not pieced at all, but rather have patterns appliqued of one material or "laid on" to white muslin, as this method used to be spoken of as "hemmed-on" quilts.

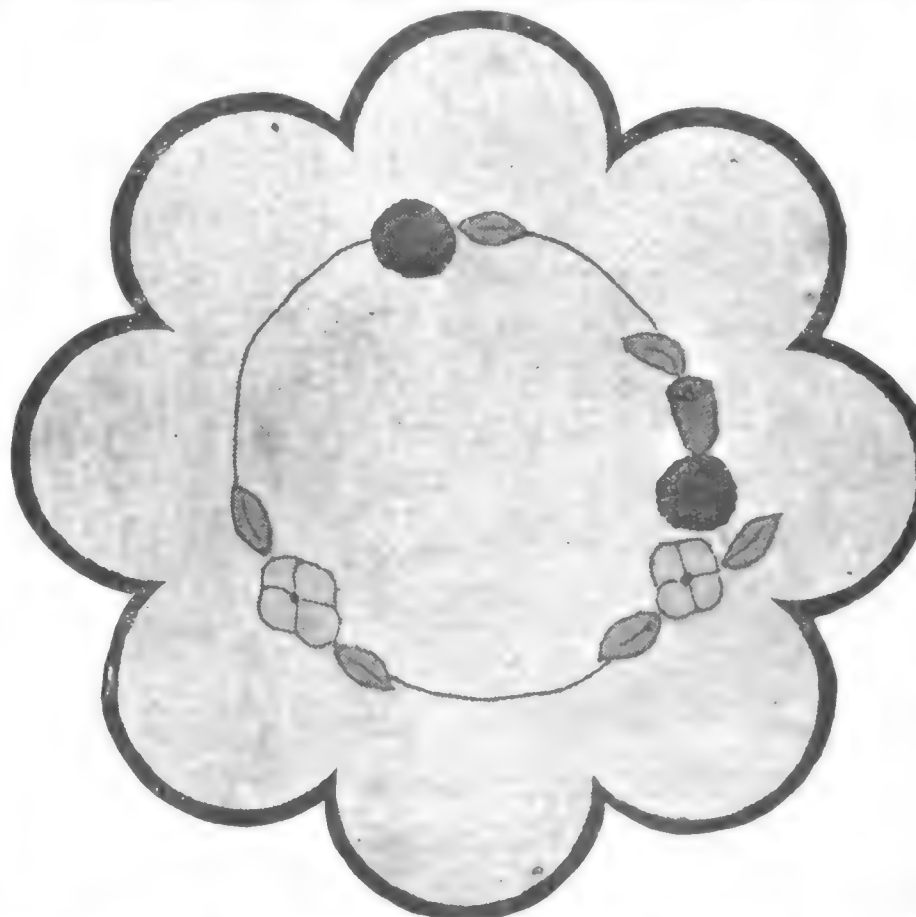
A pieced quilt of course is made up of scraps, its beauty depending wholly upon the skill which is used in sorting and arranging materials at hand, while for the patched quilt one must have certain material to work out a chosen design, hence these were the aristocrats of the old-time quilt family, while the pieced quilts came under the head of poor relations.

Pieced quilts, however, have always had their place, and make a special appeal to women who delight in the precise and accurate work necessary for their perfect construction. For convenience in making, a top composed of blocks of regular size and shape is the easier. Each of these blocks may be a complete design in itself or it may be only a part of a large pattern which covers the entire top of the quilt.

Beautiful old quilts of small pieces, carefully ar-



The scarf illustrated above, by Lucile Briston, Ky., is a lovely study in color. The wild roses, blue baskets and butterflies make a most delicate combination.



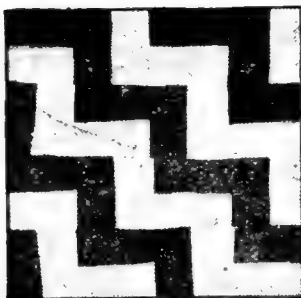
The chief charm of this centerpiece designed by Mrs. Hugh Beardon, Ark., is its simplicity. It can be easily copied on either a white or cream background with soft colors which would harmonize with any room.

In their mountain homes, from the cradle to the grave, these isolated women sit at their quilting frames, patiently creating work of wonderful beauty with their needles.

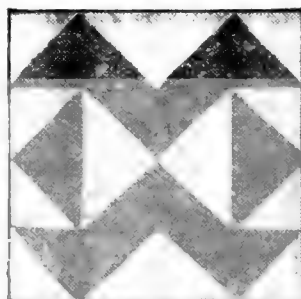
No bride of any country takes more pride in her dowry chest than the mountain bride in her pile of hand-made quilts.

By far the finest quilts, the most beautiful in design and of rarely fine workmanship are very frequently found in such out-of-the-way hamlets, that no influencing idea could have reached their makers.

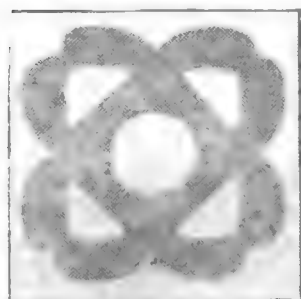
It is especially the women of such regions who



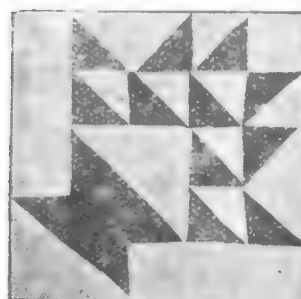
1. ENDLESS STAIRS.
MRS. A. B. WHITLEY, TEXAS.



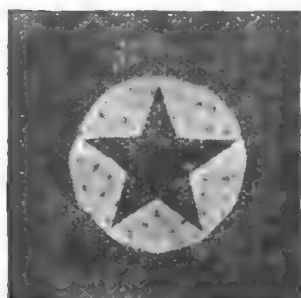
2. FOOLS' PUZZLE.
MRS. RAINY YOUNG, VA.



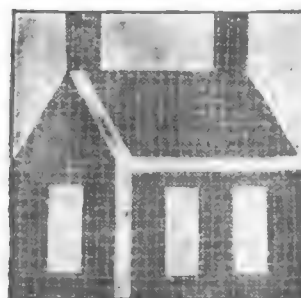
3. FRIENDSHIP BAND.
MRS. HATTIE D. WOODS, TEXAS.



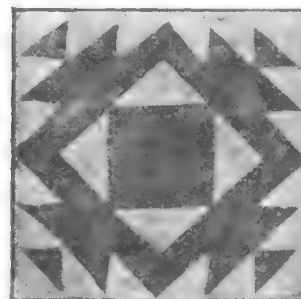
4. GRAPE BASKET.
MISS OLIVE WILKINSON, PA.



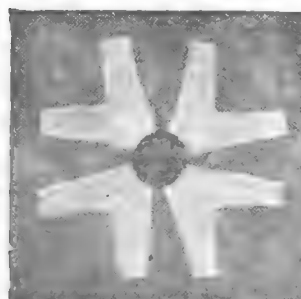
5. MOON AND STAR.
MRS. E. C. ROBINSON, VT.



6. OLD HOME.
MRS. FAYE EVANS, MO.



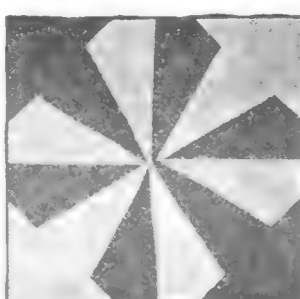
7. MOTHER'S FAVORITE.
SOPHIA MELTON, IND.



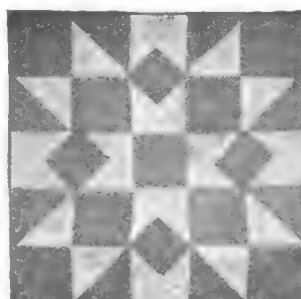
8. MISSISSIPPI DAIRY.
LOUISA J. HOBGOOD, MISS.



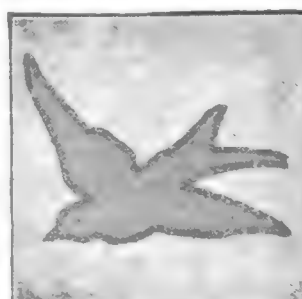
9. SINGLE TULIP.
MRS. S. A. HUSKEY, TENN.



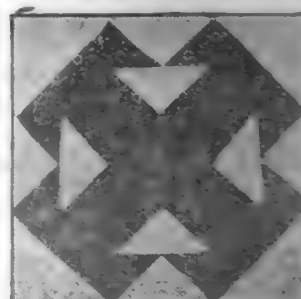
10. PLAIN SAILING.
MRS. MYRA V. PEET, N. Y.



11. TUMBLING BLOCKS.
SOPHIA MELTON, IND.



12. FLYING BIRD IN APPLIQUE.
LILLIAN BLAYLOCK, TENN.



13. CAPITAL T. SQUARE.
SOPHIA MELTON, IND.

Quilts and Attractive Modern Applique

anged as to light and dark colors were often ingeniously worked up into a continuous pattern of most striking effect.

Very good examples of such work reached us in blocks No. 1, "Endless Stairs," and No. 26, "Shifting Cubes." Such patterns as No. 4, No. 5, No. 10, No. 11, No. 15, No. 17, No. 24, shown on these pages, are equally good for either a combination of two or three colors or odds and ends if arranged contrastingly.

After the selection of a pattern considerable time will be required to cut out and arrange one's work. If using scraps an eye for harmonious color combinations is of great advantage.

As exactness in the first process, that of cutting out, is very necessary, if good work is to result, pieces of cardboard or stiff paper should be first fashioned correctly and kept for a pattern of each part. Each piece should then be cut with the greatest care. Old workers often used tin patterns, and by these each piece of patchwork was cut exactly true to it with the sharpest of corners.

After all the pieces are cut, seams of exactly the same size are very necessary if the pattern is to work out correctly.

For patchwork, a knowledge of only the simplest form of hand-sewing is necessary, the running stitch which is used for all seaming, although on some old quilts many examples of elaborate bits of needlework are often found, which gave individuality to a woman's work and in which she justly took great pride.

Patched Quilts

Many of the finest specimens of patchwork quilts which have been handed down from generation to generation are splendid examples of "hemmed-on," or applique patterns.

This more ambitious branch of patchwork has at times been considered a sort of inferior kind of embroidery, although it is not.

The art of applique is rather a distinct kind of needlework in which more is made of the manner of using and combining materials than stitchery. The effects secured in this way are simple, bold, dignified and conventional rather than merely pretty.

Many of these old quilts are really of historical value as they were made to commemorate great events in the life of our nation, just as old tapestries reflect events of their day.

By their quilt patterns women showed their sympathies and their interest in national events. For example, the "Whig Rose" and the "Democrat Rose" are both patterns which came into existence during the Harrison-Tyler campaign, when the Democrats won, amidst the greatest excitement, for the first time in forty years.

Other names of political significance which plainly show that women took a keen interest in public affairs in earlier days are "Old Tippecanoe," "Lincoln's Platform," "Harrison Rose," "Radical Rose," which has a black center to represent the negroes of the South, "Confederate Rose," "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Puzzle."

From this it is evident that the rose has always been and still is a great favorite in this "hemmed-on" work.

The "Confederate Rose" and the "Rose of Dixie" recall that sorry time when brother was against brother. Some years later in the far West originated the beautiful "Harvest Rose" and "Prairie Rose." Many of these patterns and others which have been received from our readers will appear in these columns in the next few months. Almost as popular as the rose is the rosebud, the poppy, the lily and the tulip.

A true appreciation of nature was shown by many quilt makers in their efforts to copy as faithfully as possible the various forms of leaf and flower.

Many of the conventionalized floral patterns on these old quilts give evidence of much ability and originality.

When a worker evidently tired of an oft repeated pattern a slight change turned it into a square different enough to require a new name, hence we have the "Pine Tree," "Temperance Tree" and "Tree of Paradise," a very good example of such minor alterations.

Imagination surely was not lacking when it came to aptly applying names to these simple designs. For to call rows of small triangles running diagonally across a quilt the "Wild Goose Chase" the maker must have known something of the habits of wild geese, and have observed them traveling from the North to the South and back again the following spring. In most cases the relation between the name and the design is practically so evi-

dent that the correct name at once suggests itself.

The hardships which were constantly in the minds of the early American quilters seemed to have inspired such names as "Bear's Paw," "Pilgrim's Pride," "Texas Tears," etc.

Letters also came in for some attention and some of these were quite artistic. Among the best known are the "Double Z," "Letter H," "Letter X" and 'T

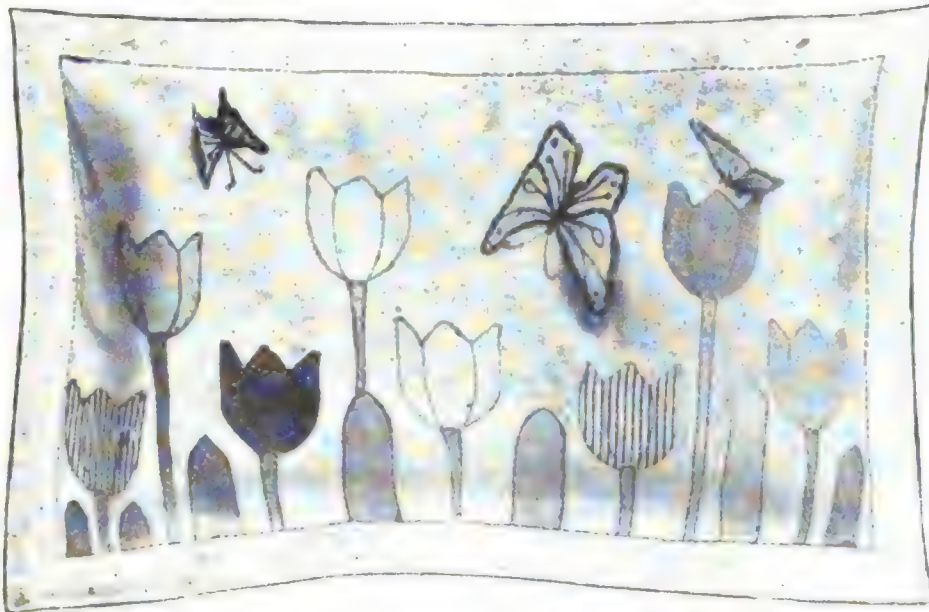


From Mrs. J. W. Yates, Tenn., comes this delightfully refreshing breakfast cloth, decorated most suitably with fruit forms in applique.

Square" shown in No. 13 on the preceding page. Careful consideration of the large number of quilt patterns submitted to us in our late Prize Contest reveals but few that have been named at random or in a haphazard way, for in nearly every instance there is a reason or at least a strong suggestion for the name.

This patched or appliqued type of quilt may be called distinctly American. It was most substantial in character as only the best quality of cotton cloth entered into its construction. The careful work put into it was intended to stand the test of time, thus it became an article of use and service, as well as beauty.

The colored materials used were always of as nearly permanent dyes as it was possible to secure. In many cases the quiltmaker used her own vegetable dyes to secure fast colors and with pleasing results.



Another Tennessee contributor, Mrs. E. P. Crutcher, submitted this original tulip design, the attractiveness of which is secured by strong simple lines resulting in a most realistic effect.

Some of the artistic possibilities in color and design was often subordinated to the desire to produce work which would be as enduring as possible.

In the oldest quilts finely figured calico in red, green, a rather violent yellow and indigo blue are found frequently applied on a white background. Then as the calico became inferior in quality we find the home-dyed greens, reds, yellows and pinks used in its place.

Had not such worthy material served as a basis for the beautiful work of the experienced quilter few examples would have survived to these days to have inspired our interest and create the branch of fine needlework now known as modern applique.

Modern Applique

Fundamentally this and the old-time patchwork is exactly the same, and the same characteristics which made for excellency in the old quilts, accuracy and painstaking care, are still necessary to produce good results.

Appliqued decorations can be classed under the head of good art, because the applied colored designs are so simple and straightforward in outline.

Nothing could be more fresh, crisp and full of spirit than some of the conventional and geometrical designs which are worked out in vivid color combinations. As formerly, nature suggests endless flower-like forms and graceful vines which are absolutely lovely when copied in their natural colors combined with deep soft greens and quiet tones of brown.

When seeking this source of inspiration the only rule is to select flowers and leaves which have a clear, distinct and easily traced outline.

An Inviting Breakfast Cloth

This table-cover is a lovely study in color and simple forms. It is a hemmed-on design, having the edge finished quite firmly with a perfectly plain narrow yellow bias bind. The color scheme throughout is most cheery and refreshing, and the outlines very true.

The innermost groups of decorations are cherries. Two of these consist of two yellow and one red cherry, and the remaining two groups are just the opposite in color arrangement.

The apples are of two shades of red and a light green, the pears a yellow, while the two bananas are green and two a rich ripe yellow. All of the leaves and stems are a deep green.

Our illustration gives one but a scant idea of the beauty of the original which was submitted by Mrs. J. W. Yates.

The great popularity of modern applique makes it at present play a leading part in the handwork of the hour.

It is seen in our homes in very attractive and interesting decorations on bedspreads, table-covers, bureau scarfs, curtains, couch-covers and sofa pillows and also on wearing apparel, such as house dresses, aprons, blouses, sport hats, scarfs and little folks dresses and rompers.

Many beautiful examples of applique chosen from among the thousands of patterns recently submitted to us in COMFORT's contest will be published in these columns in the next few months, proving beyond a doubt that our women are still as original and apt in utilizing materials at hand as were the earnest women of previous years whose devotion and love for home and family did so much towards strengthening this great and glorious nation for what it has stood through all these troublous years.

Tulip Sofa Pillow

This original piece of work, designed by Mrs. E. P. Crutcher, also illustrates the chief difference between the old and the new applique work, that which is made by the addition of various embroidery stitches, which the modern worker has taken the liberty of adding.

For many purposes these extra stitches often help greatly in producing a pleasing effect in combination with the applique designs which, as in the old patchwork quilts, are cut from whole cloth.

In this piece of work, for a foundation unbleached cotton was selected. The tulip blossoms are a combination of the natural shades of the flowers, with stems and leaves of green. All of the applique pieces are brought out more distinctly by being outlined with black, as is the pillow proper also, outside of which is a flat two-inch hem.

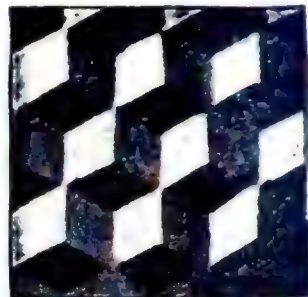
The lifelike butterflies are of yellow embroidered in black, and are entirely separate, only the slight bodies being attached to the pillow.

This work is not difficult, but as has been said before requires care to produce good results, therefore it still deserves the best of materials as in our grandmother's time.

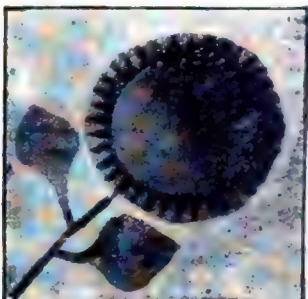
For good workmanship uniformity of design is also important; so to insure exactness in size and shape it is of first importance that one should have an accurate, tough, strong paper pattern of each part.

Secondly, to properly cut an applique it is absolutely necessary to have a pair of very sharp, medium-sized scissors.

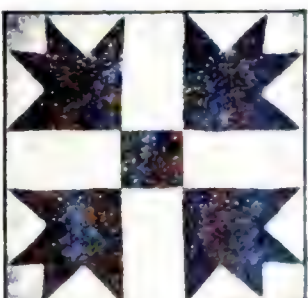
We also call attention to a Tulip Pattern sofa pillow illustrated on the page containing the list of prize winners in COMFORT's Contest for Patchwork Designs.



26. SHIFTING CUBES. MRS. JESSIE RHODES, ARK.



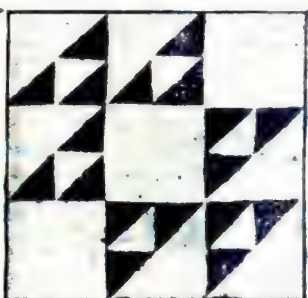
25. SOUTHERN SUNFLOWER. MRS. S. A. HAWKINS, N. C.



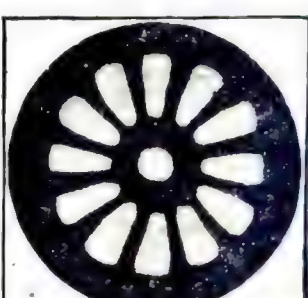
24. GOOSE TRACKS. MISS OLIVE WILKINSON, PA.



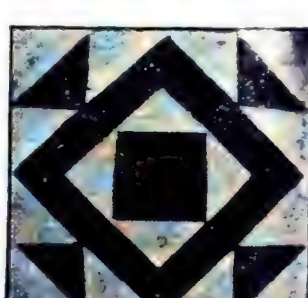
23. TULIPS IN APPLIQUE. MISS MAYME OCONNOR, MO.



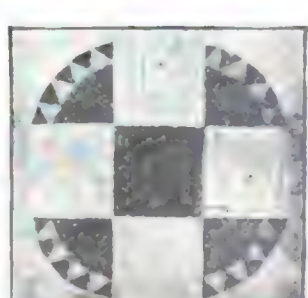
22. HOUR GLASS. MRS. MARTHA CLAY, MICH.



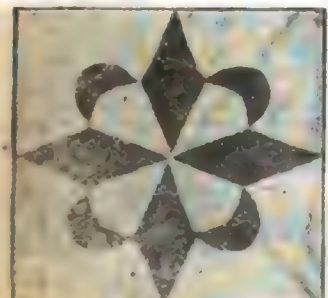
21. FORTUNE'S WHEEL. MRS. JESSIE WARD, TEXAS.



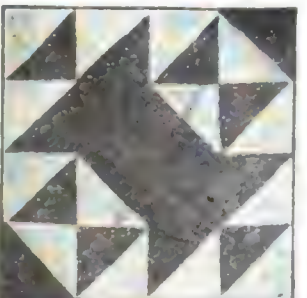
20. BROKEN DISK. MRS. WM. A. DOYLE, NE.



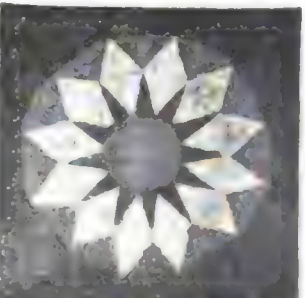
19. WHEEL OF TIME. MRS. A. C. WILLIAMS, IND.



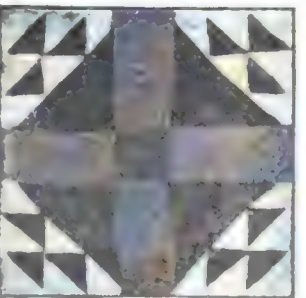
14. THE COMPASS. MRS. NELLIE ALEXANDER, OKLA.



15. DOUBLE CROSS. MRS. SOPHIE ORRINE, OKLA.



16. A STRIKING PATTERN. ELIZABETH A. BLANCHETT.



17. OLD MAIDS' PUZZLE. MRS. S. A. HUSKEY, PENN.



18. APPLIQUED BUNNY. LILLIAN BLAYLOCK, TENN.

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SILK REMNANTS, LARGEST 20¢

Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

I realize that you have been carried beyond yourself. You do not mean what you have said, and

"But I do, indeed I do!" he cried eagerly. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever met!" Granting that to be true, a man does not love a woman exclusively for her beauty. I should be very sorry if that were true.

"Ah, why should we not love beauty? Is not the promise of heaven alluring because it is beautiful? What is the good of anything that is not beautiful? Do the deformities in nature appeal to us? No! It is the flowers that we love. It is the song-bird that we prize. It is the exquisite in architecture that we admire. It is the grandly picturesque and beautiful ocean that we revere. From the moment that we are born into the world, our intuitions teach us to love that which is beautiful, and it is one of the characteristics that last us through life. I am frank with you, Miss Reade. I love your beauty, and through it I love you."

She put up her hand with a little deprecating gesture.

"You would soon find it pall upon you," she answered, with the trace of ice growing in her tone. "I shall not always remain as I am now."

"And I shall not always live."

There was something pathetic in the words as she looked into the old face, and her voice was a little kinder as she replied:

"Longer, much longer than I shall retain my youth, I hope, Mr. Dwight."

"But—"

"Please don't let us talk of it further," she interrupted wearily. "It is quite impossible for me to give my love to any one, for it is a thing which I do not possess. Will you excuse me if I leave you now, Mr. Dwight? My father said you would find him in the billiard-room."

"Not yet. Don't go yet!" he cried pleadingly, catching her hands as she would have risen, and forcing her gently back into her chair.

"Mr. Dwight?"

"There, don't be offended. Listen to me. I am not quite a fool, Miss Reade, though I am frank enough to confess that I often act like one. I am perfectly aware that I am no longer young. I have not the 'Hyperion curls,' not the 'front of Jove,' that made Hamlet's father 'a thing of beauty.' To come down to twentieth-century slang, my day for mashing is done. I am not ashamed to consult my mirror occasionally, and it often tells me unpleasant truths. In plain English, Miss Reade, I'm old and I'm ugly."

Marian laughed with genuine mirth.

"Upon my word," she exclaimed, "your frankness is refreshing!"

"I am telling you this to show you why it is that I am not asking for your love. You are beautiful. I am rich. Your position here, you must realize, is a most precarious one. You may have affluence today, poverty tomorrow. By your own account, poverty is not a condition that appeals to you. You are essentially a butterfly. What would or could you do if you were forced to earn your daily bread? And yet, as you are situated, it may come to you at any moment. What I offer you is travel, elegance, jewelry, every luxury that money can purchase. I am willing, even, to make a handsome settlement on you, which will insure the same luxury for you all the days of your life. You may name the amount that you desire yourself, and I promise you that you shall never be interfered with in any way, neither annoyed, nor insulted, nor distressed by my wife!"

A stiffness like the rigidity of death came over Marian. The color receded from her face, leaving it cold and white as marble. Her eyes were

Prize Awards in COMFORT'S Applique and Patchwork Contest

In response to our Prize offer for Applique and other pieces of Patchwork there were thousands of pieces of work submitted, many in original design, some of which are shown on the regular Fancy Work pages in this month's COMFORT. We of course could accept only a small part of the thousands of samples submitted but several hundred patterns were found to be suitable for reproducing in COMFORT and we are now having cuts made so our readers will be able from month to month to get an idea of the great variety of artistic work that is being done in this form of needlecraft.



JARDINIERE OF TULIPS BY MRS. A. J. CREECH.

This sofa pillow cover is one of six original and beautiful designs which were submitted by Mrs. Creech, one of our special prize winners.

This design is very attractive, being well balanced, without being stiff. It is an excellent example of ample applique decoration, so placed as not to suggest an overcrowding of the space, of simple, natural outlines and practically perfect workmanship.

The background is white, jardiniere deeper shade of lavender, leaves and stems a soft sage green.

The tulips are of two shades of lavender, the two outer leaves being of the darker shade, and the center petal light, overlaid with a smaller piece of dark as is indicated in our illustration.

The ruffle is of white, finished with a hemstitched edge.

FIRST PRIZE—Mrs. L. A. Vernon, Conn., Luncheon Set, \$3.00

SECOND PRIZE—Mrs. M. E. Brown, Tenn., Dress, \$2.50

ORIGINALITY—1st Prize: Irene Harpham, Mo., \$2.50. Special: Mrs. E. P. Crutcher, Tenn., (Tulip Pillow), \$2.00; Mrs. J. W. Yates, Tenn., (Fruit Centerpiece), \$2.00; Mrs. Hugh Bearden, Ark., (Centerpiece), \$1.50; Lucile Briston, Ky., (Scarf), \$1.50; Miss Missouri B. Moore, Ky., \$1.00; Mrs. Emma West, Tenn., (2 Pcs.), \$2.00; Janie Becker, Mich., (3 Pcs.), \$3.00; Mrs. Cornelia Shappell, Iowa, (Design and Border), \$1.50.

SPECIAL PRIZES—Mrs. Mamie Barnes, Tenn., (Scarf and 2 Pcs.), \$5.00; Mrs. A. J. Creech, Ky., (6 Pcs. Pillow Covers), \$6.00; Mrs. Flossie Wahler, Okla., (Design for Curtain), \$2.00.

The Following Ten Received Prize of \$1.00 Each

Mrs. Nettie Vining, Ga. Mrs. Annie Allen, Okla.
Mrs. R. V. Grant, Ky. Annie Sue Manning, Ala.
Elva A. McCoy, Ky. Mrs. W. B. McHughes, Tenn.
Mrs. Rebecca McCray, Ohio. Mrs. T. J. Leonard, Ohio.
Mrs. M. P. Williams, Tex. Miss Tillie Krause, Tex.

Special Prizes \$1.00 Each

Mrs. A. J. Diggins, Nebr. Mrs. N. M. Mitchell, Tenn.
Mrs. Ben Allen, Mo. Mrs. Rosa McGie, Calif.
Mrs. Elizabeth Brooke, Ill. Mrs. Amanda A. Harmer, Ga.
Mrs. Dora Jenkins, Ga. Marie H. Carey, Pa.
Miss Callie Brown, Krause, Tex. Mrs. A. J. Diggins, Nebr.
Mrs. N. M. Mitchell, Tenn. Mrs. Ben Allen, Mo.
Mrs. Rosa McGie, Calif. Mrs. Elizabeth Brooke, Ill.
Mrs. Amanda A. Harmer, Ga. Mrs. Dora Jenkins, Ga.
Marie H. Carey, Pa. Miss Callie Brown, Krause, Tex.
Mrs. Jacob D. Maury, Ohio. Mabel Acree, Fla.
Mrs. Elmer E. Gates, Colo. Mrs. Edna Morgan, Kans.
Mrs. G. W. Kendall, Tenn. Mrs. Wm. Sowers, Okla.
Mrs. Ida Smith, N. C. Mrs. R. B. Walton, Va.
Mrs. M. E. Brown, Ind. Delila Gibson, Tenn.
Mrs. B. F. Brent, Ky.

The Following Received 50¢ Each for One or More Samples

Mrs. David Resh, Ohio. Mrs. Charity Windham, Miss.
Mrs. Haddock, Okla. Mrs. Geo. W. Wright, Mo.
Mrs. E. V. Davis, N. C. Cora B. Evans, Ky.
Mrs. Vane Henness, Oregon. Miss Daisy E. Thayer, Mich.
Mrs. Hannah Todd, Mo. Mrs. Emmie Smith, Ark.
Mrs. Gertie Miller, Ky.

The additional list of Prize Winners will be published in the February issue.

opened so wide that a white rim above the irises was distinctly visible. She arose slowly, as if the effort to move were almost impossible of accomplishment. Her gaze was never once removed from the man's startled countenance.

She stood there for a moment, white and cold, and silent, and then a little wave of life seemed to flutter through her veins. Her eyes closed for the briefest instant. She staggered slightly, and caught at the back of a chair; and then the terrible indignation of the insulted, outraged woman burst over her. Her whole countenance seemed to be ablaze with wrath.

"You—coward!" she exclaimed, in a tone that sent a thrill to the very soul of the man. "You—craven! How dare you! I can find no words to express my scorn, my contempt, my loathing! Now go!"

She pointed dramatically toward the door, unconscious of the picture of bewildering grace which she presented.

But Elliott Dwight was blind to it also. He had arisen, and was standing with his hand upon the back of his chair, leaning slightly toward her. He was as pale as she herself. The eagerness had died from his countenance, but the earnestness was all there. He was silent for just a moment after she had ceased speaking, and then his voice came to him, low and trembling, but distinctly audible.

"I cannot go," he said slowly, "until I have made some explanation to you. In justice to myself, I must ask you to listen to me. I don't pretend to be a good man, nor a wise one, but I am not worse than many others, and I tell you, upon an honor that has never been questioned by the world, that if I had known half an hour ago what I know now, I would have bitten out my tongue before speaking to you as I have done. I apologize to you most humbly. I don't wish to wound your feelings in addition to having grossly insulted you, but I feel that I must offer some extenuation for myself in justice to my manhood. Is there no excuse for me, Miss Reade? Is the fact of your living here publicly, in a house like this, no extenuation?"

A startled expression crossed her face.

"I don't understand—you," she stammered.

"You will pardon me if I speak clearly?"

"Go on."

She said it swiftly, breathlessly, and he hesitated a moment before replying.

"I am placed in a most mortifying and embarrassing position," he said slowly; "but there seems nothing for me but to either speak candidly or to be taken for a most utter scoundrel. Miss Reade, it can't be possible that you do not know you are living in a gambling-house that is the talk of all New York? It can't be possible that you are not aware that you are put here for the purpose of attracting men in order that they may be fleeced later in the—billiard-room, where I have been invited to join your father when our interview shall be at an end?"

She flung up her head with a little cry like that of a wounded animal.

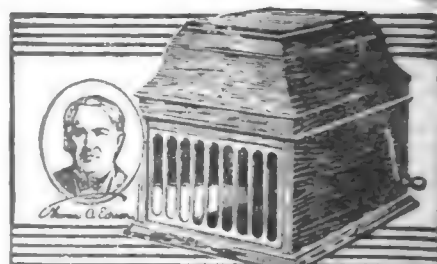
He was startled, alarmed. He sprang toward her to offer assistance to her; but she stepped aside, the wildest fury she had ever known blazing from her eyes.

"You have but added to your infamy, your crime," she cried hoarsely, "by this effort to screen your dastardly conduct behind a lie!"

"I swear that every word that I have spoken is the truth!" he cried hastily.

"And I would not believe it if an angel spoke the words."

"Then the fault would be your own. You are here as a decoy for gamblers! You are here to attract to your father's tables the men whose



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weakness for beauty is greater than their love of play. I believe that I am committing an act of generosity when I tell you this. The whole town is talking of you. There is scarcely a rich prodigal in it who is not familiar with your name. La Belle Marian, of New York, is becoming as famous as La Belle Corinne, of Paris, and your father knows it!"

He was standing in front of her, but she sprang by him with the swiftness of a tigress. With one bound she reached the door and flung it open; then her voice, clarion-throated, sounded through halls and corridors:

"Ho!" she cried. "Father! Father! FATHER!"

There was that in the tone which brought instant response. As if by magic, the doors were flung open, and men issued from them, some with billiard-cues in their hands, some flushed, some pale. Leading the number was Paul Reade, with fright in his dastardly eyes, and near him, half-concealed by the crowd, was Fred Underwood.

"What is it?" demanded Reade, in tones of alarm.

"Look there!" exclaimed Marian, pointing with dramatic finger toward Elliott Dwight, who stood more like a statue than a living man. "That man has dared to insult your daughter, and in extenuation he tells me that I am here, the inmate of a gambling-house, a decoy, and by your will, Father, I command you to tell him that he lies!"

CHAPTER XX.

FRED UNDERWOOD SAVES MARIAN.

A silence that was painful even to the members of that hardened group fell upon the men gathered about Marian and Paul Reade. She stood there with arm outstretched in the direction of Elliott Dwight, and her blazing eyes turned full upon her father's ghastly face; but it fell gradually as she saw Paul Reade's head sink forward on his bosom, and realized that not a word had fallen from his white lips in response to her command.

The terrible excitement slowly faded from her face, like a light that is gradually extinguished for want of sustenance, and in its place came a lingering horror that no words could describe. Her arm fell, and into her face there came an expression which no witness of it ever forgot.

She did not speak; she could not; and Paul Reade stood there with bowed head, like the criminal that he was, silent through fear in presence of that righteous wrath.

In face of it all Elliott Dwight stepped forward. There were few men among the number who did not feel more respect for him than they had ever done before as he spoke to them, his voice low but distinctly clear as he said:

"Your father's silence must convince you, Miss Reade, that I have not lied. Since you have made public the insult which I offered you, the apology must be public as well. It was the result of ignorance, and not intention. It was the result of misconception, and not maliciousness. I do not regret that I have told you of a disgraceful truth of which you were in ignorance. Painful as it is and has been, I do not regret that this scene has taken place, since it clears you, in the eyes of all these people, of a shame that never should have attached to you. I feel that I have saved your reputation against your own father; and if it has cost me a humiliation, and has struck a blow at my vanity, the price is small indeed. There are others here, Miss Reade, who will bear witness that I have not lied."

She had never glanced in his direction; her eyes were still fixed upon her father; but every word that he had spoken was distinctly audible to her. As his voice ceased she took a step forward and put out her hand pleadingly.

"Father," she whispered hoarsely, "speak! say something! Say anything that will but convince me there is some awful mistake. Say something to prove to me that it is not so bad as he has said!"

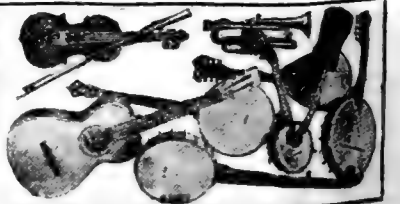
Still only that deathly silence answered her, and then hope died. Her hand dropped again. She stood there for a moment with the most immortal despair pictured on her countenance, and then she turned and staggered down the hall and up the stairs. The men stood back with bowed heads and allowed her to pass between the human walls.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc.,
1815 Orchard Street, Dept. 121, Chicago, Illinois



Stella Roosevelt

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

vacation lasted, always taking him something in the way of fruit or flowers, and cheering him with her lively chatting, until he began to look for her coming as the chief event of the day.

He continued to remain at the lodge, in spite of the fact that the company had all departed, and there was now plenty of room in the mansion.

Mr. Richards had gone West on a prolonged business trip, and, of course, could not use his influence as to any change; while Mrs. Richards appeared to ignore his presence entirely, unless she came upon him unexpectedly, when she would treat him with indifferent politeness.

Josephine's attitude toward him was one of proud disdain, although once she professed great friendship for him.

In September Mrs. Richards and her daughter went to Long Branch for a change, leaving the household in charge of Mrs. Blunt.

Star began school again, going back and forth by rail, as the town house would not be opened again until October.

During the absence of the family, Mr. Roosevelt frequented the house, as he was glad to avail himself of the privilege of the well-stocked library to while away the long hours of Star's absence.

In the evening she would entertain him with her music, while on Saturday they both felt like children out of school; and thus, day by day, they grew to feel a deep affection for each other.

He had long ago learned just how Star was regarded by the family, and how they had attempted to degrade her to the level of a common servant, and this did not tend to make him entertain any deeper respect for them.

His information on this point he had gathered chiefly from Mrs. Blunt. Star would not talk about it, always evading or changing the subject in a dexterous way that amused him in no small degree.

Meanwhile, Josephine and her mother were flourishing among the fashionable at Long Branch.

The season proved to be a very gay one; every hotel was crowded, and many noted people from various countries were sojourning there.

Among others, the Richards heard upon their arrival, there was a young English lord of great reputed wealth, having, it was said, the largest rent roll in Derbyshire, England.

"They say he is the handsomest man in the place, as well as the richest," Josephine said to her mother, the night after their arrival at the gay watering place.

"How old is he?" asked Mrs. Richards, pricking up her maternal ears at once over this wonderful information.

"About twenty-one or two. He has been traveling in this country for a year, just to see a little of the world before settling upon his own estate. It is whispered," the eager damsel went on, with flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, "that he has heard of the beauty of American ladies, and is on the lookout for a handsome wife," and Josephine tossed her head with a conscious smile, as her eyes wandered to the reflection of her own fine face and figure in an opposite mirror.

"That is somewhat doubtful, I think, since the English nobility are very jealous regarding marriages outside the pale of their own rank. However, such things are happening every year now, and this young lord may be captivated by some of our American beauties, after all," and Mrs. Richards bestowed a glance of pride upon her handsome daughter, and thought how delightful it would be to figure as mother-in-law to an English lord, and to be able to say, "my daughter, Lady So-and-So."

That evening Josephine Richards, the most brilliant girl in the ballroom of the Howard House—the hotel where they were stopping—was made supremely happy by receiving an introduction to Lord Carrol, of Carrolton, Derbyshire, England.

One look into the frank, handsome eyes of the manly stranger, one touch of his hand, one tone of his rich musical voice, as it vibrated in her ears, and she knew that she had met the man whom she should love with the one great passion of her life.

He was tall, with a well-developed form, straight, strong and lithe; a splendidly shaped head, with masses of waving brown hair; clear, truthful, brown eyes, full of fire and intelligence; a full, rather low, brow, a straight nose, and a smiling but decided mouth, with brilliant, even teeth.

"It was not much wonder that the 'girls were wild' over such a man as this, and he a lord, with a rent roll of sixty thousand a year.

Josephine herself, at nineteen, was a magnificent-looking girl, at least when she was good-natured and animated.

My Lord of Carrolton seemed no less pleased with her than she with him, and spent a goodly portion of the evening by her side, after making her acquaintance, much to the chagrin and indignation of other anxious, blooming maidens and fond, managing mammas.

"Have you ever visited Europe?" the young peer asked his companion, as he led her to a seat at the conclusion of a quadrille.

"Never, my lord, but I think we shall persuade papa to take us upon a European trip by another year. Mamma has some distant relatives, I believe, somewhere in England," Josephine replied.

"I trust you will be as well pleased with my country and countrymen as I am with America and Americans," Lord Carrol remarked, gallantly, with an inclination of his grand head, and bestowing a look of admiration upon his companion.

Josephine's dark eyes dropped shyly beneath his glance, while the blood went rippling to her heart with a thrill such as she had never before experienced.

"I shall remain two or three months longer," he continued; "and I think when I do return, notwithstanding I love old England very dearly, I shall go with something of regret."

Josephine's heart leaped exultantly; she would meet him often, perhaps, this noble young peer; and what might not happen in two or three months?

"Do you remain long at Long Branch?" she asked.

"Three or four weeks, perhaps. I find it very pleasant here," he said; and again that thrill leaped through her veins. "I shall then go to New York," he added, "where I shall make my headquarters until I return to England."

"Perhaps we can help make your stay in New York pleasant," Josephine said, with her most brilliant smile. "Mamma and I are to remain here until the first of October, when we shall go home, and can, perhaps, help to show you more of our great city than you would otherwise see."

"Thanks! I shall be very happy to avail myself of your kindness. But there is the signal for supper; may I take you in?"

It is needless to say that the fascinated girl accepted his invitation, and spent the hour feasting more upon the young lord's handsome looks and charming conversation than upon the choice viands which he placed before her.

It was evident that he also experienced pleasure in her society, for, when he took her to Mrs. Richards, he asked and obtained permission to call upon them on the morrow.

CHAPTER XII.
THE CAMO RING.

A fortnight passed, and the Brooklyn beauty, as Miss Richards was designated, together with the attention she was receiving from the handsome English lord, formed the principal theme of conversation at the fashionable watering place.

Mrs. Richards was in her element, and conducted herself remarkably well.

His lordship considered her a woman of very fine appearance and of wonderful tact; and it was noticeable that when he was in her presence

he paid her full as much homage as he did her daughter; but people, of course, said this was all for a particular purpose.

"By the way," she said to him, one day, when they were comparing the merits of their respective countries, "I am more than half English myself. The late Lady Thornton, of Hallowell Park, Devonshire, was an aunt of mine—at least, my mother was her half-sister—and I have other distant relatives living in the same county."

"Indeed!" said Lord Carrol, his face lighting at this intelligence. "I had no idea that you had any English blood in your veins; I thought you were purely American. I have often heard my father speak of Sir William Thornton, of Devonshire, and his son, Sir Charles, was at Oxford with me. I was only slightly acquainted with him, however, as he took his degree a year before I took mine. I am very happy to learn of this fact," and, as if by some fascination, the young nobleman's glance sought Josephine as he spoke.

"I once visited at Hallowell Park when I was a young girl," Mrs. Richards continued, although a flush arose to her cheek as she remembered all that had transpired during that visit, for it was then that Star's mother had saved her from drowning. "It is a lovely place, and a very large estate, I believe."

"So I have been told. Sir William was quite an active statesman before his death, which occurred only a year after his wife's. They had only one child, Sir Charles, I believe."

"Has he a family?" Mrs. Richards asked quickly. "I think not—at least, I have never heard of his marriage. If he should die without issue, I suppose the estate would pass into other hands."

Mrs. Richards started, and gave the young man a quick glance at this.

"Whose, I wonder?" she said, reflectively, and suddenly seemed to lose all interest in the conversation, and the young lord turned his attention to the more appreciative Josephine.

The month which the Richards spent at Long Branch was an eventful one; it was the most brilliant season that Josephine had ever known.

The last evening of their sojourn at Long Branch, Miss Richards descended to the veranda of the hotel, dressed with the utmost care and taste.

She was brilliantly, dazzlingly beautiful.

The men watched her every movement with admiring glances; the women could but acknowledge her superior charms, yet with something of a feeling of envy on account of the prize they believed she was about to bear away with her.

Lord Carrol seemed drawn to her as the needle to the pole. He had been sitting at one end of the veranda when she came down, but he almost immediately arose and went to her side, while he would not have been human not to have betrayed his appreciation of the exquisite toilet, which seemed to enhance her beauty more than ever.

"What will the devotees at beauty's shrine do tomorrow, Miss Richards?" the young lord asked, with a smile and a glance which told her what she knew already—that she was particularly attractive tonight.

"The Howard House possesses a galaxy of beauties, and I do not think there will be any occasion for the 'devotees,' as you call them, to neglect their duty tomorrow," she answered, smiling, too, but with heightened color.

"Ah! but it is plainly to be seen where they have bent the knee most devoutly," he replied, with a gesture which called her attention to the many admiring eyes fixed upon her.

She shrugged her graceful shoulders with an air of impatience, as if annoyed to find herself so conspicuous, while her darkly fringed lids drooped over her glorious eyes, hiding the wistful look which had suddenly crept into them.

"The night is lovely, and the band is playing delightfully; let us go out and wander about the grounds for a little while," Lord Carrol said, after a moment of silence, during which sweet, enticing strains came floating toward them on the evening air.

She took the arm he offered her, her heart throbbing so wildly that she feared he would detect it, and they passed down the steps and away from the crowd on the veranda, some of whom smiled to hide their envy, others indulgently, as if upon a pair of lovers.

"I suppose this will be our last night in this charming place," the young man said, as they slowly wended their way along a sheltered avenue. She looked up with a slight start at the word "our." He noticed it and smiled.

"I said 'our,' because I, too, shall leave on the afternoon express tomorrow. I have business in New York which will occupy me for a week or more."

Josephine flushed with pleasure at this, for she felt sure that the "business" was only a pretext.

"Oh!" she thought, "if he would but speak a single word to commit himself that night, she could go away in the morning with a light and happy heart."

But he had never hinted of love for her; he had accompanied her and her mother almost everywhere they had been, often showing Mrs. Richards more attention than herself. He had danced with her, rode with her, walked with her, and no word beyond the most commonplace expressions of friendship had ever fallen from his lips.

They wandered on and on, the moonlight streaming upon them through the overarching branches of the trees, and making lacelike patterns upon the smoothly graveled walk at their feet, and he talked only of yesterday's boating, yesterday's racing—of anything save what her heart was craving to hear.

The band played its softest, sweetest strains; the leaves rustled whispering above their heads, suggestive of lovers' vows; they were almost alone in the beautiful, moonlighted avenue, and everything was conducive to love-making, if his lordship had only been so inclined.

Soon they came out by a fountain where the lights were shining brilliantly, and he led her to a rustic seat, placed her in it, and sat down beside her.

"I shall be very sorry to go," Josephine said, with a pensive sigh, as she looked around on the lovely scene; "it has been very pleasant here this summer."

"It has, indeed, and I shall carry the memory of it with me for a long while," her companion replied. "You have some very beautiful places of resort in your country, Miss Richards. You and your mother have made my sojourn at Long Branch more than pleasant. Since learning that you have English blood in your veins, I have grown to regard you almost as my own people; and sometimes," he added, smiling, "I have felt as if I might be intruding myself too much upon you; but I trust I shall be able to return some of your kindness when you come to England."

Josephine's heart sank like lead in her bosom. These were surely very commonplace words to speak to her on the eve of her departure, if he entertained anything of affection for her.

"It would be a great delight to me to visit England," she returned; "and you have told me so much about your beautiful home—your mother and sister—that I have a great desire to see both it and them."

"You must come to Cheshire Park—my mother's and sister's home. Next year I shall hope to show it to you," he said, earnestly.

Did he mean that he hoped she would go there with him, or was it merely a wish that she would visit England, that he might be able to return some of the courtesies which she and her mother had shown him?

She could not tell, but hope seemed deserting her; her heart beat heavily, she grew pale and sad, and a slight shiver shook her.

He noticed it.

"You are taking cold, I fear; we ought not to sit here in this evening air."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

HOW I EARN MONEY AT HOME
AND IN THIS WAY MAKE UP FOR
HENRY'S SHRINKING SALARYEvery Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra
Money for Clothes. Thousands Are Now Making It
Themselves—Right at Home in This New Way.

By MARY WALDEN

"MY dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well-dressed girl—until she married that bank-clerk. I should think he'd feel like—"

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

The street car was crowded and they hadn't noticed me before, but I had heard—and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true—I did look "dowdy"—and I knew it.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and Henry.

My husband is one of the "white-collar men" whose salaries haven't kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had been earning a comfortable living for myself when we had married, and since the cost of everything had kept rising higher and higher I had sometimes hinted to Henry that I would be glad to take a position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously—so I had gone on skimping and scraping—and wearing "made overs."

But I resolved as I walked homeward, that Henry or no Henry, I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes, and do it, at least until things took a turn for the better.

When I got home Henry was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse he held up the magazine-picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear "such good-looking duds as they do this year."

Henry is really a perfect dear and adores me, but he should have had more sense. I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him, and cried:—

"If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the Magazine Section of the paper, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. Henry came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up and began to idly turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from Henry. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank check in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home!"

I devoured every word of the advertisement. When I had finished I felt that I had found the work I was looking for. I resolved to write for the particulars to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, but to keep it a secret from my husband.

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received an Auto Knitter outfit, including the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter. I kept it in the bottom drawer of my bureau while Henry was in the house. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well-knit wool socks to the company. By return mail came my first check—and oh joy! the thrill of that first check.

Well, I kept on making socks, sending regular shipments to the Company, and before very long I presented myself before Henry in a pretty new accordion-pleated frock. His mouth opened, and he just stared at me in admiration, without a word. Finally he managed to say, "Where did you get it, Mary?"

"I earned it!" I replied brightly, not sure just how he would take the news. Henry looked for a minute as if I had said I had stolen it. Then I made him sit down and hear what I had to say.

"You know as well as I do," I said, "that it is the middle-class people who are having the struggle nowadays. Everybody knows it. Look at the married women who have taken business



"It helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars."

positions to help out their husbands! Nobody thinks the worse of them for it. Isn't my plan for making money in spare time at home, without neglecting you or little Helen, better than taking a position? Why, nobody needs to know a thing about it!"

That fetched Henry, as I was sure it would. He said:

"Well, you've been a 'contrary Mary'—but I guess you're right. Let's see how you do it."

So I took the light, portable Auto Knitter out of the bureau drawer, quickly clamped it to the table, and showed Henry how it worked. I had had enough practice by that time so that I made a pair of socks so quickly that Henry's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"And you say the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "they guarantee to always take every pair I make—at a guaranteed price. And they pay the transportation charges on ten dozen pair or over, besides sending me the yarn to replace the amount used for the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything since the first lot."

Henry was certainly astonished, and when he saw how fascinating the work was he said he had no objection to my continuing it.

The result was that I didn't have to go without any of the things I needed for myself or little Helen last Winter, or the following Spring and Summer. Henry is succeeding much better now, but I still use the Auto Knitter regularly—sometimes making socks to send to Buffalo, sometimes making them to sell to friends who have seen the strong, warm, long-wearing Auto Knitter Hosiery and want some of it.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter will help her to make money at home in spare time. Then I tell her, just as I am telling you, that the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with each of their workers to pay her a liberal guaranteed wage on a piece-work basis. In this contract you are perfectly free—you can work for them as much or as little—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them you get your pay-check—promptly.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me. By all means write to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Dept. 101, 630-632 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y., at once and find out about this pleasant home occupation. Find out what substantial amounts even a part of your spare time will earn for you.

Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company, Inc.
Dept. 101, 630-632 Genesee St.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

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Address.....

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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Radiator Cap Lock

AMETER which fits into the radiator cap and registers the operating temperature of the motor is becoming quite popular. It has likewise become a popular practice for thieves to remove the meters whenever the chance presents itself. Every owner will therefore do well to provide some means for locking the radiator cap. Special caps with locks incorporated may be obtained from almost any accessory house. However, if the owner does not wish to go to this additional expense, a simple means of providing a lock is to screw the cap on tightly then drill and tap a small hole through the cap and radiator filler tube. Place this hole at the back of the cap so that it will not be seen by anyone standing at the front of car. Use a screw without a head which requires a small screw-driver to turn it into the cap and filler tube.



RADIATOR THERMOMETER AND CAP LOCK.

This hint, if followed, will prevent small boys from removing the meter, also provide protection against the average person who would resort to such a practice.

Helpful Pointers

Tire Chains

Although this department has printed articles at different times regarding the proper installation of tire chains, we deem it proper again to warn owners against fitting chains too tightly so that they cannot creep around the tires. If the chains are prevented from creeping, the links will rapidly cut into the rubber bead of the tire. On the other hand, if the chain is allowed to creep, the wear will be distributed over the entire tire and the effect on the rubber will be negligible.

Alcohol Fumes

Owners who are using alcohol in the cooling system of the car must not lose sight of the fact that alcohol when heated releases fumes that are inflammable. When the radiator is boiling over, do not remove the radiator cap and hold a lighted match over the filler tube to determine the amount of water in the system. If you do, the alcohol fumes are very apt to ignite and singe your eyebrows, mustache, etc.

Simple Oil Test

Speeding the motor after it has been allowed to stand for a long period on a cold day is an expensive habit. Many are of the belief that to gain a proper operating temperature the motor should be raced for a few minutes when first starting out. Nothing can be more injurious in most cases. The cold thickens the oil so that it does not circulate properly until the temperature is raised. Therefore, it will be realized that the bearings and cylinders are deprived of proper lubrication and the racing motor is causing excessive wear. To gain some idea of the condition inside the motor on a cold day, pour some cylinder oil in a glass and place it outside for a few hours. Notice that it will not flow as freely as when it was warm. Instead of racing, allow the motor to run idle for a few minutes when first starting. This will allow the oil to raise in temperature and circulate freely without causing damage to the motor.

Connecting Rod Bolt

Many motors have connecting rods of the hinged type, i. e., the cap is hinged on one side and bolted on the other. This type of rod is very successfully used, but due to the strain taken by the bolt it has been the writer's experience that it is good policy to replace the bolt when overhauling the motor. Believing that many owners will undertake the overhauling of their motors during the winter months, this hint is printed as a warning against becoming convinced that the bolts are perfect. Outwardly they may appear to be perfect yet they may be very near the breaking point. When you replace the old bolt it is given a strain which you are unable to determine, and again we warn that for the consideration of the few cents involved in purchasing new bolts it is good insurance against a repair bill of one hundred or more dollars which would be incurred if one of the bolts let go while the motor was being operated. More than one owner has paid a large overhauling bill and then had the misfortune of breaking his crankcase due to a broken connecting-rod bolt. The trouble was due to the repairman removing the bolts and believing them to be perfect has not seen fit to install new bolts. If you have your repairing done outside, never object to the use of new connecting-rod bolts; it is much better to insist that new ones be used.

The Fuse

When the headlights refuse to burn or perhaps the horn does not operate, the owner will often pull at the connections, look for bare wiring or make the different adjustments possible. He has so little bother with fuses he forgets that they are in the electrical system. It will be well to look at the fuse before going to the above trouble as a blown fuse that requires replacing may be the only difficulty.

Answers to Last Month's Quiz

1. Kerosene is a heavy liquid for vaporization. As a matter of fact, unless it obtains heat and plenty of it, there will not be sufficient vaporization for this type of internal-combustion engine. Due to there having been brought forth no absolutely successful device for the heating of the fuel, kerosene has never proved popular for the automobile motor.

2. A low-tension magneto is an instrument which generates current of low voltage of pressure, i. e., it is not of sufficient power to jump the gap at the spark-plug. For this reason it is necessary to use a coil for stepping up the current to a high voltage or pressure. The armature of the magneto contains only a primary winding while the transformer coil has both primary and secondary windings. The high-tension magneto requires no separate transformer coil for the reason that the armature contains both the primary and secondary windings and is therefore capable of stepping the current up to a high pressure without outside aid.

3. Especially during the cold weather considerable gasoline is apt to enter the cylinders in the raw state and not in the form of vapor. This raw gasoline attacks the film of oil on the cylinder walls and gradually thins it to the extent that the oil seal breaks down and then the gasoline commences to work past the pistons and down into the crankcase. Here it mixes with the cylinder oil, soon robbing it of its lubricating qualities, and naturally the bearings and the working parts of the motor suffer. It is a good plan to examine the oil in the crankcase about every 500 miles during the cold weather and drain it off if it is thin or you can detect the odor of gasoline in it. Throw the old oil away and replace it with fresh lubricant. When starting a motor on a cold day you have probably noticed that it will not immediately fire on all cylinders. The cylinders that are not hitting are being subjected to a gasoline bath as above outlined, and one will do well, as before stated, to keep close watch on the condition of the oil.

4. The chances are that the water has frozen in the small tubes or passages which connect the upper and lower tanks of the radiator. Circulation is of course halted and the intense heat soon causes the water in the jackets around the cylinders to boil. The remedy is to thaw out the front of the radiator.

5. There being no breather for the crankcase, or the breather not affording sufficient ventilation, so to speak, enough gasoline has reached the crankcase to form a combustible mixture which was set off by the heat in the cylinders.

Monthly Quiz

1. If you should bridge the terminals of a storage battery with a pair of pliers there would be snapping of sparks yet you would feel no current. Why is it so?

2. A manufacturer will rate his motor at 50 H. P., yet you will pay a tax to the state for only 24 H. P. Why is it so?

3. Your motor misses when running idle and you want to determine if this condition is due to worn intake valve guides. How would you proceed?

4. Your storage tank is full of gasoline and you note the reading of the speedometer when filling the tank and after all the fuel has been exhausted. Is this the proper way to determine the mileage you are receiving to the gallon of gasoline?

5. You are in doubt as to whether or not there is ice in the cooling system of your car. What is the first precaution you would take?

Answers to Correspondents

ENGINE HARD TO START.—I notice your reply to "A. F. B." Farmington, Minn. (November issue). You state that "it makes no difference where it (the Ford) is cranked from, if we could spin it at the same rate it would start one place as well as the other," which of course is correct. But it will start from either end easier if the clutch is in (unless it is a new car), due to the fact that when the bearings become slightly worn it allows the fields to part from the magneto, but the clutch has a tendency to push them back to their place. If "A. F. B." will have his magneto overhauled by a good man for this trouble, he should stop it, or if he is a fair mechanic and can learn the correct distance to set his field from magneto and take up worn part by using washers, etc., and so fix it that it must stay in place, his car will start as well as ever.

Respectfully, W. A. WHEBRY, Newberry, S. C.
A.—It gives me great pleasure to print the foregoing letter from a COMFORT reader in South Carolina. This reader evidently has experienced the same difficulty as "A. F. B.," who wrote me regarding his being able to start his Ford much easier from the rear wheel than by the hand crank. I want to thank this reader for the suggestion and at the same time invite all others who can assist us in solving difficulties to write.

DRY BATTERY TO RUN MOTOR.—Will one-eighth horsepower electric motor run successfully on dry battery? (2) My 1914 model Ford seems to fire too soon. Running in high it jumps as if the valves did not close soon enough. I refaced the valve seats and reground the valves. Is it possible that I ground them too much and that this causes them not to time right?

C. S., Oxford, W. Va.
A. An eighth horsepower electric motor will not operate successfully for the reason that unless a very great number of cells were used you could not obtain the required voltage. (2) Regarding the jumpy action of (2) My 1914 Ford seems to fire too soon. Running in high it jumps as if the valves did not close soon enough. I refaced the valve seats and reground the valves. Is it possible that I ground them too much and that this causes them not to time right?
I know of some owners who use a certain type of shim over the valve tappets and employ shims to take up the play between the tappet and the valve stem. If you are using such a device, it will be well to determine whether the valves are now properly closing. The removal of a shim may be sufficient to obtain the proper clearance. The Ford motor has plenty of clearance between the tappet and valve and, providing you are not using special shims, I doubt whether the recutting of the valve seats would remove sufficient material to take away much of the clearance. It might be well, however, to inspect each valve when closed to determine whether it arrives at a proper seat. If a piece of newspaper can be placed between the tappet and valve stem then you can rest assured that the valve is seating. Recutting seats and refacing valves should alter the timing sufficiently to affect operation. It might be just possible that you did not do a good job of valve grinding or that your seat tool left chatter marks that did not grind out. This condition would result in loss of compression and jerky operation. I of course assume that the operation was satisfactory before recutting the seats and ignition was not affected during the period in which you were doing the work.

Life of cotton duck, used for protecting farm machinery, sacked grain, market fruits, field crops, etc., may be prolonged and the cloth made more serviceable by simple methods of waterproofing and mildew proofing worked out by the United States Department of Agriculture.

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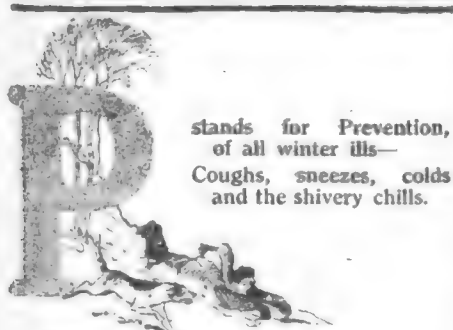
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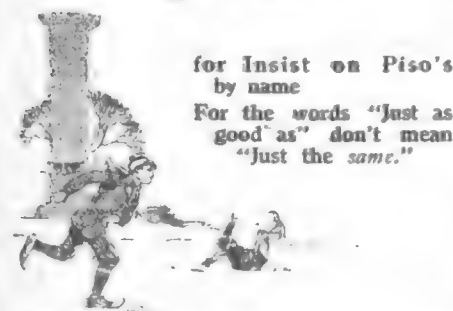
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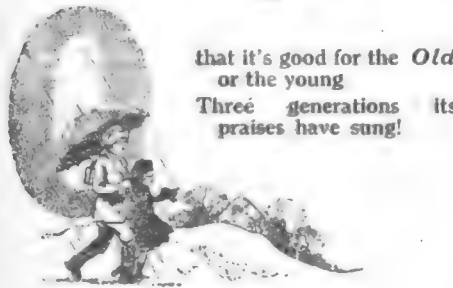
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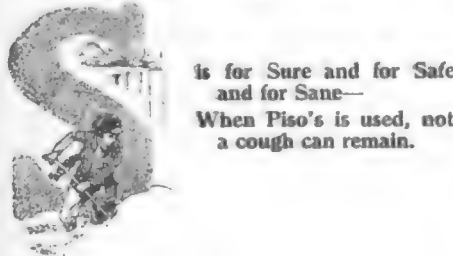
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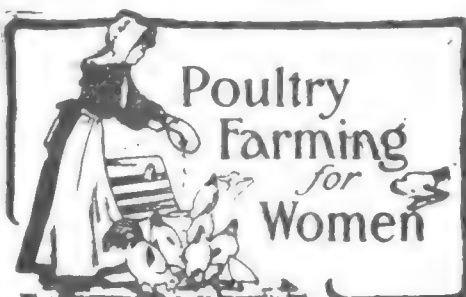
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Getting Ready for the Hatching Season

WITH the coming of the New Year all us poultry people commence to plan for the breeding season. First comes the birds to be used. Of course, we all want to improve the egg production of our future stock, and now is the time to do it.

I have already advised you to get thoroughbred male birds from poultry plants which have made a specialty of grading up their stock for egg production, and now comes the matter of selecting hens to mate with the good cockerels. Few people, except professional breeders, use trap nests, so I am sure most farm wives will be glad of suggestions for reading the visible characteristics and signs of good layers.

One of the most noticeable marks of a heavy producer is the lack of yellow pigment at the end of the laying year. It takes a lot of color material to make egg yolks, and the pullet that starts the year with bright yellow legs and beak will, if a high producer, finish with practically no yellow color. The vent is most easily affected, and loses the yellow color after a very few eggs are produced. The earlobes are next easily affected, and may become quite pale after two or three weeks of heavy production. The earlobe test, of course, applies only to those breeds having white earlobes. The beak is affected next, usually losing its color after about three or four months of heavy production. When a bird stops laying the different parts gradually recover their color in the same order, earlobes first, beak next, and shanks last. Only strong, healthy birds should be considered, as sickness may, in some cases, cause a loss of yellow color. High producers may



WATCHING THE CHICKS COME OUT OF THEIR SHELLS. THIS LITTLE GIRL ATTENDED TO THE INCUBATOR WITH ONLY A LITTLE HELP FROM HER MOTHER. THE HATCH WAS MADE IN A NORTH ROOM, AND THE INCUBATOR CARRIED OUTDOORS FOR PHOTOGRAPH.

be detected by the condition of the plumage at the end of the laying season. Birds do not, as a rule, lay and moult at the same time, although exceptions to this rule may sometimes be found. The birds that stop laying and moult in August or early September should be disposed of, as it appears that birds moulting late usually start laying again just as early in the winter as those that moult early. Trap-nest records show that the birds that lay late and moult last are the birds that started laying first the previous fall. The late moulting birds are the highest producers; those moulting in November or later should be the best for breeding stock.

When selecting breeding stock, the pelvic bones may be used as an indication of present production. The pelvic bones are the two little bones either side of the vent, between which the eggs must pass. If these bones are two, three, or even four fingers apart, we may know that the hen is laying, provided she is not over fat or abnormal in some way. If these bones are widespread, thin and pliable, it indicates a high producer. If these bones are hard and rigid, even though they may be spread and the bird producing at the time, it indicates a low producer.

High-producing hens must have a large capacity in order to allow for well-developed egg producing organs. They must also have a large capacity for food materials and a strong digestive system. As the pullet matures and comes into laying condition, the breastbone is forced forward and downward to make the necessary room in the body cavity. Other things being equal, the capacity may be rated by the distance from the pelvic bones to the rear end of the breastbone. Relative measurements may be obtained by comparing birds of the same breed, as different sized birds would not be comparable.

High-producing individuals invariably show what might be termed as quality, that is, soft, pliable skin over the breastbone and the abdominal cavity, and absence of hard fat. Some over-fat birds may have widespread pelvic bones and show large capacity, but they are entirely lacking in quality, and consequently should be eliminated from the high-producing class.

The activity of a bird is a very good indication of her production. The high producer must have more to eat of everything that a hen requires for production, consequently she is the first down in the morning and the last to roost at night. She will range farther and is always looking for some

thing to eat. The best layer is the best worker every hour in the day.

From the time the breeding stock is selected in the fall, it should receive the very best of care, ever keeping in mind the fact that strong, fertile, hatchable eggs during the breeding season are essential to success. Health, vigor and vitality are necessary, and the winter should be spent in storing reserve energy which may be thrown into the hatching of eggs.

Clean, dry quarters are absolutely necessary for good health. The house should be located where good water and air drainage may be had. Where the soil is suitable, and rats are troublesome, dirt floors are probably the best. On damp land, moisture-proof, cement floors, well covered with soil or sand, are most satisfactory. Small flocks in small houses usually give slightly better results than large flocks.

Fresh air and sunshine are absolutely necessary in every poultry house. They are even more important in the breeding house than in the laying house. The open front, cloth front, or combination of glass and cloth seem to give the best results. In any case, the location of the openings should be such that the sun may reach every part of the house at some time during the day, and provide an abundance of ventilation without drafts in all kinds of weather. Sunshine is the best disinfectant, and fresh air is the best tonic.

Do not crowd breeding stock; allow four square feet of floor space or over to each bird. Allow the breeding stock to run out of doors every day in the year, but make the house so much more comfortable that they will not care to go out in bad weather. Clean litter in the houses, and a sheltered run outside, will encourage exercise.

Feed of the breeding stock need not be so different from that for the laying stock except that the protein in the mash may be reduced, and a larger proportion of the whole grain fed. The ration should be bulky and rather low in beef scrap. The method of feeding is quite as important as the kind of food used. Scatter the grain in clean, dry litter, and keep the mash always before the birds. Use every possible means to encourage the birds to work.

Green food in some form is necessary every day in the year. Mangels are perhaps the most convenient and cheapest form of green feed. Hens will consume during the winter about one ton per one hundred birds. Cabbage or sprouted oats are also very satisfactory. The green food problem may be greatly simplified by using clover hay, or at least a part clover hay for litter. Where clover is home grown, it is not an expensive form of litter, as the hens recover all the food value in the leaves, and the stalks are even better than straw. A fresh grass and clover sod is, of course, the best source of summer green feed.

Sour skim-milk seems to be the most satisfactory single food that we have for poultry of all ages. When fed to breeding stock during the winter, better egg production, higher fertility, higher hatchability and stronger chicks may be expected. Results will warrant paying at least one cent and sometimes two cents per quart for the breeding stock.

The whole object in caring for the breeding stock during the winter is the production of strong, healthy chicks. Remove from the breeding pen any chicks that show signs of weakness or sickness during the winter. The campaign for the eradication of bacillary white diarrhea by means of the agglutination test has proved beyond doubt that all breeding stock should be tested and all reacting individuals removed. This is the only means by which any breeder can be



sure that his stock can be free from disease. Quality in hatching eggs is more important than quantity. Quality in eggs means more and better chicks with much less expense in labor and equipment.

The one desire in incubation is the production of strong, viable chicks; that is, chicks strong enough to stand outdoor life rather than weak chicks that will require constant attention. Failures in incubation are due to poor eggs more often than to poor incubators, although the incubator usually gets the blame.

Even though the breeding birds may have been carefully selected, there will be always some eggs produced that are unfit for incubation. If possible, select only eggs that weigh about twenty-six ounces to the dozen. The extra large eggs are as undesirable as the extra small ones. Select eggs with strong shells, free from ridges or uniform color and shape.

Hatching eggs should be collected at least twice each day. They may be injured by cold weather in winter or broody hens in summer. They are also apt to get soiled or broken in the nest. An ample supply of good nesting material and some kind of nesting or padding in the basket or pail used in collecting eggs is desirable.

Eggs saved for hatching may be packed in cases and held at a temperature of about fifty to fifty-five degrees. If eggs are held more than four or five days, it would be well to turn the cases over each day or two. Where eggs are held more than ten days or two weeks, poor hatches and weak chicks are usually the result.

An incubator usually gives best results when operated in a cellar or basement. This is usually due to the fact that a uniform temperature and a moist atmosphere may be more easily maintained. Where an incubator is operated in a very dry atmosphere, it is advisable to add moisture either by using a moisture pan under the egg tray, or by sprinkling the eggs. The room where an incubator is operated should be well ventilated.

After the lamp is lighted and the machine heated to 102½ degrees, the top or regulating nut on the connecting rod, immediately above the regulator arm, is screwed until the disk is raised one-fourth of an inch above the chimney—such an adjustment being considered by manufacturers

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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64 BREEDS Most Profitable Chickens, Ducks, Turkeys and Geese. Choice, pure-bred, northern raised. Fowls, eggs, incubators at reduced prices. America's great poultry farm. 29th year. Valuable new 100-page book & catalog free. **R. F. NEUBERT Co., Box 111, Nashua, N.H.**

Gold Bracelet

Adjustable—Guaranteed For Ten Years

THIS style of Bracelet has always been a great favorite because it is adjustable. It can be made to fit the arm of either woman or growing child. It is made of rolled gold, absolutely guaranteed for ten years, is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. It positively will not tarnish or change color as do the cheap bracelets, but being genuine rolled gold, it will always retain its bright, handsome appearance.

By purchasing these Bracelets in large quantities, direct from the factory, we are enabled to offer it for a ridiculously small club of subscriptions. Just read our free offer.

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Comfort's Home Lawyer

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

M. E., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the man from whom you purchased your property could not thereafter convey good title to any part of the land he sold you, and that the title of the subsequent purchasers of property from the same tract could only hold title to such portion of the land as had not been previously conveyed by the man who formerly owned the whole tract.

Mrs. E. O. H., Arkansas.—Under the laws of Indiana, we think that it is necessary for a mortgage to be recorded, in order to make it a valid lien upon the mortgaged premises as against the claim of an innocent purchaser of the property who has no notice of the existence of such mortgage. (2) We do not think it is necessary to commence foreclosure of a mortgage upon its due date, but we do think the mortgagee has a legal right, if he so elects, to commence foreclosure as soon as there is a default in the payments under the same. (3) We think it will be necessary for you to have the deed you mention examined in order to determine your rights thereunder.

F. A. S., Arkansas.—If the will contest you mention was not settled out of court, we think you should be able to determine the disposition of the matter from the court records in the county of the state where the case was tried.

L. C. L., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and two children as the only heirs-at-law and next of kin, his widow would receive one-third of both the real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to his two children. (2) Under the laws of Pennsylvania, we do not think a married man has any legal right to beat or abuse his wife.

Miss L. L., North Dakota.—We do not think marriages between second cousins are prohibited by the laws of any of the states of the United States.

Mrs. E. M., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a widow or widower is endowed with an estate for life in one-third of all the real property of which the deceased consort was seized as an estate of inheritance at any time during the marriage, unless the same be released; and this right of dower cannot be defeated by will. (2) We think it important that wills be legally drawn and executed, and we think it safer to have the same drawn by some one who has knowledge of the law relating to wills.

SAM, Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that only your mother's share of your father's estate can be disposed of by your mother; we think she can dispose of her own property in any manner she may see fit, but that she cannot transfer the property belonging to the other parties interested in your father's estate.

Mrs. J. E. H., Pennsylvania.—We do not think the validity of your daughter's marriage is affected by reason of being married in another state, nor by reason of her false statement of her age at the time of procuring the marriage license.

G. L. DeC., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your recording officer is entitled to make a charge for furnishing you with a certified copy of the records.

Mrs. H. E. W., Kansas.—We do not think you could succeed in an action brought to set aside a deed upon the grounds that you executed the same during minority, if you have allowed nineteen years to elapse since you came of age.

L. E. M., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against an action for damages for slanderous words spoken, written or printed within one year; we think the statute of limitations runs against action on proceedings based upon the other cause you mention, depending upon the nature of the action or proceeding brought against the guilty party.

Miss A. J., New Jersey.—We think the laws of both New Jersey and Pennsylvania provide for the payment of so-called inheritance taxes on the transfer of estate property in cases where the amount involved exceeds the exemptions.

Mrs. T. J. B., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that illegitimate children legally bear their mother's name.

H. E. S., Missouri.—We do not think the same property could be legally assessed as belonging to two different owners at the same time; we think you should appeal from the assessment.

J. S., Texas.—We think that if your land is properly posted against trespassers, any person who trespasses thereon would be liable to prosecution for doing so.

R. M., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving a surviving widow and children, such widow would be entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and one-third of the personal estate absolutely; we think the dower claim is a preferred one, and superior to that of a creditor, provided such widow has not released her dower right in the property; we think that instead of the dower the widow can elect to take a child's part in the estate, in which event she takes a fee-simple estate in the realty; we think such an election must be made within twelve months from the probate of the will or granting of letters of administration; we think acceptance by the widow of the terms of a will would bar her from such intestacy rights in the estate, except as to such rights in real estate not disposed of by the will. (2) We think that children born to parents who are never married are illegitimate, and legally take the mother's name.

Mrs. A. G., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the landlord you mention is not entitled to possession of his real estate during the term of the existing lease of the same, unless the tenant makes default in the terms or conditions of such lease.

Mrs. M. J. S., Florida.—We do not think you can now recover any portion of the property, formerly belonging to your mother, sold through a court proceeding forty years ago.

E. P., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child, his widow would receive an exemption of \$750 from the personal estate, and in addition thereto one-half of the surplus of the personal estate, and dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate.

T. J. H., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, his widow would be entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate and one-third of the personal estate absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to the children; we think that such property as has been advanced to any of the children during the lifetime of the decedent should be charged against such child's share in the estate, provided it can be shown by the proper evidence that such property was turned over to such child or children by the decedent as an advancement from his estate.

M. C. O., Tennessee.—We do not think your husband could contract a valid marriage with another woman, during your lifetime, unless he was divorced from you; we think such a marriage was a bigamous and criminal marriage, and would not invalidate your rights to a pension under the Federal law providing pensions for soldiers' widows in case of his death.

Mrs. A. E., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state,

we are of the opinion that a husband or wife may renounce any devise under the will of the other, and take, if there be children, dower in the real estate and one-third of the personal estate, or, if no children, one-half of both real and personal estate absolutely.

Mrs. P. G., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband cannot be held liable for the payment of his wife's debts contracted before marriage.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

liable information regarding commercial supplies, movements, prices, and general market conditions. Now that reports are issued regularly to cover these points by the Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates, and with all signs pointing toward the universal adoption of uniform grades for wool, losses due to errors in judgment or lack of information on the part of the growers may more easily be avoided.

The following suggestions are offered by the department as a guide to sheepmen, covering the correct preparation of fleeces for market. Preserve them carefully for use at shearing time.

1. Shear sheep when the wool is absolutely dry; never shear when it is moist or damp.
2. Shear sheep only on a smooth, dry surface, preferably a smooth board floor. Never shear on a dirt floor or outside where dust blows.
3. Keep fleeces intact; avoid second cuts, which reduce average length of staple.
4. Clip all tags from fleeces and pack them separately. Never leave them attached to fleeces; they reduce grade.
5. Roll or pack fleeces with flesh side out; never with weather side exposed.
6. Fold, roll, or use fleeces box for preparing fleeces.
7. Tie each fleece separately. Never tie two fleeces together, nor pack and market untied wool.
8. Use only enough twine to tie fleeces securely.
9. Use paper twine or twine with a hard glazed surface. Avoid sisal or blunder twine, which fray off and damage wool.
10. Protect fleeces from chaff, hay, dust, twigs, or other foreign matter.
11. Place fleeces in regulation wool sacks or cover them with canvas or new burlap. Comply with your local market requirements in this important detail.
12. Store wool in a clean, dry place until sold. Never permit wool bags to lie upon the ground. Do not store them in the cellar.

13. Pack white and black wool separately; never mix the two.

14. Separate the burry, seedy, cotted, dead, black, and gray fleeces from the clean, white, well-grown wool and pack separately. To pack them all together lowers value of the mixed lot.

Beef from Velvet Beans

A steer fattening experiment recently completed in Mississippi by the U. S. Department of Agriculture shows that velvet beans are well adapted for use in making beef. With this crop becoming more and more popular in the South each year because of the high yields produced, the results of this experiment will be well received.

Feeding mixtures of velvet beans dry with silage and cottonseed were compared with combinations of silage and dry velvet beans, and silage and soaked velvet beans. The mixture of silage and soaked velvet beans resulted in the most economical and profitable production of beef, while the mixture of silage, dry velvet beans and cottonseed meal proved to be more satisfactory than the mixture of silage and dry velvet beans.

Feeding experts who have analyzed the results of the experiment believe that with velvet beans becoming more common annually in the Southern States, and with the soaked beans easily available to combine with the silage as a beef feed, we may look for a considerable increase in the finished beef output from these regions.

Telling Age of Sheep

The age of sheep is highly important from the buyer's standpoint, and unless he can tell the age by looking at the teeth there is great chance of a mistake. Here is a brief statement of the condition of sheep's teeth at different ages which will serve as a handy reference.

Lambs have a full set of baby or "milk" teeth very soon after birth, consisting of four pairs of incisors all in the lower jaw. At from 12 to 14 months two permanent teeth appear in the center; at from 22 to 24 months another tooth appears on either side of the center pair; a third pair appears at 34 to 36 months; the final or last pair comes in at 46 to 48 months. When the fourth pair has come in a sheep is said to have a "full mouth."

From this point on it is more difficult to judge the age of sheep. An experienced sheep judge or buyer can make a close guess by examining the extent to which the incisors have spread and worn, for as a sheep grows older the teeth gradually wear shorter and shorter and seem to spread. Still later, teeth are lost; in this condition a

sheep is said to have a "broken mouth," and is known to have passed its prime. Since grazing is hampered by the absence of a full set of front teeth, such sheep should be avoided. This is especially important for the farmer who buys Western sheepmen turn off ewes having broken mouths because they cannot graze well and profitably. Therefore any shipment of Western ewes will be likely to contain several broken-mouthed ewes. Unless the feeder is aware of the danger he is quite likely to find that his purchases will not perform well on account of lost teeth. An old and successful sheep feeder who has devoted most of his life to the business says, "Always buy your sheep with their mouths open." It is good advice.

New Things in Agriculture

"Kanred," a New Wheat

"Kanred" winter wheat is a new bearded variety especially adapted to large sections of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and South Dakota, where it should replace Turkey Red, Kharkof and other winter varieties now popular," says Circular 194 just issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

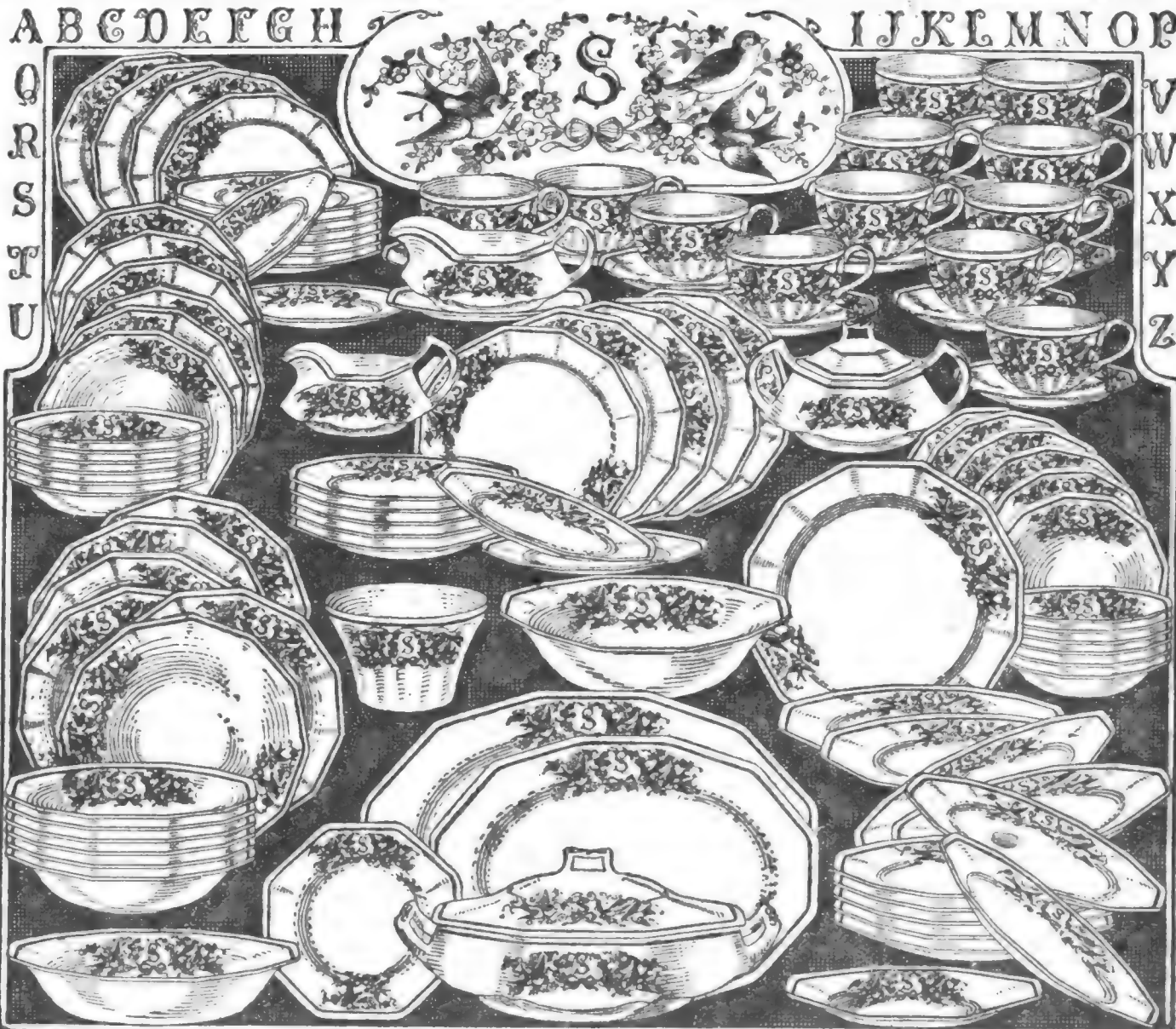
Kanred is highly resistant to prevalent forms of stem and leaf rust, is less liable to winter killing than Turkey or Kharkof, and matures somewhat earlier than these varieties. It outyields the hard winter wheat varieties now popular in the winter wheat section by from three to five bushels per acre, another point in its favor.

The new variety was developed from a single head of Crimean wheat selected at the Kansas Experiment Station some ten years ago. From this source it is estimated that 2,000,000 acres were harvested in 1921. Kanred is a hard red winter wheat resembling Turkey. It is bearded and has white hairless chaff. The increased yields it has made, and its highly rust resistant quality, explain its growing popularity.

In milling and baking tests Kanred has compared favorably with other hard winter varieties. Pure seed is highly important. The new variety closely resembles others in appearance; for this reason, certification of seed has been found essential. This is done through the Kansas Crop Association in co-operation with the Kansas Agricultural Experiment Station.

An Oat Hull Remover

A machine has recently been placed on the market which removes oat or barley hulls from the grain. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



110-Piece Dinner Set Superb Bluebird Monogram Design

\$1.00 Down
A Complete Service for 12 People

This splendid set consists of:

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 12 dinner plates, 9 in. | 1 gravy boat stand. |
| 12 breakfast plates, 7 in. | 1 covered vegetable dish, (2 pieces). |
| 12 coupe soups, 7 1/2 in. | 1 oval open vegetable dish, 8 1/2 in. |
| 12 fruit saucers, 5 1/2 in. | 1 round vegetable dish, 8 1/2 in. |
| 12 cups | 1 bowl, 1 pint. |
| 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 in. | 1 sugar bowl and cover, 2 pieces. |
| 12 bread and butter plates, 6 in. | 1 cream pitcher. |
| 1 platter, 11 1/2 in. | 1 pickle dish. |
| 1 platter, 13 1/2 in. | 1 butter dish, 7 1/2 in. |
| 1 gravy boat. | |

This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight packed, about 100 pounds.

Order by No. C6702A. Send \$1.00 with order. \$2.70 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, \$29.90. No C. O. D. No discount for cash.

A wonderful, exclusive bargain for Straus & Schram customers. A dinner set which combines the exquisite Bluebird design, that emblem of happiness, with the distinctive monogram, all woven together with a harmonious floral pattern in pink, green and lavender. Lovely blue border on each piece. Popular Colonial shape. Each piece is fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to crack or craze. That splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay before firing and gives that indestructible, snow-white glaze.

Your Initial on Every Piece FREE

Yes, we will furnish you this set with your choice of any initial in the distinctive shaded Furman letter on every one of the 110 pieces—and no extra charge! This wonderful dinner set is yours for only \$1.00 down and \$2.70 a month; \$29.90 in all. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE! This set is guaranteed first quality, standard pattern. Replacements may be secured from us for three years.

30 Days Trial

Just \$1 with the coupon brings you this set for 30 days use in your own home. Our guarantee protects you. If not satisfied after 30 days, return the set at our expense and we will refund your \$1, plus any freight or express charges you paid.

Easy Payments

of Rock-bottom prices on small monthly payments. Almost a year to pay! We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D. Easy terms on everything in our bargain catalog.

Cut Price—Send Now

Rock bottom prices now. Lowest since before the war. So send coupon at once with only \$1 and we will ship this complete 110-Piece Bluebird Monogram Dinner Set at once to you on 30 days trial. Money refunded if not satisfied.

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Show thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, talking machines, porch and lawn furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send coupon today.

Dept. 3041

Straus & Schram, W. 35th St., Chicago

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3041 W. 35th St., Chicago

Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised 110-Piece Bluebird Monogram Dinner Set, No. C6702A. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the set I will pay \$2.70 monthly, \$29.90 in all. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any express charges I paid.

State Initial desired. (One letter only).....

Name.....

Street, R. F. D. or Box No.

Shipping Point.....

Post Office.....

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Sloan's Liniment
Splendid for every sort of external ache and pain, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, stiff joints and sore muscles, sprains and strains, and the after effects of weather exposure.

Sloan's penetrates without rubbing. At all druggists, 50c, 70c, \$1.40.

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Pain's enemy

We pay \$8 a Day
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Odorless
No smoke

Easy to get orders on account of high price and scarcity of coal. Work spare time or full time. Write for sample.

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Here's an opportunity to earn big money—\$6 to \$12 a day, with easy work, all your time or spare time and obtain a Ford Automobile free besides. A straightforward from the shoulder business proposition. No voting or guessing contest. We want wide-awake men and women to introduce into every home our famous ZANOL Pure Food Products, Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors in tubes, Toilet Preparations, Perfumes and Soaps; 250 other light weight household necessities. **MAKE \$50 A WEEK EASY.** No experience necessary—we teach you how, give you the right start and help you make a success. Absolutely no limit to your earning power. We can use only a certain number of General Agents so get in touch with us at once. We furnish our representatives with a free automobile. Just send postal for parties here and money making offer. **AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO., 550 Oliver Bldg., Cincinnati, O.**

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Selling Large products direct from wagon to home. Old established house with a big line of tea, coffee, spices, extracts, medicines, toilet preparations, stock remedies and pure food specialties. Sales better every trip. You furnish horse or auto, we supply wagon on easy terms. Our contract beats all others 3 ways. Let us tell you how. 200 more men wanted at once. Write today. **THE LANGE CO., Box A, De Pere, Wisconsin**

150 EGG CHICK
Incubator and Brooder made of California Redwood, Incubator covered with asbestos and galvanized iron, triple walls, nursery, copper tanks in incubator and brooder, 30 days trial—money back if not O. K. **260 EGG INCUBATOR AND BROODER \$29.75**
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Mankato Incubator Direct to user. Made by experts of 25 years at lowest price. Has triple walls, best material, hot water, copper tank, large oil tank—no heating system, safe, simple, set up ready to use. The book and catalog free. **Mankato Incubator Co., Box 70, Mankato, Minn.**

62 BREEDS High class, profitable pure-bred, hardy chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at reduced prices. At 25 years Large new valuable Poultry book and catalog free. **F. A. NEUBERT, Box 342 Mankato, Minn.**

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We pay \$7.00 to \$18.50 and up a pair and express charges. Big Profits. We furnish guaranteed high grade stock and buy all you raise. Use back yard, barn, cellar, attic. Contract and illustrated Catalog Free. **STANDARD FOOD & FUR ASSN., 405 A Broadway, New York**

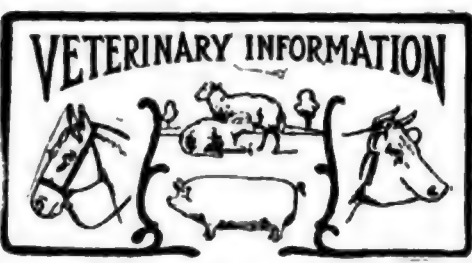
55 EGGS FROM 57 HENS were received by Mr. C. E. Graham after feeding ARROW EGG TABLETS. They will double your egg supply and prevent cholera. Don't send a cent! Cut out this ad., and mail to me, giving your name and address, and we will send you two \$1.00 boxes ARROW EGG TABLETS. When they arrive, pay the postman \$1.00 for one box, the other is yours free of charge. Baby chicks given free until Mar. 1st, to users of Arrow Egg Tablets. Full information mailed with your order. Write today. **ARROW CHEMICAL CO., Rocky Ridge, Maryland.**

Egg Tonic FREE
Write for FREE sample of old reliable Make-em-Lay Egg Tonic in powdered form. Start them laying at once. Let me prove it FREE. Send no money. **ALLEN E. WOODALL, Poultry Remedy Expert, 2160 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.**

130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Freight Paid East of Rock. Both \$17.75. Made of California Redwood, triple walls, hot water, double walls, copper tank, best construction. **Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 20, Racine, Wis.**

BABY CHICKS All leading breeds. Pure bred. Lowest prices. Place order now for 1922. Live delivery guaranteed in U. S. Price List Free. **BOWLES HATCHERY CO., Box 5, INDEPENDENCE, MO.**

Sales Agents wanted in every county to give old spare time. Positions worth \$150 to \$1,000 yearly. We train the inexperienced. **Revelly Cattery Co., 75 E. 1st St., Canton, Ohio**



VETERINARY INFORMATION
Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

New Facts About Cholera

VETERINARIANS have been worried and owners of swine disappointed ever since vaccination as a preventive of hog cholera came into vogue because the results from the use of virus and serum have been irregular and in some instances apparently injurious. In seeking to explain and offset the contradictory results of vaccination and illness that often has lingered after its application, veterinarians and research workers in the laboratories of the experiment stations and firms manufacturing biologic preparations have blamed a "mixed infection" for the trouble and have supplied a biologic for the prevention and cure of that somewhat mythical ailment. Hemorrhagic septicemia has also been thought responsible and vaccination against that as well as cholera has been practiced. In some cases, too, disastrous sickness following vaccination has been attributed to putrid changes in the serum, and one unfortunate veterinarian was sued by the owner of a herd of hogs that died after vaccination and had to pay for the animals, as it was proved that he had not been cleanly in his application of the treatment. Dr. Robert Graham, animal pathologist of the Illinois Experiment Station, now states as the result of extensive research work that the presence of *Bacillus botulinus*, type A, has been found related to 90 per cent. of the outbreaks of disease following vaccination and has frequently been encountered in the surface soil of many of the infected premises. Dr. Graham has also found that the bacillus mentioned was present in some 16 per cent. of the samples of virus and serum he purchased in the open market. Bacterins against hemorrhagic septicemia proved worthless and even detrimental when used to offset so-called "breaks" following vaccination. The outcome of the experiments of this scientist is that he advises simultaneous use of serum, virus and botulinus antitoxin for the immunization of hogs against cholera and prevention of the injurious after effects to which we have referred. Botulinus antitoxin is now on the market and certainly should be employed by veterinarians in the way suggested.

MAMMITS.—I have a cow that freshened a year ago last April. In four months she went dry in her left front udder. She is fresh again but that part of the udder does not give as much milk as the rest. Can you tell me the reason and what to do to make the flow of milk increase? (2) She has had two attacks of meningitis of the brain. What can I do to prevent it? **Mrs. L. B. C.**

A.—Mammitis (garget) has affected the quarter of the udder and it will not be likely to regain its full function. Indeed, the attacks may recur until the quarter eventually is ruined for milk production. Some improvement may result if you strip that quarter clean three or four times daily; massage it thoroughly each time and each evening rub in a mixture of 1 part each of turpentine and fluid extract of poke root and 4 parts of melted lard. (2) You should have described the symptoms. True cerebro spinal meningitis, often called "forage poisoning," usually proves fatal. A preventive serum has been prepared by Dr. Robert Graham of the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station. Have your veterinarian apply to him for a bulletin about the treatment for "botulism."

HIGH RINGBONE.—I have a pony ten years old that has a solid lump or growth on her left hind ankle. It has some movement and only bothers when trotting. She wears off the toe by hitting it on the ground. If the growth cannot be taken off, can the ankle be made free in action? **R. E. H.**

A.—We suspect that a high ringbone is present in this case and if so it may eventually unite the bones of the joint and do away with motion. If it is a callous growth instead of a bony one, there is some possibility that persistent use of a proprietary reducing preparation, which you can buy at a drug store, may relieve the stiffness. It would be better, however, to have a qualified veterinarian make an examination, as he may decide that line or point fring and blistering should be done.

SHRINK IN MILK: THIEFLESS PIGS.—Can you tell me what caused my cow to shrink in milking? She freshened last March and gave four and one-half gallons of milk at a milking and now only one-half gallon. (2) I bought some young pigs ten months ago and they are not doing as they ought—they do not look more than five or six months old. I feed them corn and clover. What is good for them? **J. W. S.**

A.—This cow should be carefully watched as she may be robbing her own dairy or being milked by another cow, calf or pig, or by campers or other people. If such does not prove to be the case, give her a pound dose of Epsom salt in three pints of warm water well sweetened with molasses and afterwards feed roots or silage and bran and oilmeal to regulate the bowels. If possible, feed well on clover or alfalfa hay and allow ground oats or barley and corn meal in addition to bran and oilmeal. Apply to the State Agricultural Experiment Station for bulletins on cow feeding and management and feeding of swine. (2) The pigs are probably infested with worms. Withhold feed for 24 hours, then give a little slop or water, for each 50 pounds of body weight of pig, 2½ grains each of sanantonin and calomel, 1 dram of powdered arsenic and ½ dram of bicarbonate of soda. Repeat the dose in 10 days.

INDIGESTION.—Can you tell me what causes my cow to have dumpy spells and not eat her food and throw up her food and hay, and then in a week or so she gets all right? She will freshen next month. Is there a remedy? **Mrs. J. M. S.**

A.—Indigestion, no doubt, causes the attacks described. Sometimes they are incidental to pregnancy and cease after calving. If you have not done so, the cow should be "dried off" at once. Have her take outdoor exercise daily. Feed good clover or alfalfa hay, roots or a little sound corn silage and enough bran and flaxseed meal to keep her bowels active. Do not feed corn or any constipating feed. If another attack occurs, give her a pound dose of Epsom salt in three pints of warm water well sweetened with molasses. Afterwards, if necessary, mix in the food twice daily a tablespoonful of a mixture of two parts of powdered wood charcoal and one part each of bicarbonate of soda and powdered ginger root and nut vomica.

INDIGESTION.—I have a five-year-old mare, and about two months ago she began to lose in flesh and her hair seems to stand out, does not lie down. I have been feeding her grass instead of hay until a month ago. I am not doing any heavy work with her. **J. W. S.**

A.—The mare apparently is suffering from indigestion. Have her teeth put in order. Then feed good mixed clover and timothy hay and a mixture of whole or crushed oats and one-fourth part of wheat bran, by weight. Allow one pound of hay and one pound of the grain mixture in three feeds, as a day's ration. Add a few ears of hard corn at noon in cold weather. Bed with sawdust or shavings if she eats her bedding. Have her work or take outdoor exercise every day. Carrots would be good for her. Also allow free access to rock salt.

TICK FEVER.—Will you describe how tick fever works on cows? I lost a fine Jersey cow, some say from tick fever. I have taken COMFORT for years and would not be without it. **G.**

Amaze Your Friends— Learn Music Quickly At Home

Through This Wonderful New Method You Can Now Learn To Play Your Favorite Instrument in a Few Short Months. Entire Cost Averages a Few Cents a Lesson

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This is the question that thousands of my students have been asked and are being asked daily. With my wonderful easy print and picture lessons for beginners, their progress has been nothing short of astonishing.

Even if you don't know the first thing about music, don't know one note from another—with this new method you can easily and quickly learn to sing or to play your favorite musical instrument. And all in your spare time at home—without a teacher!

To those not acquainted with my system this may sound like a pretty strong statement. Yet I stand ready to back up every word of it.

I have taught music to over 250,000 men, women, and children in all parts of the world. Just think!—over a quarter of a million graduates. Their thousands of grateful letters to me are more convincing than anything I could say of the true merit of my system.

But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what others say or I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—without risking a single penny. I want you to judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason whatever you are not satisfied with the course or what you can learn from it—then it won't cost you a cent, as outlined in our guarantee.

My method removes all the discouraging drawbacks and entangling hindrances of the old way of learning music. There is no need of joining a class, pinning yourself down to certain hours of practice, paying a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher.

LEARN TO PLAY
Piano Organ Violin Drums and Hawaiian Traps Banjo Tenor Banjo Harp Mandolin Clarinet Flute Automatic Saxophone Finger Control Harmony & Composition Voice & Speech Culture

All these obstacles have been eliminated entirely. In their place are delightfully clear, easy and interesting lessons which make every step as simple as A, B, C. You take lessons in the privacy of your own home with no strangers around to embarrass you. Practice whenever it is most convenient for you.

A.—Tick or Texas fever is indicated by high fever, loss of appetite, suppression of cud-chewing, weakness, emaciation and a bloody condition of the udder. There is no successful medicinal treatment. The infection is communicated by cattle ticks and if they can be kept off attacks will not occur. Cattle should therefore be dipped frequently, their legs and bellies also kept smeared with crude (Beaumont) oil and a rotation of pasture followed to starve out the ticks. Cattle may also be vaccinated against the disease. Apply to the State Agricultural Experiment Station in hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve. Then dry gently and swab the sores with a saturated solution of permanganate of potash. If any sore is tardy in healing, apply strong iodine ointment twice daily.

NERVOUS HORSE.—I have a horse that keeps in good appetite and appears to be in good health, but stays thin. He kicks and paws all night. He balks sometimes and will not go. Is there a remedy? **N. D.**

A.—The horse naturally is nervous and as that is temperamental it is unlikely that he can be much helped by treatment. Allow him a box-stall when in the stable or turn him loose in a shed at night. As pinworms in the rectum may be causing the kicking, give him a pint of raw linseed oil carefully, by way of the mouth, as one dose. When it has acted, inject into the rectum two-thirds of a pintful of lukewarm water containing two ounces of sulphate of iron (copperas). It would also be well to have his teeth put in order by a veterinarian. Feed well on oats, bran, ear corn and good mixed clover and timothy hay.

SORE FEET.—I have a young heifer that was probably footed last winter and the top of each hoof is very sore. All remedies have failed to help. **S. E. S.**

A.—Perfectly cleanse the affected parts and cut away any parts of the hoof that may be loose or rotten. Then bathe them thoroughly, once, with hot water containing two ounces of powdered bluestone (sulphate of copper). Afterwards apply two or three times daily a lotion composed of one ounce of acetate of lead, six drams of sulphate of zinc and one pint of soft water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake it well before using.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

and expert operators as most desirable for incubation. The machine once being "set" for this degree of temperature, any excess of heat causes the thermostat to expand, which makes it press on the lower nut of the connecting rod, so instituting a tension that influences the regulator arm at the point of balance, raising the disk over the lamp chimney in sympathetic conjunction with the thermostat. Reverse the condition to a drying lamp and a sudden cold wave, and of course the thermostat contracts, and general release of pressure allows the regulator arm to resume a normal balance, which permits the disk to lie closely down on the chimney. It will be readily conceded that on a correct adjustment of the machine before the start, depends the operator's peace of mind and subsequent success.

After the incubator has been properly located, fill the lamp, light and hang in place, using only a moderate flame at first. Leave all the ventilators open for a few hours, to thoroughly air the machine; then close and adjust the regulator so that an even temperature of 102½ degrees, with the disk one-fourth of an inch above the lamp chimney, is steadily maintained for twelve hours before setting the eggs. Patience and scrupulous exactness at first will save accident and loss later.

So easy is my method that children only 10 to 12 years old have quickly become accomplished singers or players as well as men and women 50 to 60 years old—including many who have never before taken a lesson.

And my lessons are just as thorough as they are easy—no "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note.

Think of the pleasure and happiness you can add to your own daily life once you know how to play! Think of the popularity you can gain—for players and singers are always in demand at social gatherings of every kind.

Thousands of our students now play in orchestras, at dances, etc. Many have orchestras of their own. Why can't you do the same?

Special Offer

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my method? It shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now before this special offer is withdrawn. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a post-card.

U. S. School of Music, 41 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Mr. David F. Kemp, U. S. School of Music, 41 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

on (Name of Instrument or course)

Name Please Write Plainly

Address

City..... State.....

Money in Poultry Start small, get big. Big profits from winter eggs, keep healthy fowls, raise prize winners. Our stock pays best, low prices on leading varieties. Big Free Book tells how. **Crescent Poultry Co., Box 2, Des Moines, Iowa**

BABY CHICKS Superlative Quality, 12 cents each and up. 37 leading breeds. Satisfaction Guaranteed. **Catalog Free, Springfield Hatcheries, Box E, Springfield, Ohio**

Hundred Hounds. Cheap. C. O. D. Trial. Photos, Beck's Kennels, Herrick, Ill's.

WRIST WATCH REALLY GIVEN This up-to-date, set, popular time, guaranteed time piece, a fine ring actually given for setting only 24 hrs. Elastic strap. Famous watch dialing at 10c or 24c. 15 day trial. Particulars at 10c. Order Choke. **Box 12, for Diamond and easy to sell. CHICAGO BLUEING WORKS, 1229 Randolph Ave., Dept. 301, CHICAGO**

FREE Military flash air rifle. Set 8. Box 8. **Box 8, for Diamond and easy to sell. U. S. Supply Co., Box 27, Greenville, Pa.**

When the cold trays and eggs are first put in, the temperature will run down, but do not turn up the lamp or alter the regulators. As the eggs gradually become warm, the heat will creep up again. After the first day, the trays must be shaken out every night and morning, and then turned and allowed to cool to ninety degrees. The time allowed for the process must be regulated by the temperature of the room; if very cold, five minutes will be enough; if moderate, twenty or thirty will be needed. They must not be allowed to chill, but the more airing they get under that point the stronger the chickens when hatched. The eggs should be tested on the seventh and fifteenth days. This is best done by a block tin device sold by all incubator companies.

The guide which is most reliable in determining the progress of the hatch is the development of the air cell. This is a little space in the large end of the egg which is visible at testing time, and should continue to grow larger and larger until about the nineteenth day, when it occupies about one-fifth of the egg. Unless this air cell is developed correctly by the nineteenth day, the chick cannot turn itself in the cell, and hence sticks fast and dies. The development of this air cell is the vital point to be considered in obtaining a first-class hatch. If it develops slowly, which is usually the case, give the machine and eggs all the air you can. This can be done by opening the slides in the ventilators full width and cooling the eggs as long as possible each day. The cooling is best accomplished by placing the trays of eggs on top of the machine (closing the doors meanwhile) and leaving them there until the thermometer drops to about eighty degrees.

After the morning of the twentieth day do not open the incubator until the hatch is over, or until late on the twenty-second day, and do not get nervous if the temperature runs to 104 or even to 105; it is caused by the animal heat of the chicks, and will do them no harm. Turning down the lamp slightly will of course reduce the heat, but be very careful not to let it run below 103 during the last twenty-four hours. Low temperature protracts the hatch, weakens the chickens, and makes them susceptible to all sorts of ailments.

As the amount of moisture in the egg chamber is as important as the heat, I think it is advisable for every beginner to buy and use a hygrometer. They cost only about \$1.50, register the moisture just as plainly as a thermometer does heat, and are just as easy to read.

During the first week, the hygrometer should register 75 degrees; the thermometer, 102½.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

Ladies Wrist Watch

With Silk Ribbon
Bracelet



For A
Club Of
Only Ten

WE have long searched the market for a suitable wrist watch for our girl readers and at last we have found it.

The above illustration really fails to do the watch justice. We know you will instantly fall in love with it. It is the popular octagon shape, only 5-18 of an inch thick and one inch in diameter. It has a high-grade jeweled Swiss movement and will keep accurate time. The dial is pure white with Arabic numerals. The bracelet is made of the finest black silk ribbon with a genuine rolled-gold catch and slide.

If you want a dainty, stylish, up-to-date wrist watch that you will be proud to show your friends, here is your opportunity to secure one absolutely free. You can easily secure the small club mentioned below and as soon as you have done so this beautiful wrist watch is yours without one cent of cost.

Given To You! For a club of only ten subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fine wrist watch with ribbon bracelet exactly as described above, absolutely free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 75118.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



5 Rose Bushes

THIS year we are giving our readers five splendid varieties of Hardy Ever-blooming Roses. They are the "Alexander Hill Gray," a deep golden yellow, "Columbia," a beautiful deep pink, "Lady Gray," a light pink rambler, "Eugene E. Marlitt," a magnificent bright red giant, and "Bessie Brown," a white and pink beauty. Each bush is one year old and in a growing condition when delivered to you.

No matter where you live, our grower will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You will receive them packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If, for any reason, they do not, please prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you free of all cost. We will give you these five beautiful rose bushes upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the above described five rose bushes free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8861.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



54 Inch Rope of Pearls

Reward No. 9882

For A Club
Of Two!

THE dream of every woman and girl is to possess her own necklace of gleaming, iridescent pearls. There's a wonderful fascination about them—a beauty that appeals to every feminine heart.

Now your dream can come true—for we are giving away this handsome, full opera length rope of Parisian pearls. It is 54 inches long, all the pearls are of uniform size— $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter—of perfect finish and luster, far handsomer than the ordinary imitation pearl necklace sold at a high price. It can easily be wound twice around the neck, making the double rope as shown in our illustration.

By rare good luck we secured first choice of these necklaces from a large importer and at a price that enables us to give them for an unusually small club. Please read the following offer and learn how you can get a beautiful, 54-inch rope of pearls free of all cost.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this handsome, opera length Pearl Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9882.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy
When She Finds This Big, Handsome,
Sleeping Dolly Is
All Her Own!

YES, we will send this big lifelike Doll to any little girl whose Papa, Mama, brother or sister will send in a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT. Not since before the war have we been able to offer such an expensive Doll. No city store will show a larger or handsomer Doll this season at anywhere near the price we paid for this one. We bought five thousand of them in one lot direct from the factory—that is how we secured them so cheaply. And just think—a club of only six subscriptions to COMFORT brings this beautiful Doll right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home!

She Can Open And Close Her Eyes.
She Has Imitation Teeth, Long
Golden Hair And Wears A
Pretty Dress With Real
Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She stands nearly a foot and a half tall. The body, arms and legs are made by a new improved process which renders them practically indestructible. The head is unbreakable and head, arms and legs are movable. And if you could only see her hair. It is a light golden color, thick, long and luxuriant, falling far below her waist. Her eyes are as blue as the sky and she can open and shut them and go to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. Her rosebud lips are parted in a winsome smile showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

She is fully dressed from head to feet in the latest style with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace trimmed waist and short pleated skirt and she wears real stockings and slippers with silver-colored buckles. You can undress and dress this Doll as often as you please and you can take off her stockings and slippers and put them on again just as you do your own.

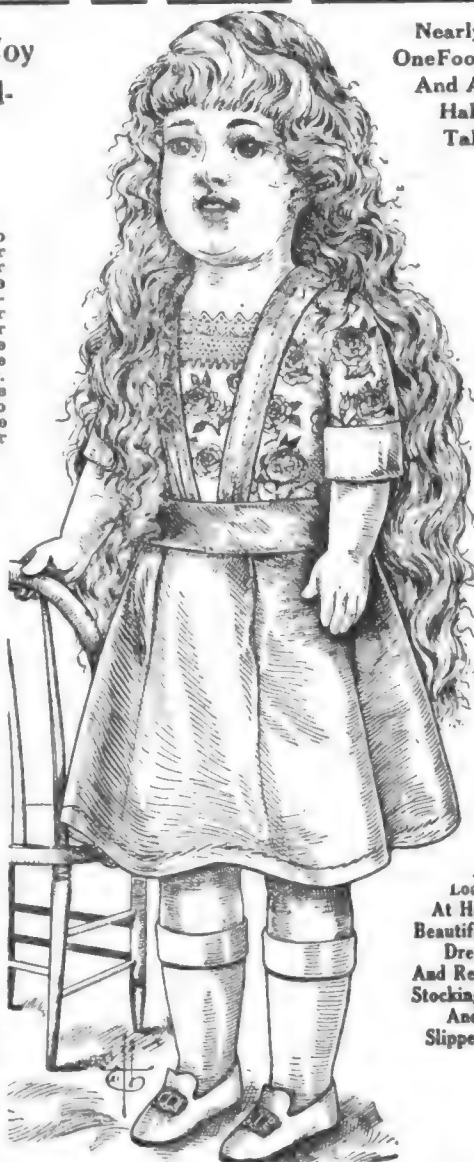
Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but five thousand of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected (\$3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful Sleeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in

a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your Mail Carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is Reward No. 7806 and please mention this number when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Nearly
One Foot
And A
Half
Tall

Look
At Her
Beautiful
Dress
And Real
Stockings
And
Slippers

Sweet Grass Basket



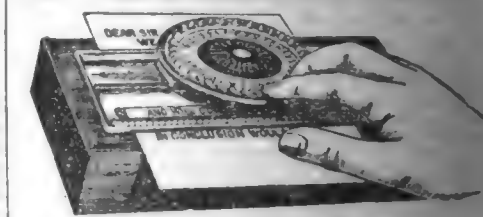
For Your Sewing And
Fancy Work

WHERE is the woman who does not "just love" these beautiful Sewing Baskets made of sweet grass? Their delightful fragrance which is practically everlasting is like that of flowers; they are handsome in appearance and very strong and serviceable, being hand-woven by the St. Regis Indians of Canada, who produce the finest hand-made baskets in the world.

Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along your sewing or fancy work when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them. And the Basket itself is such a beautiful ornament for any room. The Indians sell these Baskets for \$2.00 and \$3.00 apiece at summer resorts, but by buying in large quantities they let us have them at a special low price. Therefore, we are able to offer the Basket herewith illustrated and described for a very small club of subscriptions as you will note by reading the following bargain offer.

Given To You! For only four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this fragrant, sweet-grass Sewing Basket free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 8861.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctively. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. Reward No. 8853.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



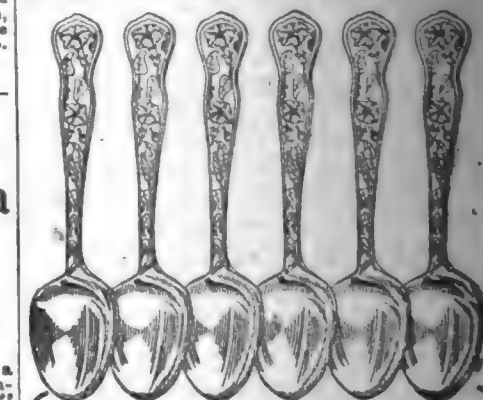
Silver Bonbon Dish

THIS beautiful dish can be used for a variety of purposes—for candy, nuts, salted peanuts, popcorn, etc. It is much larger than it appears in the above illustration, measuring over five inches in width and two inches deep. It is heavily silver plated outside and gold lined. Needless to say, it makes a handsome ornament for the sideboard and will last a lifetime.

We will send you this handsome Silver Bonbon Dish free upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each we will send you this Silver Plated, Gold Lined Bonbon Dish free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 9912.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

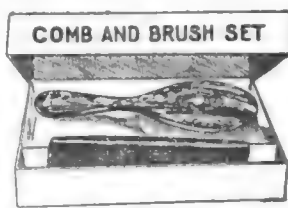
BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "Morning Glory" deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant French grey. The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9882.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set

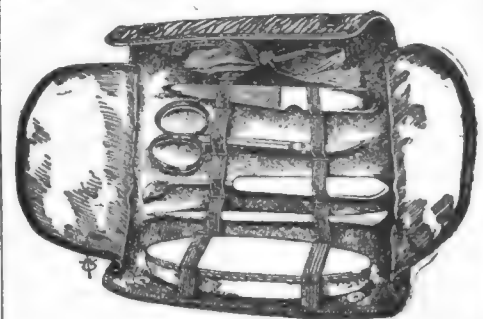


THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. Reward No. 9982.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

French Ivory Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



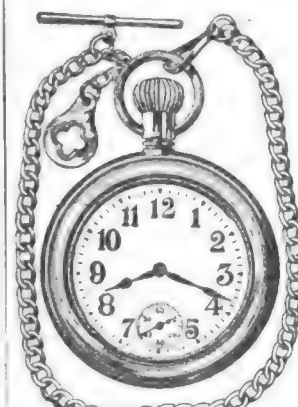
Given For A Club Of Four!

A PRACTICAL and beautiful Set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 5-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4-inch cuticle knife with French Ivory handle, a 4-inch French Ivory nail stick, and a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch nail polisher or buffer with French Ivory Top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, genuine leather case, measuring 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this Manicure Set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly high grade and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid Sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid French Ivory Manicure Set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8124.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gent's Watch and Chain

Reward
No. 7696

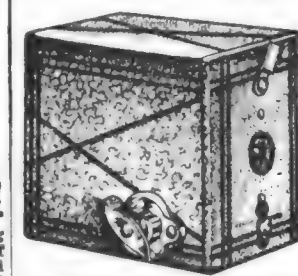
For A Club
Of Six!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel proud to carry, and an excellent time keeper.

It has a handsome polished nickel case; the movement is American made, stem wind and stem set, the dial is pure white with large plain easily read figures. We have already given away thousands of these watches and they never fail to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up still further as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, together with a chain, if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. Reward No. 7696.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Premo Camera

Reward
No. 7944

Films And
Instruction
Book Free

THIS is not a toy but a genuine "Premo" camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is fitted with the best quality Meniscus lens and an automatic shutter adapted for snapshots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in broad daylight, so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact, it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book, all packed together in a strong box and sent to you Free by Parcel Post, prepaid, on the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you, by parcel post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. Reward No. 7944.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Deformities of the Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated more than 45,000 cases the past 19 years.

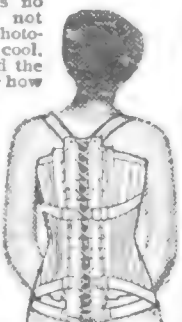
30 Days' Trial Free

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book. If you will describe the case it will send you a free book and information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
334-13 Odd Fellows Temple
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



RITA or the OUTCAST SISTER

By LIBBIE SPRAGUE PHILLIPS
SPECIAL SALE PRICE with a six (6) months' subscription to THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION only 25 CENTS.

This book contains one of the most noted author's best novels.

The pages of this story sweep all before it. It touches the heart of humanity everywhere. Even the man with a heart of stone learns from this story that deep down under the cold, hard crust of stone, he has in his heart a deep well of human sympathy for the erring one; that he has also a heart capable of love and admiration for the good and noble character of Luella, the gentle, loving, self-sacrificing sister. Eighteen indignations are aroused towards the Lockwoods, ruthless and unfeeling father. The heart's emotions like a great ocean swell, rolls on from the beginning to end of the book; when you lay it down and say blessed be God who rules over all for the good of all. Thousands will want to read this book and pass it on to their friends. *Libbie Sprague Phillips exclusively for THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION.*

Has done so for 10 years. One minister has furnished \$5 with sermons for 11 years; other writers have contributed regularly for years. THE ILLUSTRATED COMPANION is 50 years old. The years of continued service of this magazine show that our magazine is one of fixed and standard worth. We know you will enjoy reading it. THE OFFER of magazine 6 months and book, for 25 cents is made to get new trial subscribers. Book without paper, 10c. Address: F. B. WARNER CO., Dept. C-7, 36 Chambers St., New York

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling the Teacher, Policeman or Friend.

THE VENTRILO.

It is a little instrument, fits in the mouth of of light, used with above for 1000 calls, etc. Anyone can use it. NEVER FAILS. Also a 32 PAGE BOOK which gives full instructions on Ventriloquism. Formula for Secret Writing (Invisible Ink), 10 Money Making Secrets and 10 BIG TRICKS ON MAGIC all for 10c.

ROY. NOV. CO., Dept. 331, 50, Norwalk, Conn.
LARGEST and OLDEST Mail Order House in Connecticut.

REMNANTS SILK VELVET

WONDERFUL BARGAIN IN 4-POUND BUNDLES

of beautiful 50% Remnants for fancy work, quilts, portieres, pillows, etc. Send 10 cents for a big package of lovely silk, including free quilt designs and catalog describing our 4-pound silk velvet, gingham, and other remnant bargain bundles; also instructions how to earn money at home by sewing.

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Remnant Bargain Bundles

UNION S. WORKS, 207 Factory St., BOONVILLE, N. Y.

FREE **Blue Bird Water Set**

Six fine shell glasses and full-sized pitcher, handsomely decorated. All given free for selling only 40 packs vegetable seeds at 10c per large pack. Sell easily. Earn Big Money on every sale. Write for money order. We trust you with seeds until sold.

American Seed Company, Box F-32, Lancaster, Pa.

FREE

Not a toy but a genuine Violin, perfect in tone and workmanship. How included. Sell 40 packets Garden Bird Seeds at 10c a packet and violin is yours free today.

Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta. 101, PARADISE, PA.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reprints the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

About 18 years ago our aged Uncle Koves left Chicago. Can anyone tell me where he lives? Heard he moved to Minnesota. Mrs. J. P. Slater, Jim Falls, Wis.

Would someone knowing the whereabouts of J. A. Shaffer, formerly of Hilgard, Oregon, please notify Wm. T. Cluser, Fidelity, Box 7, Ill.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Cooper D. Heath, age 39, tall, dark complexion, please write Mrs. Ira Day, Harmony, N. Car.

Can anyone give me the address of Perry Polts, Emma Polts or Maude Sawyer, who lived in Springfield, Mo., about 20 years ago? Mrs. H. B. Myers, Cherokee, Box 25, Kansas.

Anyone knowing the address of Mr. Harry N. Pimm, last heard from in New York, please communicate with Miss D. L. B. Kinston, 808 Chestnut St., N. Car.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Joseph Blaser or wife, last heard of in Nebraska, please write Mrs. Jim Smith, Wallowa, Box 322, Oregon.

Anyone knowing the address of Simon Canty, last heard from in Potter County, Pa., please notify his sister, Mrs. Katie Jackson, Lincolnville, R. R. 2, Box 58, Maine.

Wanted: Information of Mrs. Grace Hinman (now probably Romaine), was heard from in 1913. Write Harry Hinman, Indianapolis, 426 Sander St., Ind.

Mrs. H. Frank Lewis, Athens, Ala., would appreciate information of her brother, Audie Vinson, last heard from at Ogden, Utah, last January.

Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

C. L. Vermont.—Living as you do on a well-traveled highway, it should be quite possible for you to build up a profitable trade in home-canned fruits and vegetables attractively put up by you in glass. For vegetables, we suggest as a beginning: tomatoes, string beans of the yellow or wax variety, and pumpkin. For fruits: cherries, strawberries, peaches and pears. For jellies: currants, grape and quince. You should have a sign prepared in black and white, and sufficiently large and plainly lettered so that it may be easily read by motorists. This might read: "For Sale. Delicious Home Raised and Home Preserved Farm Products. A Trial Purchase Will Make You Stop Again." Below this sign and in connection with it should be a shelf, upon which you could exhibit several sample cans of your most shining, attractive and colorful products. If you wish, you could go to the extra small expense and trouble of printed labels bearing your name and the name of your farm. Another nearby sign might also list, according to season: "Special This Month: Strawberries and Wax Beans." As to prices, a most important feature, estimate carefully and liberally the cost of each product, cost of can, fuel, labor, etc. Add to this such a profit as you think will properly compensate you and make your home business worthwhile.

Touring city people will pay well and willingly if your products are flavorful and attractively put up. You will be helped in estimating how much you might charge by asking the prices obtained for high-grade glass-containers canned goods at the best of the stores in your nearby town of St. Albans. You might eventually find it profitable to advertise your home-canned products in St. Albans newspapers—giving the location of your farm and inviting inquiries and calls from motor parties.

P. P. Markham, Minn.—Although we have several times printed in this column directions for the re-dyeing of mirrors, we regard the operation as a difficult one and one which can hardly be successfully done as a home job. We advise you to purchase a new mirror, or give your present one into the hands of some furniture shop and let them have the work done for you. (2) Perhaps more than any other stains, those made by blood are more successfully removed if taken in hand soon after the stain occurs. The fact that your stain is on so delicate a fabric as chiffon will make its removal more difficult. Try first the soaking of the chiffon in a weak solution of soda, followed by a subsequent rinsing in a weak solution of alum. If your fabric is a colored one, you must be careful of the strength of your soda solution. Another good method would be to mix common starch to the consistency of ordinary laundry use. Spread this mixture quite wet over the stained places and wash off in warm water after the starch has dried on.

Gail, Texas.—Julia Ward Howe, the author of the "Ballad of the Republic," was born in 1819 and died during 1910. (2) The best authorities unite in declaring the author of "Annie Laurie" to be past finding out. The celebrated ballad has sometimes been said to have been written by a Mr. Douglas who unsuccessfully paid court to the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie—which shows that the sweetest singers are not always lucky lovers!

D. P. Belleville, Va.—The U. S. Navy maintains aviation schools. Write to the Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C., and inquire concerning joining this branch of the service. You would find private aviation schools expensive.

M. H. Catawba, Va.—Mirrors are backed not with paint but with quicksilver—the application of which is a difficult and not an amateur job. See reply to P. P. Markham, Minn., in this issue.

J. M. Dawson, Ala.—If we understand your inquiry correctly, we assure you that you can readily redeem any U. S. Government bonds or certificates which you may own. Ask your postmaster or your nearest bank concerning this, and do not sell your holdings without proper and responsible advice.

A. G. K., West Virginia.—A U. S. silver half dollar of the date of 1853 is worth from \$150 to \$250 should the coin be one without arrow heads at the side of date and without rays around edge. If the coin has both arrow heads and rays, it is worth no more than its face value.

W. W. Lavonia, Ga.—The moon is considered by astronomers to be a "dead world." It is not inhabited and is not believed to have ever been inhabited. (2) Our column will not permit us to give space to tell you how you should address letters to the heads of "every nation on earth." This would be a considerable matter. Briefly stated, the head of a republic might be addressed: "His Excellency, the President of the French Republic," or a monarch: "His Majesty, the King of Italy." Your postmaster can give you information concerning the rates of postage to foreign countries.

J. B. W., North Carolina.—The engaging of policemen is a matter entirely within the control of the different municipalities which establish various requirements as to age, height, weight, mental equipment, etc. You would have to write to the police department heads of the various large cities in order to find out specific requirements and form of procedure in the selection of candidates.

L. R. H., Oklahoma.—To tan a calf skin with the hair on, the skin should be stretched flesh side up and carefully scraped with a dull knife to remove all fleshy matter. Finish by washing well with soap and warm water. Now turn the skin, and scrub the hair well with soft soap and warm water, using care to rinse well. Take one-half pound each of common soap and ground alum and dissolve with an ounce of borax in a gallon or less of water. Add sufficient rye meal to make a stiff paste and spread this paste over the flesh side of the hide. Fold up lengthwise with the flesh side in, and let remain in an airy, shaded place for ten days or longer. Then shake out, remove all paste from the surface, wash with warm water and dry. A second application may be necessary if the skin does not seem in a condition where all blood and flesh matter has been removed and absorbed. You will have to work the finished dried skin until it is soft, by rubbing it over a rounded beam, by working it over with a dull knife on the flesh side, and by a thorough rubbing and pummeling with your hands. The secret of the Indians' very successful tanning was generally owing to their careful and persistent hand work on the skins they cured.

C. F. Lawrenceburg, Tenn.—There is no vacant public land in the state of Tennessee. The following is a list of the states which offer the best opportunities for homesteading. In each case the name of the town or city where the principal U. S. Land Office is located follows the name of the state: Arizona, Phoenix; California, San Francisco; Colorado, Denver; Idaho, Boise; Montana, Helena; Nevada, Carson City; New Mexico, Santa Fe; Oregon, Portland; Utah, Salt Lake City; Washington, Seattle; Wyoming, Cheyenne. In writing to any of these, address Register of U. S. Land Office in the particular city and state which may interest you.

C. B. Ellsworth, Kans.—We are not aware of any large premium being offered for U. S. silver dollars of the dates of 1894 or 1894. We think in some way you have confused your information with the rather astounding premium which is commanded by the U. S. silver dimes of 1894. Dimes of this date which have an "8" under the wreath below the words "One Dime," are extremely rare. They are worth from \$250 to \$500 each, according to condition. Without the "8" mint mark the dimes are worth but their face value.

Try It Three Times Free!

Dr Caldwell will send you a trial bottle of his famous Syrup Pepsin free of charge, enough to relieve three stubborn attacks of constipation.

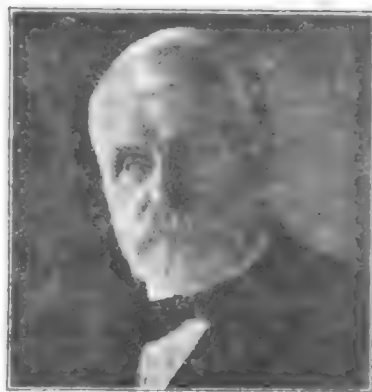
SEND HIM YOUR ADDRESS TODAY FOR YOUR FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

PEOPLE who are occasionally or habitually constipated will be glad to know of a remedy that brings quick relief; and to dispel all question and doubt I will send a small bottle, enough to relieve three attacks of constipation, free of charge. I ask no money or promise of money, just your name and address in the most convenient way for you.

What I will send you is a compound of Egyptian Senna and other simple laxative herbs with pepsin, known to druggists as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I have been making it for 29 years, and it is today the largest selling liquid laxative in the world. You can buy it in any drug store. A dose would cost you less than a cent, and a bottle will last even a large family several months.

My object in sending free trial bottles is to prove to skeptics and doubters, at my own expense, that my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a different laxative from any other you may ever have tried. I want to prove that it will relieve any case of constipation, no matter how old, chronic or stubborn; that it will help to regulate your system so that medicines can in time be altogether dispensed with; that it is smoother and pleasanter than others; that it does not pain or gripe.

Thousands of people after using Syrup Pepsin promptly discarded strong physics, cathartics and purgatives; pills, salt waters, calomel, coal tar drugs in candy form and such things. They wrench the system and cause a reaction worse than before. My Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin operates gently and smoothly, and is safe. That is why over 8,000,000 bottles were bought in drug stores last year, several million by mothers who gave them to constipated infants and children. Elderly people, too, prefer mild Syrup Pepsin, for they have not the strength to stand power-



DR. W. B. CALDWELL
who will send three trials of his Syrup Pepsin free of all cost

ful drugs. This is especially gratifying to me, as I know the troubles of the old, being myself in the 83d year of my age.

There is someone in every family who should send for the trial bottle that I offer free, and parents should send in behalf of the children. Send for it if there is constipation only now and then, and keep the free bottle until it is needed; send for it if there is chronic constipation, and use it at once; send for it if someone is subject to headaches, biliousness, feverishness, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, restlessness, sleeplessness, indigestion, sniffling and colds, for even common colds are complicated with constipation.

CLIP AND MAIL

Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.

Send me a trial bottle of your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin free of all cost. I or some one in the family will give it a trial the next time there is constipation.

Your name

Address

City State

If you prefer, simply send your name and address on a postcard or in a letter. I will understand.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

Second week: hygrometer, 70 degrees; thermometer, 102½.

During the third week we have a changed condition of affairs. The small systems of blood vessels of the first week have greatly increased, so that by the fourteenth day the white of the egg is full of veins in which the blood is rapidly circulating and the chick is growing fast. Bear in mind that the first ten days are devoted to development, and in that short time the chick is fully formed in all its parts. During this period the quantity of blood circulation is comparatively small.

Then comes the ten days of growth, or increase in size of the body and its parts, when great quantities of blood are rushing through the numerous blood vessels, carrying the building material. It is during this latter period that the water (after being used in the blood circulation) should be allowed to escape freely from the egg, with consequent rapid enlargement of the air cell. Therefore, during the last week of incubation, I would remove the water pans or wet sand from the egg chamber, and let the humidity decrease even to 50 degrees, or possibly to 40 in some cases. Simply removing the extra supply of water usually answers the purpose.

The moisture supply must be renewed again on the nineteenth day for another distinct purpose. If the air surrounding the hatching eggs is dry, the chicks are likely to have a hard time breaking through the tough inner lining of the eggs. When this parchment-like lining is dry, it is exceedingly difficult to tear it, and its strong bands may hold a vigorous chick a prisoner even after it has broken the outer shell clear around.

Keeping the air of the egg chamber moist renders the inner linings of the egg-shell easy for the chick to burst through.

The greatest danger from overheating comes during the first few days of incubation. It is well to hold the temperature at the level of the tops of the eggs under 103 F. for the first week. I like to keep it at 102.

During the third week the animal heat exerts some influence, and 103 will be about right at the upper part of the egg.

While the chickens are hatching from the eggs, the chicks are registered at the level of the tops of the eggs. In some parts of our country, where incubators are operated at altitudes of several thousand feet, the temperature may run a degree higher than I have indicated. At these altitudes, where the air is usually very dry, the matter of extra moisture supply becomes a very important item in successful incubation.

It is quite an exertion for the chicks to pick their way out of the shell, consequently they should remain in the incubator at least thirty-six hours and be given time to rest and recover strength. If bacillary white diarrhea, which is transmitted from the chick to the mother hen, be present in any of the chicks, it will be voided in the droppings from the very first. To prevent the spread of this disease from chick to chick by the picking up of infected droppings, the incubator should be darkened as soon as the first chick is out, and kept darkened until the chicks are removed to the brooder. There is very little danger of disease spreading by this means after the chicks are moved to the brooder and have a chance to take food into the digestive system.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

W. H. H.—The Reliable Poultry Journal, Quincy, Illinois; The American Poultry Journal, Chicago; Successful Poultry, Syracuse, N. Y.; Farm and Poultry, Boston, and at least half a dozen others.

Repeat the Egg

The New Discovery to Make Your Hens Earn More Money

A combination of high class drugs in powdered form to be mixed with the feed, measured with an ALUMINUM spoon which we send you FREE.

\$1.00 PACKAGE FREE

It stimulates the whole system and puts your hens in condition to lay double the number of eggs when they are the highest. Drop us a card today and say: "Send me FREE a \$1.00 box REPEAT THE EGG."

DON'T SEND ANY MONEY

We will send you a \$1.00 box and will include FREE a \$1.00 box (2 in all). Pay the postman \$1.00 when the two \$1.00 boxes arrive. Money will be refunded at end of 30 days if not satisfactory. REMEMBER THIS—if you have used other so-called egg tonics and they were unsatisfactory, don't fail to try REPEAT THE EGG. It is our own discovery—a powder—and has no bearing on any other kind. Write, but DON'T SEND ANY MONEY. AGENTS WANTED. If you send \$1.00 in advance we will send a card for keeping record of the eggs you get daily.

The W. A. KITTREDGE CO.

Poultry Dept. C, Tunkhannock, Penna.

Get My Reduced Prices on OLD TRUSTY

Find out how much I can save you on Old Trusty Incubators and Brooders. Nearly a million owners.

Quick shipment from factory.

At Clay Center, Neb., or warehouse at St. Joseph, Mo. Mail a postal or letter today.

H. H. JOHNSON, "Incubator Man" Clay Center, Neb.

FREE WRIST WATCH & RING

Guaranteed Timekeeper

We positively give this Genuine Stylish Wrist Watch & Band, come along for selling only 25¢ each beautiful Art and Hallmark pictures at a postal or letter today. You can't fail.

Order today. H. H. JOHNSON, "Incubator Man" Clay Center, Neb.

Money Making Poultry

Our specialty, leading varieties pure bred chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. Prize winners. Best stock and lowest prices; oldest farm; 27th year. Price catalog FREE. H. H. JOHNSON CO., Box 52, 2nd Floor, Iowa.

I. V. S.—Refer to the poultry advertisements in last month's COMFORT and you will find an answer to your question about out sprouters.

M. B.—This is a case which is almost impossible to diagnose without personal examination. The swelling and lumps may be the result of roup. But from your description of the bird's general condition of health, I am inclined to think that they are tumors or some malignant growth. If you think you have any skill in surgery, it might be advisable to lance and treat them but, frankly, I would rather kill and burn the carcasses than to risk torturing the bird and perhaps spreading the infection.

F. L. D.—I cannot give the address of breeders in this column. It would be quite safe to use the cockerel this year, and dispose of him at the end of the breeding season.

A. E. B.—The chickens must have been hatched from eggs laid by hens that had suffered from roup at some previous time. Chickens hatched from such eggs very frequently develop a sort of roup, hardly noticeable except for a slight discharge and the offensive breath which you describe. I advise you to get rid of them before they develop any more active symptoms, and under no circumstances should you be tempted to use any of their eggs for incubation.

Valentines



Big Package For One Subscription!

All the Newest Valentine Post Cards, Cut-Outs, Folders, Novelties and Some Up-to-Date Valentines With Envelopes in Which To Enclose Them.

WE realize that it is hard for our readers to secure the latest up-to-date Valentine novelties so we have had this special assortment made up for us at a great bargain. Just see what it contains:

1 Large Lace Two Leaf Valentine Folder with Envelope, 1 large Embossed and Colored Valentine Folder with Envelope, 1 large Magic Turnover Valentine with Envelope, 1 small Magic Turnover Valentine, 1 small Embossed Valentine Folder, 2 Heart Valentine Folders, 3 A-sorted Valentine Novelty Cut-Outs, 1 Juvenile Valentine Heart, 1 Embossed Valentine Enclosure Card, 1 Handsomely Colored Valentine Bookmark, 5 Colored and Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The lace Valentine is 5 inches long and 4 inches wide, of fine lace work with a heart and gold decorated base and a charming verse on the inside. Then there is a dainty embossed Valentine 7 inches long and 5 inches wide. Another is a pretty heart-shaped Folder, 7x5 inches, on the background of which is shown the face over Valentine is a genuine novelty and shows a cute juvenile scene. We also include in the collection two pretty embossed Valentine Folders with verse inside, three choice assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-Outs, one Colored and Illustrated Valentine Heart, one Valentine Bookmark, one small Magic Turnover Valentine and five handsome Valentine Post Cards embossed in gold and many bright colors, each with some suitable sentiment expressed by an appropriate verse.

We will send you this choice Valentine collection free and postpaid if you will accept our special offer printed below. Be sure to send your order early so as to get it in time for St. Valentine's Day.

Our Free Offer. For one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this big package of handsome Valentine Novelties free by mail, postpaid. Premium No. 7291. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

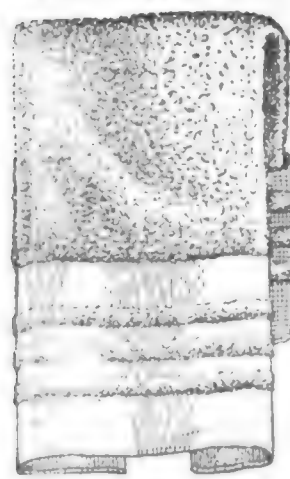


Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. Reward No. 9992. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

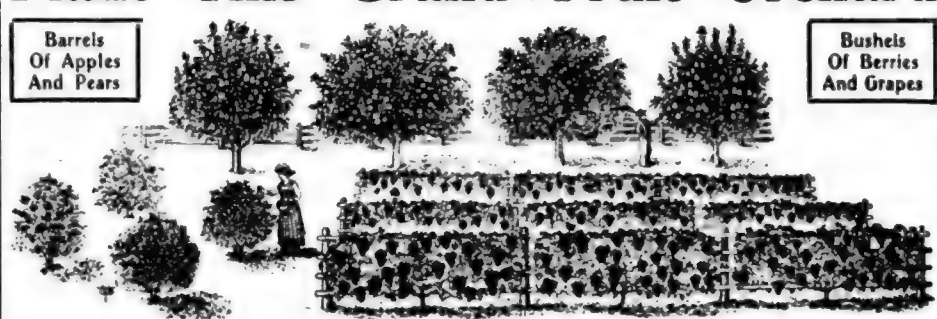


Good Size Soft And Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

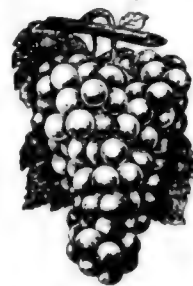
Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. Premium No. 9912. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Plant This Grand Fruit Orchard



Barrels Of Apples And Pears

Bushels Of Berries And Grapes



Delaware Grape



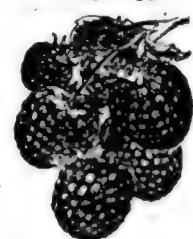
Bartlett Pear



Concord Grape



Wealthy Apple



Rex Raspberry



Niagara Grape

For A Club Of Two

We Will Send You Seventeen Apple And Pear Trees, Berry Bushes and Grape Vines!

BY special arrangement with the growers in Michigan we can again, offer our readers this grand Fruit and Orchard Collection of 17 Choice Fruit Tree Grafts, Berry Bushes and Grape Vines. If planted at standard distances apart they will nicely fill an eighth of an acre. Or they can be planted closer if desired, or they can be made to form a border around your yard or lot. Wherever grown, however they will in due time yield loads of the finest Apples, Pears, Grapes, Raspberries and Dewberries every year as long as you live. We believe it would be difficult to secure as much actual value from any other assortment of the same size.

Here is what we give you:

One Snow Apple Tree, One Wealthy Apple Tree, One Kieffer Pear Tree, One Bartlett Pear Tree, Two Lucretia Dewberry Bushes, Two Rex Raspberry Bushes, Three Niagara Grape Vines, Three Delaware Grape Vines, Three Concord Grape Vines.

The four Apple and Pear Tree Grafts in this Collection are one foot high, grafted by experts from bearing trees with good records. They will take root as soon as planted and grow rapidly into vigorous healthy trees.

The nine Grape Vines are a product of southern Michigan, where the finest grapes in the world are grown. From selected vines, cuttings are taken and buried in underground pits until they undergo a process known as "callousing." After being properly "calloused" the cuttings will take root as soon as planted. The "calloused" grape cuttings in this Collection are all produced in this manner. They will grow rapidly and bear large crops of choice grapes as soon as large vines planted at the same time.

The two Raspberry Bushes and two Dewberry Bushes in this Collection are one-year-old youngsters, ready to set out as soon as you receive them. They will begin growing at once and develop into fine, heavy-bearing bushes if given proper attention.

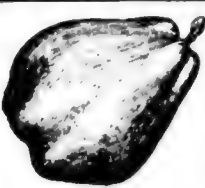
All Will Bear Soon! The orchard which you plant with this fine Fruit Collection will prove an ever increasing source of pleasure and profit to you year after year. All the trees, vines and bushes will bear fruit in a remarkably short time. In two years the Raspberries and Dewberries will commence bearing. The following year you will have grapes and some pears. (A properly cared-for Grape Vine will yield a bushel of grapes every season.) Your Apple and Pear Trees will begin bearing in from three to five years. Then you will have loads and loads of fine fruit in increasing quantity every year.

Guaranteed To Grow! Everything in this Collection is absolutely guaranteed to grow. We stand behind every Collection sent out and the growers in turn stand behind us. You may rest assured that if you order this splendid Collection (and you surely ought to), it will reach you in good condition and grow to your entire satisfaction if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to make growth satisfactory to you, we hereby guarantee to replace them promptly and absolutely without charge to you. You cannot lose. You run absolutely no risk in accepting this offer.

Full Planting Instructions! With this fine Fruit and Orchard Collection we are also going to send you complete instructions for planting. These directions are fully illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing you just what to do and when and how to do it. By following these simple directions you should in a few years have one of the finest orchards in your neighborhood.

Our Free Offer! Send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each and this remarkable Fruit and Orchard Collection is yours free—the two Apple Trees, two Pear Trees, two Dewberry Bushes, two Raspberry Bushes and nine Grape Vines. The whole collection will be carefully packed, securely wrapped and sent to you by prepaid parcel post, direct from the Michigan growers at the proper time for planting in your locality. Remember we guarantee that everything will reach you in perfect condition. Be sure to send in your order this very day and ask for Reward No. 9542.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



Kieffer Pear

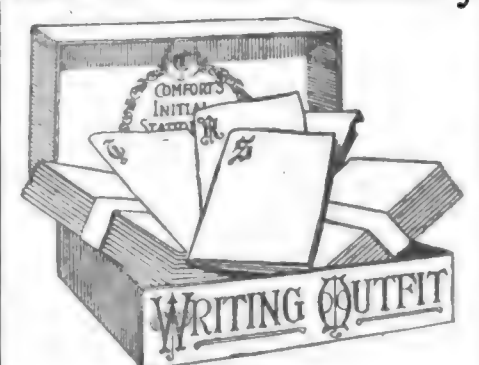


Lucretia Dewberry



Snow Apple

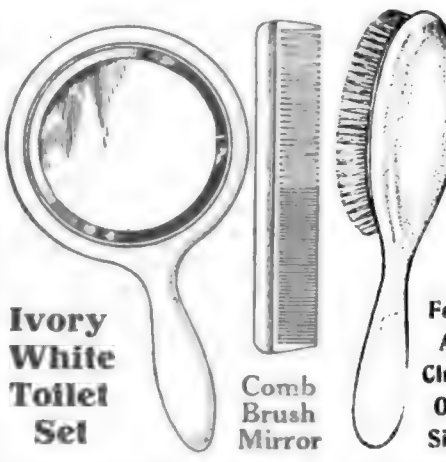
Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it. In this offer we give you two dozen sheets white linen stationery 10 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors on this high-grade fine quality stationery. Remember you get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery free by parcel post, prepaid. When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Reward No. 9482. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Ivory White Toilet Set

PURE white, with a fine smooth finish, this handsome Comb, Brush and Mirror Set equals in appearance the finest French Ivory. The Comb is 7 1/2 inches long, very light and dainty, with both coarse and fine teeth. The Brush is 10 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide, with medium-length, finest, stiff bristles. The Mirror, which measures 10 x 5 1/2 inches, is made of heavy, flawless, beveled French glass, 4 1/2 inches in diameter. No lady could wish for a finer Toilet Set than this one. It has the air of refinement found in the highest grade Ivory Sets. It is just as durable and can be cleaned as often as desired without injury to its smooth ivory white finish.

Given To You! For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this Comb, Brush and Mirror Set in a fitted box, free, by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 7796. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Writing And Drawing Outfit



For A Club Of Two!

HERE is something that is needed in every home and by every schoolboy and schoolgirl—a big value-assortment of almost everything needed for writing and drawing. Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. The Case, which is made of fine leatherette, is 10 1/2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide. It is of the folding style, with a snap fastener, so that it can conveniently be carried in the pocket or in the children's lunch basket. Inside the Case there are three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover.

This Outfit is manufactured by the American Lead Pencil Company, which is sufficient guarantee of its fine quality, and we know that it will please our readers, especially those who have children going to school, and of course it is just as handy in the home because all the pencils, penholder, etc., are high grade and just what grown people like to use. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these fine Outfits free.

Given To You! For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, we will send you this complete Writing and Drawing Outfit, exactly as above described, free by parcel post, prepaid. Reward No. 9972. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolic of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8111, January, Garnet. No. 8421, February, Amethyst. No. 8431, March, Bloodstone. No. 8441, April, Diamond. No. 8451, May, Emerald. No. 8461, June, Agate. No. 8471, July, Ruby. No. 8481, August, Sardonyx. No. 8491, September, Sapphire. No. 8501, October, Opal. No. 8511, November, Topaz. No. 8521, December, Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are set in a perfect imitation of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



31-Piece Dinner Set

THIS splendid set of dishes is full size for family use and consists of 6 Plates, 6 Cups, 6 Saucers, 6 Cereal or Fruit Dishes, 6 Individual Butters and large Meat Platter all handsomely decorated with clusters of purple wood violets, surrounded with rich green foliage and bordered with lovely tracings of gold. Our illustration gives you no idea of the real beauty of these dishes. This is by far the handsomest, daintiest dinner set we have ever offered and we are positive that it will more than please every woman who secures one of them on the terms of our very liberal offer. No matter where you live (if it is not outside the United States), we will ship you this set by express direct from the pottery in Ohio. You are to pay the express charges but they will be but a fraction of what this set would cost you at retail.

Given To You! For a club of only ten one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome 31-piece Violets Decorated Dinner Set carefully packed to prevent breakage, charges collect. Reward No. 75019. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

It's Nerve Force from Nuxated Iron

that helps make STRONG, MAGNETIC, FORCEFUL MEN AND WOMEN, who make their over mastering presence felt the moment they enter a room.

NUXATED IRON

contains the principal chemical constituent of active living nerve force in a form which most nearly resembles that in the brain and nerve cells of man. It also contains organic iron like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. Organic iron enriches the blood and plenty of rich red blood means more nerve force, so that Nuxated Iron not only feeds what might be termed artificial nerve force to the nerve cells, but it stimulates the blood to manufacture a greatly increased supply of new nerve force. If you are weak, nervous or run-down, get a bottle of Nuxated Iron today, and if within two weeks' time you do not feel that it has increased your nerve force and made you feel better and stronger in every way, your money will be refunded. Sold by all druggists.

BIG VALUE for 10 Cts.



6 Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Map; Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 3 Puzzles; 12 Games; 80 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cts. and 3 cts. postage. **ROYAL SALES CO., Box 448, South Norwalk, Conn.**

\$1.97



GUARANTEED WATCH
To advertise our business and introduce our bargain price list of Eight Watches, we will send this elegant guaranteed watch by Parcel Post C. O. D. \$1.97 ONLY, nickel silver plated case, stem wind and stem set, genuine American lever movement, fully guaranteed a reliable timekeeper. Give your full P. O. address, but not St. No., and watch will sent at once. Pay your Postmaster \$1.97 and it is yours. Satisfaction guaranteed. **Keaton Jewelry Co., 59 W. Adams St. B31, Chicago, Ill.**

Earn a Real Phonograph

Beautifully finished, nickel winding crank, spring motor, speed regulator, stop lever. New improved sound box with mica diaphragm, makes perfect reproductions of all kinds of music. Send name and we will send 24 of our Art Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25c each. Send us the \$6 you collect and we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of six records free. Write at once. **E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison St., Dept. T-8, Chicago**

FREE
All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 boxes at 25c each. Needed in every household. Sells easily. Order today. When sold return \$1.50 and all 6 pieces are yours. **U. S. SUPPLY CO., Box 328, Greenville, Pa.**

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VIOLIN GIVEN

This special sweet toned violin given for selling two lots of 20 pictures at 10 cents each. Order 20 pictures, when sold send the \$2.00 and choose Violin or other prize according to list sent with pictures. **RAY ART CO., DEPT. 48, CHICAGO, ILL.**

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Have Your Own "Movie"
Complete with 200 feet of film and 3 reels. Shows large clear pictures. Self-starting. No need for electricity. Order today. **GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 525 CHICAGO**

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Eastman Camera. Load and unload in daylight. Takes pictures 2 1/4 x 3 1/8. Shutter, clear and distinct. Sell 40 packages Garden Spot Seed at 10c a packet and Camera is yours. Send no money. Write now. **Lancaster Co. Seed Co., One 50 PARADISE, PA.**

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This fine rifle for selling only 15 packages Colored Post Cards at 10c a pkg. Write or Postcard today. **Columbia Novelty Co., Dept. 31, East Boston, Mass.**

CARDS Send 5 cents for large Sample Album of Hidden Names, like Prince, King, Queen, etc. and all other kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Book Catalog and list 999 Songs given Free. No trash. **OHIO CARD CO., B-14 Columbus, Ohio.**

FREE American Watch or choice from premium list. Sell 30 pkgs. REGIES at 10c.

Seneca Supply Co., B-12, Oneonta, N.Y.

HERB BOOK 10c

tells how to make medicine from herbs for all diseases; over 240 recipes and valuable herb secrets worth \$3. **Calumet Herb Co., Desk 6, South Holland, Illinois**



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

TENNESSEE SUNBEAM, Stanton, Tenn.—It is correct that you should thank anyone—boy or girl, man or woman—for any great or small attention which may be shown you. You may ask into your home your escort who has brought you home. If he does not accept the invitation—which is his best course if the hour be a late or inconvenient one—you may then say "good night" and thank him in simple and direct fashion for having brought you back. If it has been at his invitation you have attended the evening's entertainment, you should include in your farewell thanks a word concerning the pleasant time you have had. (2) Somehow one thinks of a book on "developing personality" as having been written for and being most useful to an enterprising young salesman or business man. We could not say how much this sort of a work might help a Tennessee Sunbeam to shine brighter, unless we had a glimpse of its pages and saw exactly how the author planned his developing advice. Too much personality might easily not be an attractive thing in a young girl—just as some sunbeams can shine too warmly at times for the comfort of all concerned.

PURITY PEARL, Trenton, Ill.—We do not think you should say one word to your sister regarding her husband's flirtation with another woman during this two weeks' absence of his wife. How do you know that the affair will go further or result in the "revelation"—which is a strong word—of your sister's two children? We think your letter sounds over-excited. We advise you to keep your own counsel and wait events. If your brother-in-law's misconduct continues, your sister will find it out soon enough and can decide her own course of action. At present you would be only making accusations. To interfere between husband and wife is a serious matter. We believe "hands off" is the best rule for relatives of a young couple to follow—unless their advice and help is seriously asked. (2) Your parents are wise and right in their counseling you to not "stop speaking" or to take other action which would "disturb things" in the home of your brother-in-law. If you like, you may treat him coolly and tell him exactly why you do this. But even this is a dangerous and perhaps unnecessary course in punishing what may have been only a short and tickle fancy on his part. Your loyalty to your sister does you credit, but fighting comes from too intense partisanship, and happy homes are those free from quarrels, accusations and recriminations. Think this over and be calmer.

M. T. West Virginia—In the seating of a party at a hotel or restaurant dinner table the convenience and pleasure of all should be considered. In such a seating, whether a gentleman is brought at a lady's right or left hand makes absolutely no difference so far as etiquette is concerned. We regard your question as referring to ordinary informal dining of mixed parties and have so answered it.

BROWN EYES, Arkansas.—The interrogative phrase, "how do you do?" has come to be regarded not as a question to be answered, but as a greeting of the same sort as "good morning" or "good evening." It may be responded to as conventionally as made. The greeting, "How are you?" must be regarded, however, as a distinct inquiry and needs acknowledgment and reply. You are lucky if you can respond promptly: "Fine, thank you; how are you?" Happiness and good manners are thus both correctly exhibited! (2) A girl should not "keep company" with any boy before she has finished her schooling. This does not rule out boy and girl parties or other entertainments. Be guided by your parents and their wishes. To wait until you are eighteen is a simple and safe plan to follow.

INISH, Wisconsin—To the vacation acquaintances who, on saying farewell, expressed pleasure at having met you, you could have correctly answered: "Thank you; I hope we may have the pleasure of seeing each other again."

W. M. G., Sesser, Ill.—A boy may offer his arm to a girl to assist her when this may seem necessary; or he may more simply and informally hold her arm to aid her safety in any short crossing or dangerous bit of going when they may be walking together. Girls are independent creatures nowadays—and do not have to hang upon a man's arm in the fashion of fifty years back.

MORNING GLOUT, Stanton, Tenn.—If a boy asks to be your escort upon any occasion, thank him and say "Yes"—if you wish to accept his invitation. Nothing else is necessary and no set answer or "full reply" is required. (2) Most assuredly you could gain help and information from a good book on etiquette. Such books are not written—as you think—entirely for the use of "society people." No, indeed; these guided creatures are supposed to be always correctly informed concerning the proper thing to say, do or wear.

ORPHEA, Winchester, Oregon.—When you dropped your fork at this restaurant party, it would have been correct for you to allow it to remain where it fell. The waiter could then have been summoned to bring you a clean bit of silver. But to have retrieved the fork yourself was no great blunder, and you were foolishly sensitive if you allowed this simple and most natural error to spoil your evening. (2) At a home dinner where no servants were present, it would be correct for you to pick up any dropped table article yourself—unless some man in the party was rapidly courteous enough to regain it for you first. In any case of such awkwardness on your part, you should properly say a simple word of apology to your hostess.

WEST VIRGINIA ROSEBUD—Eighteen is an early enough age for a girl to begin "going" with boys. (2) At Christmas, or any other time, a man does not properly present any gift more elaborate than books, candy or flowers to a girl who is not his fiancée. Nothing need be given in return by a girl except a note of thanks, although she may if she wishes, and friendship permits, give a book or some little article of her own handwork to a young man whom she likes and who has remembered her at Christmas.

BLUE EYES, Crowville, La.—Accidents, like necessity, cannot be governed by law nor by any rules of etiquette. If your buggy was stuck in the middle of a cold and knee-deep creek, it was decidedly correct for you to allow your escort to carry you to dry land and for you to thank him for the rescue. You should be glad he was a young man in whom you could "put confidence." Any other sort might have dropped you in mid-stream.

WANTED
Railway Mail Clerks
\$1600 to \$2300 Year.
Hundreds Needed
MEN—BOYS OVER 16
SHOULD WRITE IMMEDIATELY
Steady work
No Layoffs
Paid Vacations
Common education sufficient.
Send coupon today—SURE.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

I find the old-fashioned cat stitch to be far superior to any other I have used for patching knit underwear. It is less noticeable and leaves no raw edges and one doesn't have to watch her work so closely.

If one is fond of lemon pie and cannot get lemons, use one tablespoon lemon extract and two tablespoons vinegar instead of juice and rind of lemon, using favorite recipe for remainder.—**MRS. ZENBA JACOBS**, Rockford, Iowa.

A little baking powder added to whites of eggs will make the meringue stand up better and not get watery when cold.—**NAOMI**.

Those who have large families and small purses, like myself, try knitting stockings for the children of common twine, such as merchants use for tying up packages. They are warmer than the cotton ones sold in stores and wear much longer. I dye them black and they look almost as good as store stockings.—**MRS. ADA CORNELISON**, Digging, Mo.

Requests

How to make "Nigger Head Pudding."
Lois Neville, Meredosia, Ill., wants to buy the March, April, May and June, 1921, issues of COMFORT. Write first.

Wanted.—Poem, "The Drummer of Shiloh."—**MRS. CHARLES H. CHURCH**, New London, 191 Hempstead St., Conn.

Mrs. Emma A. Field, Babylon, Box 326, N. Y., would like the poem, "The Cuckoo," published in a school reader years ago.

Wanted.—The old song containing the words, "Oh, it's g-l-o-r-y to know that I am s-a-v-e-d. I'm h-a-p-p-y to tell that I am f-r-e-e."

Mrs. S. E. Clifford, Los Angeles, 5320 Holmes Ave., California, an invalid from neuritis and rheumatism, would like to have letters and cards sent her.

There were fourteen requests for information from anyone who had used the Auto Knitter. Would suggest that this be taken up with the company selling the machine. Doubtless they are in a position to furnish reference list.

If any sister has the July, August and September issues of COMFORT for 1921, that they will lend me, I wish they would write. I wish only one copy of each. Will pay postage.—**MRS. WILL SROCK**, Elms, R. R. 4, Box 64, Iowa.

Will some reader please send me August, 1920, COMFORT. I have every copy of COMFORT for twelve years back but this one and I want it very much. Will return favor any way I can.—**MRS. EUNICE BARFIELD**, Okolona, Box 126, Ark.

Remedies

If nipples are sore, bathe in alum water after baby nurses, being sure to wash well before next nursing.—**NURSE**, Indiana.

Use salty butter on caked breasts. Massage well with for ten minutes. Relieves pain and if repeated the breasts will not have to be lanced.

RINGWORM—Apply the juice of a green walnut to affected parts once or twice a day for two or three days. This is a sure cure but will cause severe burning and smarting for a few minutes.—**MRS. J. Y. BASTICK**, Elora, Tenn.

WORMS—An old neighbor told me of this remedy which I have used successfully with my children. Steep the inside bark from witch-hazel limbs, and let the children drink all they will during the day. Give castor oil at night.

Contributors to Sisters' Corner

The following list contains the names of those who have written for the Sisters' Corner. Lack of space prevents printing the letters.

Stella Cockrell, Ark. **Hazel I. Black**, Calif. **Florence M. Lawrence**, N. Y. **Mrs. Etta Sacher**, Ark. **Mrs. Ray Beckman**, Mont. **Mrs. W. Hoskins**, Ohio. **Mrs. Freeman E. Dye**, Kans. **Mrs. H. I. Lawrence**, Kans. **Effie O. Taylor**, Tenn. **Clara Ferguson**, Miss. **Mrs. John H. King**, Ohio. **Mrs. Peter J. Shinick**, Maine. **Betty Jo Williams**, Tenn. **Lula Noblitt**, N. C. **Beryl Zibel**, N. Y. **Grace Somers**, N. C. **Mrs. Harry C. Martin**, Va. **Maude Lee Dunbar**, Tenn. **Mrs. Emma O. Bryant**, Ala. **Mrs. Arthur Harmon**, Mo. **Mrs. Allie Crowley**, Calif. **Mrs. Julia Noel**, Va. **Mrs. N. Y. Olinger**, Mo. **Mrs. Cliff Bell**, Ga. **Mrs. Maud Crowson**, Stone, Ala. **Lusetta E. Whitney**, Ky. **Mrs. Ella Griffin**, Va. **Mrs. Charles A. Jones**, Ohio. **Mrs. Jesse C. Miller**, Ala. **May Shinn**, Ark. **Leila Beckett**, Wyo. **Mrs. Hewitt A. Rush**, Ark. **Alma Anderson**, Minn. **Mrs. John Benze**, Ind. **Mrs. Clara Sones**, Ark. **Emma C. Neff**, Mo. **Mrs. Owen Gray**, Texas. **Mrs. G. L. Sabbridge**, Va. **Miss Conchita Chase**, Ga. **Mrs. W. E. Gren**, S. C. **Mrs. Bessie Hinson**, N. C. **Mrs. J. W. Gifford**, Wyo. **Mrs. Edna Moore**, Mich. **Mrs. M. Dayton**, Ind. **Mrs. Laura Leddon**, Fla. **Mrs. Ella Patterson**, Maine. **Hallie Maye Sumner**, Miss. **LuVera Smith**, Tenn. **Miss Lillia Richardson**, Mo. **Miss Winnie Pearl Grant**, Ark. **Miss Ida English**, Fla. **Mrs. C. A. Deal**, Ind. **Irene Briggs**, S. Dak. **Mrs. Henry Wells**, Nebr. **Mrs. S. E. Clifford**, Calif. **Mrs. Emma Elbert**, Ill. **Mrs. Edith Jeter**, La. **Mrs. R. Merle Abbott**, Iowa. **Mrs. C. S. Blake**, Okla. **Mrs. Minnie Greene**, N. C. **Mrs. H. F. Jumper**, Miss. **Mrs. C. Hamilton**, Pa. **Marie Goldie Horn**, Ohio. **Mrs. Rose Beene**, Texas. **Mrs. Mamie Smallwood**, Ga. **Virginia Williams**, Tallahassee, Fla. **Katie Mae Jones**, Tallahassee, Fla. **Mrs. Cleveland Turnage**, Tenn. **Mrs. Bertha Cook**, Wisc. **Mrs. Pearl Williams**, Harris, N. C. **Mrs. Sue Putnam**, Ark. **Mrs. J. T. Bastick**, Tenn. **Mrs. Lewis Stadler**, N. C. **Mrs. Raymond Green**, N. Y. **Mrs. J. F. Blakley**, N. C. **Beth Walker**, Texas. **Alvis Jones**, Ark. **Marguerite Middleton**, Mich. **Juliette Williams**, Okla. **Flossie Kendall**, W. Va. **Mrs. Maud Moore**, Texas. **Mrs. Will Ricketts**, Tenn. **Miss Maggie Fraley**, Okla. **Nellie Owens**, Va. **Mrs. Margaret Victor**, Iowa. **Ella Bella Haskins**, N. C. **Mabel Stratem**, Delva, N. Dak. **Mrs. Alice Roberts**, Texas. **Mrs. E. Melborn**, S. C. **Mrs. Esta Shieler**, W. Va. **Mrs. W. R. Almon**, Colo. **Mrs. N. Keller**, Va. **Mrs. Ophelia M. Alvis**, Tenn. **Birtie Wallace**, Tenn. **Thula Sheffield**, Ark. **Edisie Bray**, Okla. **Bessie Newman**, Okla. **Mrs. Charles Keefe**, Ind. **Miss Emma Gouldman**, Mo. **Ella Florence Krown**, Ky. **Cleo Coran**, Okla. **Rilla Harris**, Texas. **Fred Bizzell**, N. C. **Mrs. R. C. Lambert**, Va. **Susan Ottis**, Kans. **Mrs. R. H. Fleener**, Ore. **Belle Mayfield**, Texas. **Mrs. H. Griswold**, Wash. **Nettie Loud**, N. Y. **Mrs. C. L. Fandren**, Texas. **Miss Claressa C. Harris**, Va. **Miss Ethel Farmer**, W. Va. **Mrs. Clarence Tigner**, Ohio. **Winnie Grant**, Ark. **Mrs. W. E. Baker**, Wash. **Mrs. Julia Peratt**, Ky. **Mrs. Achsa B. Murphy**, Kans. **Clara L. McKamie**, Tenn. **Kathryn Weber**, Wisc. **Mrs. Edna Daves**, Okla. **Edna J. Vawter**, Kans. **Mae McClendon**, Ala. **Anna Lee Dean**, Ark. **Ina Jean Johnson**, Ohio. **Lois Ballard**, N. M. **Lula Holmes**, Ky. **Mrs. J. T. Jacobson**, Wash. **Gillie F. Johnson**, Va. **Mrs. Harvey L. Caracofe**, Va. **Mrs. Charles H. Church**, Conn. **Mrs. P. C. Armstrong**, Nebr. **Mrs. W. H. Shock**, Iowa. **Ruby Stonecipher**, Texas. **Christine Goad**, Tenn. **Mrs. Anna Rawlins**, Ohio. **Mrs. Myrtle W. DeGeer**, Mich. **Miss Golda Price**, N. C. **Ella Beggs**, Ark. **Eva Skelton**, Tenn.

The Remarkable Story of "Eva Dean"



NOTE—This is a story of "Eva Dean." In its brief way it presents the story of hundreds of other women who, in the fascinating manner described, have been able to provide themselves with the extra money which slender incomes so often cannot afford. If it shall have shown the way to happiness to but one woman, instead of hundreds who will respond, it will have served its purpose.

How One Woman Solved the Money Problem

Was this Eva Dean? I could scarcely believe my eyes. A miracle had happened in only a few short months. The prosperous looking, handsomely gowned woman before me was indeed my friend, Eva Dean. But what a transformation!

I knew that she had been very hard up and with only her husband's limited earnings on which to depend. Then, too, I had heard about some serious financial trouble the Dean's had while I was away. Yet, here she was, at a time when work was scarce and wages getting lower and lower, well dressed, happy as a lark, and with a smile of contentment on a face which showed not a trace of the hardship I knew she had endured.

She must have read the question in my eyes and, as we entered her beautifully furnished home, she had told me the whole story.

"This is it," she said with pride, "the Gearhart Knitter which has helped me out of my trouble and made me one of the happiest women on earth. Every day I devote a little of my time to knitting the Famous Allwear Standard Hosiery.

You know my circumstances a few months back. I was almost desperate. I thought of sewing, washing, working out,—anything to overcome that terrible need for money. Finally I learned that the Gearhart Company of Clearfield, Pa., wanted women to do machine knitting at home. They said the work was easy and that they would pay me generously for every pair of standard Allwear Hosiery I could send them. They offered me a three year contract and as I found them to be a very reliable, long established company with bank references and hundreds of satisfied home workers, I promptly decided to send the moderate amount required to secure the knitter and start in making money.

It has proved a really delightful and restful occupation for me. It has turned my spare moments into golden hours. You see for yourself what I have gained, happiness at home, new clothes, things for the children, and money in the bank.

The Gearhart Knitter and the wool to make the hosiery came together and I got busy right away,—nothing difficult about it, no special training necessary,—so easy in fact that my husband and the children often help me.

Let me tell you, those checks from the Gearhart people came in mighty handy. One after another they arrived, as fast as I could send them the beautiful knitted Allwear Hosiery.

The story of Eva Dean was finished and then I was treated to the surprise of my life. With a few simple movements she had the Gearhart Knitter started and at the bottom there appeared a lovely knitted sock of wonderful quality.

No wonder the Gearhart Knitter is known as the standard knitter, the fastest, most complete and reliable knitter made! No wonder the Gearhart home industry has so many happy, contented women!

My heart goes out to the woman struggling to make ends meet and to her I say, "Write to the Gearhart Knitting Machine Company of Clearfield, Pa., right away. Get a Gearhart Knitter, knit all the Allwear Hosiery you have time for and accept the liberal pay checks which they will send you for the pleasantest, nicest home work imaginable."

\$1000 PROFIT BOOK FREE

Free Booklet

Particulars of the Gearhart Knitting Company's Allwear Hosiery Home Industry Plan will be sent on request. Write for their Profit Guide Book and samples of Knitting free. Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., Dept. C O 628, Clearfield, Pa.

Franklin Institute, Dept. W 212, Rochester, N.Y.
Sirs: Send me, without charge, (1) sample Railway Mail Clerk Examination Questions; (2) schedule showing places of all coming U. S. Government examinations; (3) list of many Government jobs now open.
Name
Address

Infantile Paralysis

Blanche Nicholson's heel was drawn up and her foot deformed from Infantile Paralysis for 6 years. Exactly 4 months' treatment at McLain Sanitarium resulted as father tells below:

We took our daughter, Blanche, to the Sanitarium May 9, 1921, for Infantile Paralysis in the right limb. We brought her home September 19th, with a nice straight foot. We feel proud of her improvement. Our neighbors are surprised at results she got in four months.

W. J. NICHOLSON,
R. R. 2, Box 27, Bristol, West Virginia

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Diseases, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," free. Write today.

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Orthopedic Sanitarium
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"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write today for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
325 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

31-Piece Dinner Set, Given

Full size dinner china, guaranteed against crazing; pure white color. Every piece decorated with royal blue band and your initial stamped in pure gold—just the set for a family of six. Simply sell 40 packets of Garden Seeds at 10c, according to offer in catalog. Send your name. The Wilson Seed Co., Dept. 101, Tyrone, Pa.

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for selling only 8 boxes of our famous ROSEBUD at 25c a box; a home necessity. **EASY TO SELL. WE TRUST YOU.** Big catalogue sent with goods. Order today.
ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Dept. A, Woodbury, Md.

A REAL HAMILTON
for selling only 25 Pkts. Blouses, Our Famous Wash Blouse at 10c or 48 Pkts. Sachet Perfume at 10c. Order choice. Both fast sellers. You'll be surprised how easy it is to earn this Fine True Shooting 22 Cal. Rifle. Guaranteed.
CHICAGO BLIND WORKS, 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 701, CHICAGO

Our Scientific Method will stop that STAMMER
Send for free 200 page book. It tells how to permanently stop stammering in a few weeks' time. A natural guaranteed method.
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Light Fibre Legs and Arms
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RAY TRAUTMAN Minneapolis, Minn.

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AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
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187 R State St., Marshall, Mich.

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A BOON TO WOMANKIND
Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.
The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 100 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

pretty in the morning as they are at night or any other time. I am speaking about beauty that is natural. Here in America most—or many—of our girls have to make up their faces a-fresh each day, but in France true beauty is found in all its many and various forms without any special make-up. Every standard of real, true, pure beauty is represented, and there one sees style and genuine beauty combined. There are all types: the sylph-like brunette with her tantalizing aloe dark eyes and irresistible manner, and the pink-white golden blonde, with her pretty round face and pretty violet sky-blue eyes. You could not resist them even if you would. These girls are not generally of the aristocracy, either, but are generally they are of the bourgeoisie, and believe me, they are pretty in lines of face. I will guarantee that most of them have natural red lips. Yes, real red, and not paint or lip-stick but genuine color. Of course, we have a few pretty women in the United States, at Hollywood and on the high-priced stage, but there are not a great many of them at that. The average American girl or woman is total, hopelessly plain. Whether this state of affairs comes about through a lack of care and knowledge in "self-adornment" or through circumstances more deeply rooted, I do not know and wish you could tell me. One thing is true: a pleasant woman is almost always pretty—as pleasant thoughts make pleasant faces. Most of the girls in France are full of sunshine and free from worry. They are care-free in a way, even though they have some care and are thoughtful of others. Really, Uncle, it would do anybody good to get away from the camouflaged faces here in America. Indeed, it would be a great relief for you and Billy to get away from our ugly, cranky women here and visit France for a while. There you can find women who are noted for their beauty and perfect lines of the wide world over. Indeed, the stay of a fortnight in the trenches was well-repaid by the beautiful dream-visions which greeted the boys' eyes when they retired for a rest in back of the lines. Say, Uncle, if there is any real beauty in America, I guess I have been blind. I don't think it exists except on the stage and in the movies. Of course, our women are the most, most wonderful in other ways of any in the world, but when it comes to a question of beauty—well, they are not in it with the French girls. I am,
Lovingly your nephew,
JACK WILCOX (ex-soldier).

You don't want anyone to "back you up," Jack; what you are going to need, and need badly, is someone to "stand in front" of you with a fence of six-inch armor plate. If there is any bomb-proof shelter in Allston or any of the nearby Boston suburbs, I strongly advise you to take cover at once. For you will certainly receive the bombardment your poor judgment and bad eyes deserve. Because, really, feel sorry for the dreadful fate you have coming to you. I will make my own critical judgment a mild one. I don't have to bring up any particular verbal arguments to prove you dead wrong, Jack. All I have to do is open Billy's album and look over his carefully arranged photos of cousins from the North, South, East and West—but not a one from France! And these cousins, Jack, are not Hollywood stars nor highlights of musical comedy. They are not "aristocracy" or "bourgeoisie." (That last is an awful word to spell, Jackie boy, and I'll bet you had to look it up in your French dictionary!) They are the sweet, simple, entirely charming faces of healthy American-bred girlhood. And I'll back 'em in any beauty exhibit, at any time, against all of those aloe-eyed sylphs and pink, white, violet, sky-blue, variegated Parisian charm-ers you are boosting so wildly. And, Jack, your argument for the non-painted and non-lip-sticked beauty of your French girls is made shaky by the fact that France is greatest producer of cosmetic and toilet preparations in the world, and the highest-priced articles of this sort sold in this country (to your Hollywood girls, for instance) are those bearing French labels. I'm afraid you didn't look close enough at those "red lips!" Jack, I think your guess about being "blind" may be a right one, after all. I advise you to open up your eyes and wipe out of 'em any "dream visions" of beauty formed on moving-picture or stage standards. The beauty of American girlhood and womanhood exists just where the "wonderful ways" you write about also dwell—and that is right in the homes of the forty-eight states that make up the greatest country in the world. There are mighty few things Americans have to go abroad to find better than they can get in our own broad land. And certainly feminine beauty is not one of the things we need to voyage to gain. Finally, Jack, you tell a very different tale from the stories told by most of the "ex-soldiers" that Billy and I know. If there are too many "camouflaged faces" in Allston to suit your simple tastes, why not pack your old kit bag and start south or west?

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for January

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."
Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Lancelot G. Reeves, Toney Creek, Anderson Co., S. C. The crippled son of a widow. Money is needed to help him prepare for an operation which may enable him to walk. Here is where greenbacks can work a real miracle. Carrie Hall, Strieby, N. C. A girl of fifteen who has been a cripple since infancy. Clothing is needed and money to buy crutches. Luther Esslinger, Crosby, Tenn. A shut-in for sixteen years. Lives under lonely conditions and asks for letters and reading matter to help him pass the long winter days. Genevieve Watts, Taylorville, N. C. An almost totally helpless shut-in. Send cheer and a shower of dimes to this poor creature. Mrs. Agnes Freeman, Spencer, Va. Struggling with ill health to support herself and children. Money and second-hand clothing will give her a much-needed boost. Mrs. Leona Reed, Laurel Fork, Va. A widow with five girls of ages from four to seventeen, and a little boy of two. A worthy and well-recommended case. Clothing will be of great help, but dimes and dollars will aid most. Elmer D. Hagelberg, Charles City, Iowa, sends earnest thanks for all who have remembered him in his need.

It is the New Year. Another twelve months stretch before these stricken and needy ones. You can help make the year brighter for them if you will. We have a command telling us to let our light shine before men. Cousins, it is your light of "good works" which can throw cheer into dark shut-in corners of these sad lives. Your own lives will be made brighter by the light of reflected love.
Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the latter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

*Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Love Will Find the Way

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Some of them were professional gamblers, others gentlemen about town, others profligates of the worst stamp, and a few even thieves, but there was not one among them whose heart was not touched; there was not one among them who did not feel that Paul Reade was a scoundrel too deep to merit any name.

And, singularly enough, there was not a word spoken. One or two of them who had been playing billiards had left their coats behind. They secured them silently, and in solemn procession they left the house.

Paul Reade, alone, deserted, still stood there, apparently unconscious of his position. For the first time in his life, he was bitterly ashamed. For the first time in his life, he genuinely suffered. He raised his head at last and looked about him.

Even Dick Gresham, the gambler, the thief, both in one, had abandoned him.

A clock had just sounded the last stroke of three, when softly, noiselessly the front door opened, and a little, darkly-clad figure emerged from the dimly-lighted hall. She stood there for a moment as if meditating upon what she should do. The electric light from across the way fell aslant upon her ghastly countenance. It was dreary and desolate and bleak with a despair that knows no name. Her face was lifted as if in half-unconscious prayer, and then slowly, wearily, she descended the steps that led to the street.

She walked onward, staggering under her weight of mental anguish, but had proceeded less than half a block when a hand was placed lightly upon her shoulder.

"Where are you going?"

The voice startled her, and she glanced up with a little inarticulate cry.

"I don't—know you," she gasped.

"Yes, you do," he answered kindly but firmly.

"I am Underwood, and I am your friend."

"You were—there?"

"Yes, I heard everything, and I have been standing outside your door ever since, because something told me that you would need me. I should not have gone until I had seen you if it had been next week or next month. Where are you going?"

He asked his question with authority, and she shivered and glanced away.

"I—I don't know," she stammered.

"Yes, you do, or if you don't, shall I tell you? You were going to do the first thing which comes into every woman's head when she gets into trouble. You were going to—the river. I don't ask you if that is true, because I know it. I saw it in your face as you passed through the hall and up the stairs. That is the reason that I waited for you."

"But why have you done it? What is it to you?" she cried desperately.

"There is nothing else for me. You heard what he said. My own father has disgraced me. My name is upon the tongue of every profligate in New York. Tomorrow my shame will be heralded in every paper in the land. Let me go! My life is my own!"

"There is where you are wrong again. It is not your own. You have no more right to it than you would have to money that was entrusted to your keeping. You have no more right to take the life which God has loaned you than you would have to take mine. You are not going there. You are coming with me."

"But—"

"I don't ask you to go back there to that home which can be a home to you no longer. I don't ask you to sleep again beneath the roof of a father who has proven himself more your enemy than a ravenous beast could be. I am going to take you with me."

"I don't know you!"

"But I know myself, and that is quite enough. You need not be alarmed. I never yet betrayed any one who trusted me, and I am not going to begin on a girl who needs friendship as you do. I did you a wrong once, and I am going to save you now, even against your will, as a sort of atonement."

"You did me a wrong?"

"Yes. A great and grievous one. But now is not the time to tell you of it. It is enough to say that I believed of you what Elliott Dwight believed—what half New York believed—and yet, at the same moment, I doubted. It was that which took me to your house; it was that psychic influence. But the middle of the street is not the place for a conversation at this hour of the night. Come with me."

"I cannot."

"You can and shall. Do you think I would leave you at your command now. Listen to me, little one: I am the friend of—Junius Beckwith."

She shrank from that name as from a blow. Her head fell, and a low, gasping moan issued through her white lips.

"And he—believes me—"

She could not finish the tortured sentence. Underwood took her hand and drew it through his arm with a protecting gesture.

"Never mind what he believes," he said, more gently than he had yet spoken. "You may be sure that you will be safe with me, because—June loves you."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Don't give the baby patent medicine. If you feel you must use advertised remedies try them on yourself or, better still, on the dog. Let your family doctor attend to the baby.

DOES YOUR STOMACH LET YOU SLEEP

If you toss from side to side and cannot sleep, if you awake frequently, if you are nervous and have a restless, "buttery" feeling—your trouble is very likely due to gas on the stomach. Gas on the stomach is caused by undigested food. It is usually the result of eating too much or the wrong kind of food. The way to overcome it is to find out the right kind and the right amount of food which your stomach can handle without allowing it to form gas, and to cleanse the stomach and intestines of all old accumulated poisons and destroy the harmful toxins and bacilli.

There is now offered to the public a preparation having the double action of an intestinal antiseptic and a COMPLETE system cleanser. This preparation, known as Adlerika, acts as follows: It tends to destroy harmful germs and colon bacilli in the intestinal canal, thus guarding against diseases having their start there. It is a COMPLETE system cleanser, acting on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removing matter which poisoned the system for months. Adlerika brings out all gases, thus immediately relieving pressure on the heart.

In slight disorders, such as occasional constipation, sour stomach, gas on the stomach and sick headache, ONE spoonful of Adlerika always brings relief. A longer treatment, however, is necessary in cases of obstinate constipation and long standing stomach trouble, preferably under direction of your physician.

Adlerika is sold by leading druggists everywhere. Send for free diet suggestions for "gas on the stomach," and booklet "How to Guard Against Appendicitis." Adlerika Co., Dep. COM, St. Paul, Minn.

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We Start You In Business, furnishing everything: men and women. \$30 to \$100 weekly operating on "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillier Ragdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

Crew Managers—Agents. Opaline paintings are a knock-out. Make old territory new. Seasoned picture men double their sale. Beginners make \$1.00 an hour and more with rigs. Greatest hit ever made. Samples and expense money furnished. Write today. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A-14, 1029 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive St., St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mender's patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared \$800.00 in July. Send for sample. W. Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 63, Naperville, Ill.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearers. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents: \$40 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 119, Dayton, O.

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Men and women make \$100 upwards weekly selling greatest labor and money saving household necessity. Big repeater. Good Crew Managers proposition. Free sample and particulars. Rolly Co., L-3 Hastings, Nebraska.

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E 4, Attica, N. Y.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents! A sale in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 24X, 573 Broadway, New York.

Bring Home The Bacon selling stain remover. Removes ink, iron rust, grass and fruit stains. Write for free samples today. C. H. Stuart & Co., 47 Broadway, Newark, New York.

Agents \$7 a day taking orders for New Stove Transformer for home use. Substitutes kerosene for coal, and generates gas for cooking, baking and heating. Used year around. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 317 Mat St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents, Specialty Men, sell "presto" polishing cloth on demonstration, every housewife buys at sight, profits big, repeat orders, sample free. Premier Products Corp., 1461 Broadway, New York City.

Ford cover for carburetor and intake pipe, patented. Adds 25% more mileage and power. Put on any Ford motor in 2 minutes. Price \$1.50. Special price in quantities. Air Friction Carburetor Co., 9108 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Pay \$200 monthly salary, furnish rig and expenses to all who qualify introducing guaranteed stock powers. Bigler Company, X314, Springfield, Illinois.

Sells like hot cakes. Big profits. New ironing wax pad and asbestos iron rest. Clamps board. Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Yankee Manufacturers, 380 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Be successful Agent! Free sample outfit—worth \$2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 200 Logansport, Ind.

General Agents. Something new. Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" washing powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 2 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

Sell washing tablets that are different. They work quicker, sell easier and at a greater profit. Get our proposition. Newton & Co., 4 Main St., Newark, New York.

Agents—New Invention. Harper's Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. A, Fairfield, Iowa.

Agents—Big money \$8 to \$16 a day. Aluminum handle cutlery set. Brand new. You display and take orders. We deliver and collect. Pay you daily. Sample free. Try it out. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 1623, Dayton, Ohio.

Wonderful Seller. 96c profit every dollar sales. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample Free. Mission Bead Factory C, 2421 Smith St., Detroit, Mich.

We Pay \$36 a Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D. I. Parsons, Kan.

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Sales Agents. Year round employment. No layoffs. Newest hosiery. Written guarantee of satisfaction or new hose free. Liberal pay. Write for sample. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 623, Dayton, Ohio.

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The State Land Settlement Board of California has a number of desirable irrigated farms of twenty and forty acres in San Joaquin Valley for sale to bona fide homesteaders on 3 1/2 years' time, 5 per cent interest annually. Go this fall and see State Board's booklet, also Santa Fe folder describing San Joaquin Valley, mailed free on request. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., Santa Fe, N. M., 913 R. Y., Chicago.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

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Four Wheel Chairs in December 621 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four December wheel chairs go to Abner Van Buren Garrison, Dabney, Ark. 117; Henry W. Kreger, 144 East Webster St., Portland, Oregon, 93; Kenneth Rose, Guthrie Center, Iowa, 92; Glen G. Grogan, R. R. 1, Wanette, Okla., 63. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Abner Van Buren Garrison, age 25, has been helpless from birth, never able to walk, has very little use of his hands and is dumb. His height is 5 feet and his weight only 77 pounds. His mother writes that a wheel chair, which was given him some time ago, was much enjoyed by him and was a great help to her in caring for him, but it is broken beyond repair, and so the Comfort wheel chair that I am sending this unfortunate cripple will be a blessing to both.

Henry W. Kreger, age 32, has been slightly crippled from birth, but was able to earn his own living until about six years ago when rheumatism of the joints set in and has progressed to the degree that, although he now suffers but little pain, his joints have become enlarged and so stiffened that he is almost



CATHERINE DENTINGER ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

helpless, his knees, feet and hands being badly crippled. He is dependent on his father and brother, at present living in his brother's home. During the past two years has been confined to his bed most of the time. Mrs. Jessie Eisenhardt became interested in his behalf and sent in a club of 87 subscriptions toward his Comfort wheel chair which, as she writes me, will be a great help to him.

Kenneth Rose, age 6, has been crippled from birth and suffers from weak spine and nervous trouble; has never walked.

Glen G. Grogan, age 8, is entirely helpless and unable even to talk, caused by injury to spine suffered at birth. I hope these December wheel chairs will reach their destinations in time to bring a ray of Christmas cheer into the dreary lives of these four afflicted shut-ins; and surely it must be with a sense of joyful satisfaction that you, who have helped them to obtain these much needed comforts, will learn of the beneficent results of your efforts.

Begin the new year right by doing your utmost to help the many unfortunate cripples on our waiting list to obtain the wheel chairs for need of which they are suffering but have no hope of relief except through the assistance of Comfort's Wheel-Chair Club.

With very best wishes for a happy and prosperous new year, I am,

Sincerely yours,
W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited in COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums in which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Enjoys Her Wheel Chair Very Much
Republic, R. 2, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Gannett:
I am sending you a picture of Catherine in her Comfort wheel chair. She enjoys her chair very much. I am thanking you and every one who was so kind to help her get her chair.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Theo C. Dentinger.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during

the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. Jessie Eisenhardt, Wash., for Henry Kreger, 87 subs; Mrs. Robert I. Grogan, Okla., for Glen Gordon Grogan, 63; Mrs. Maggie Nielsen, Del., for Russell Harry Williams, 42; Mrs. John D. Sparks, Calif., for Lennie Glene Sorrelle, 34; Mrs. John Blalock, N. C., for John Blalock, Jr., 32; Mrs. Julia Wyatt, Ark., for Ina Smithson, 20; Mrs. R. H. Haddock, Fla., for Margaret Ward, 10; Mrs. H. E. Mantooth, Okla., for G. A. Cole, 9; Mrs. T. F. Melton, Tenn., for John E. Melton, 9; Mrs. Chas. Siegel, Oregon, for Henry Kreger, 6; Mrs. Forrest Little, Ohio, for Annie Matlock, 5; Mrs. T. E. Peacock, Ala., for Clydia Conness Peacock, 5; Frankie M. Norton, Okla., for Ira M. Norton, 5; Harriet A. Bates, Iowa, for Kenneth Rose, 5 subs and \$5.00; Mrs. M. J. Garrison, Ark., for Abner Garrison, \$10.00; Country Culture Club, Mo., for general, \$2.50; Mrs. Josie Stewart, Minn., for general, \$1.00; Lura O. Sneed, N. C., for general, \$1.00; Mrs. Lillian Cram, N. Y., for general, \$1.00.



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